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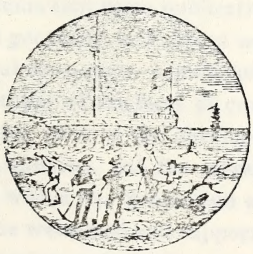
THE

GRANITE MONTHLY,

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO

Literature, History, and State Progress.



VOLUME ONE.

EDITED BY H. H. METCALF.

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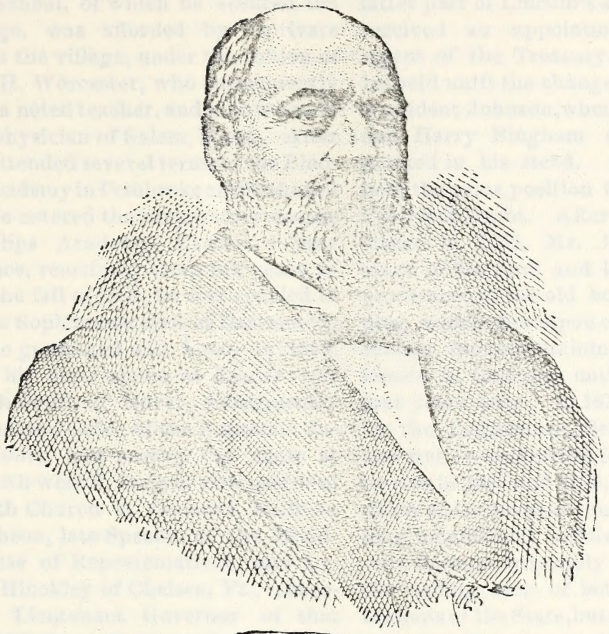
THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, HISTORY AND STATE PROGRESS.

VOL. I. APRIL, 1877. NO. 1.

INTRODUCTORY.

We launch our little bark upon the literary waters, freighted with humble yet earnest hopes for the accomplishment of some measure of benefit, through instruction, entertainment or pleasure, for the sons and daughters of New Hampshire, at home and abroad, more than for anything of distinction or profit for ourselves. We have long entertained the opinion that some publication, different from the ordinary newspaper which is devoted generally, and almost necessarily, to the record of current events and partisan political discussion—a publication recording and presenting regularly to the people something of the facts of our history, of the lives and achievements of our representative men, of the development of our material resources, the upbuilding of our industries, and the moral, social and educational progress of the people, together with a fair proportion of what is more properly known as literary matter, would be welcomed and supported by the people of New Hampshire, and would become, to some extent at least, an instrument of good. To meet as far as may be the existing want in this direction we have commenced the publication of the GRANITE MONTHLY. We shall make it peculiarly a New Hampshire Magazine, and we hope, by devoting our own best efforts to the work, and by the assistance and co-operation of able writers, and sympathizing friends of the enterprize, to make it worthy the consideration and patronage of the reading public in our State, and especially of those who cherish that laudable sentiment of State pride which is keenly alive to every thing touching the honor, prosperity and progress of New Hampshire, as illustrated in the successful achievements of her children in every field of effort or enterprise. If we shall succeed in strengthening in the hearts of any of our people that sentiment to which we allude, or in contributing in any way to the material prosperity of the State, through the instruction or entertainment of its children, we shall have found our reward and be abundantly satisfied.



Very Truly
B. F. Prescott

OUR GOVERNOR ELECT.

Fifty years ago the gubernatorial chair of the State was occupied by one of its most distinguished citizens, a native and resident of the old town of Epping—William Plumer—a man of marked ability, who had represented New Hampshire in the Federal Senate with honor to himself and credit to the State. A few weeks since our people, in their sovereign capacity, made choice of another native and resident of Epping to succeed Governor Cheney, as their Chief Magistrate, in June next.

BENJAMIN F. PRESCOTT, Governor-elect, is the son and only child of Nathan Gove Prescott—a descendant of Capt. Jonathan Prescott who fought with Pepperell at the siege of Louisburg—an Epping farmer who married Miss Betsey H. Richards, daughter of Capt. Benjamin Richards of Madbury. The Prescott homestead, where the Governor-elect was born on the 26th of February, 1833, is situated something more than a mile to the north west of the pleasant little village of Epping Corner, and less than a mile from the Plumer mansion. Here young Prescott passed his life, until about fifteen years of age, in daily labor upon the farm, with the exception of the time occupied in attending the brief terms of the district school, developing by honest toil the superior physical powers with which he was endowed, and laying the



foundation for that robust manhood, without which, complete success is almost unattainable in every department of human labor.

The first mental training, outside the district school, of which he secured the advantage, was afforded by a private school at the village, under the tuition of Samuel H. Worcester, who subsequently became a noted teacher, and is now a well known physician of Salem, Mass. After this he attended several terms at the Blanchard Academy in Pembroke and in the fall of 1850 he entered the preparatory course at Phillips Academy, Exeter, a year in advance, remaining three full years, so that in the fall of 1850, he was enabled to enter the Sophomore class at Dartmouth, where he graduated with honor in 1859. Among his class mates at Exeter was Jeremiah Smith of Dover, subsequently an Associate Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court, and among the same at Dartmouth were F. D. Ayer now pastor of the North Church at Concord, Sullivan M. Cutcheon, late Speaker of the Michigan House of Representatives, and Lyman G. Hinckley of Chelsea, Vt., subsequently Lieutenant Governor of that State. While at Dartmouth he was a member, and at one time president, of the United Fraternity literary society, and at Exeter he was a member of the Golden Branch society in which he occupied the position of president and orator.

Soon after his graduation Mr. Prescott entered the office of H. A. & A. H. Bellows, at Concord, as a student at law, where he diligently pursued his studies until 1859, when he was admitted to the Merrimack County bar and commenced the practice of the profession, which he continued at Concord for about two years. In 1861, upon the appointment of Hon. George G. Fogg, editor of the Independent Democrat, as Minister to Switzerland, he was offered the position of associate editor of the paper, which he accepted, remaining with Mr. Hadley, in charge of the paper until Mr. Fogg's return from Europe in 1866. The period of his editorial service covered that of the war of the Rebellion, and the development of the reconstruction policy of Congress, and the vigorous support which the Independent Democrat gave President Lincoln and the measures of the Administration party was due in no small degree to the earnest nature and forcible pen of Mr. Prescott. During the latter part of Lincoln's administration he received an appointment as Special Agent of the Treasury, which position he held until the change of policy under President Johnson, when he was removed and Harry Bingham of Littleton appointed in his stead. Subsequently he held the same position for a time under President Grant. After the death of his father in 1866, Mr. Prescott devoted much of his time and labor to the improvement of the old homestead at Epping, which thereupon came into his possession, though retaining his voting residence in Concord until some three or four years since. In 1872 he was chosen by the Legislature, Secretary of State, and was re-elected the following year, as he was in 1875 and 1876, holding the position at the present time. Through his long incumbency in this office he has not only become intimately acquainted with the leading men of both parties in all sections of the State, but has also acquired a thorough understanding of public affairs, which qualifies him in an eminent degree for the discharge of the duties of the Executive office, which he is to assume next June. Moreover, it will not, we trust, be improper to remark in this connection, that, in all his relations with the public in the performance of his duty as Secretary of State, he has given the highest degree of satisfaction to men of all parties, and his unfailing courtesy, as well as faithful attention to duty, has unquestionably drawn to his support some, who, had any other individual been the candidate in his stead, would have given their votes to the opposite party.

As is well known to many, Mr. Prescott has a decided taste for historical and antiquarian research, which he has indulged in no small degree. He has long been an active member of the New Hampshire Historical Society, and is now First Vice President of that association. He is also a member and Vice President of the New Hampshire Antiquarian Society which, although established but a few

years since, has, under its earnest and vigorous management, already acquired an honorable position among kindred associations, and has at its headquarters at Contoocookville a rare and extensive collection of antiquities. About a year ago Mr. Prescott was made a member of the Royal Historical Society of London, an honor which no other citizen of New Hampshire enjoys. The attention of the Society having been attracted to him, undoubtedly, through his extensive correspondence with officers and members, while engaged in the work of securing for the State the portraits of those who figured conspicuously in its early history, which, together with those of the celebrities of later years, most of which were also obtained through his instrumentality, constitute a collection of rare interest and great historical value. In making this collection for the State House, Mr. Prescott has labored with a disinterrested perseverance seldom equalled, overcoming serious obstacles in many instances, and the success which has crowned his efforts, while a source of honest pride to every citizen of the State, has redounded to his own credit and the esteem in which he is held by the public.

As we have said, Mr. Prescott has spent much time and labor upon his farm, bringing it under a superior state of cultivation. He has added largely to the original homestead, and has now about three hundred acres of land, making, altogether, one of the largest, as it is one of the best, farms in the town. Its chief products are fruit, corn, hay and neat stock. Of the former, several hundred barrels of choice varieties are produced annually. When at home Mr. Prescott is, even now, often found in the field or the woods at work with the men, and few there are who can compete with him in any branch of farm labor. His love of Agriculture and practical knowledge of its requirements fits him in a high degree for the position to which he was appointed by Gov. Weston in 1874 as a member of the Board of Trustees of the State Agricultural College.

Upon the same spot occupied by the old family dwelling, Mr. Prescott erected in 1875, an elegant modern residence, which is thoroughly and tastefully finished throughout, and furnished in a corresponding manner, with an aim to genuine home comfort and a certain degree of luxury. A choice library, rare paintings, curiosities and relics, gratify and illustrate the taste of the owner, and all the surroundings are pervaded with an air of refinement and prosperity seldom witnessed, yet most delightful to contemplate. The locality itself is one of the most pleasant and picturesque to be found in the region. In short, everything combines to make the home of the Governor-elect the abode of comfort and true enjoyment. Here his accomplished wife, formerly Miss Mary L. Noyes, daughter of Jefferson Noyes, Esq., of Concord, with whom he was united in June, 1869, presides with true womanly dignity and grace, while his beloved mother, whose devoted affection for her only child is fittingly supplemented by her just pride in his successful career, is a cherished member of the household.

Mr. Prescott is of commanding personal appearance, standing about six feet in height, with a large frame and full development. He has a fresh and ruddy complexion, showing the free circulation that comes of perfect bodily health. His clear hazel eyes look you frankly in the face, while his dark hair and beard, which he wears full but well trimmed, are tinged with gray. His mental organization is as fresh and vigorous as his physical, with a marked development of the perceptive powers, giving him the ready judgment of men, which has contributed in no small degree to his success. In his manners he is thoroughly democratic, meeting all as equals, and with a charming courtesy which puts one immediately at ease, and his popularity in the social circle is as great as in public life. In religion, while his sympathies are with what is known as the liberal element, he contributes alike to the support of the different denominations in his town.

Just in the prime and vigor of life, and having attained a distinction which few at his age have reached, our Governor-elect may consistently look forward to a lengthy future career of honor and usefulness.

EARLY SETTLERS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BY PROF. E. D. SANBORN.

No bells, bonfires nor cannon announced the arrival of the little barque which sailed up the "deep waters" of the Piscataquack in 1623, and landed on Odiorne's Point, the founders of a new State. Tradition does not repeat nor history record the name of the ship nor of the captain who commanded it. The Mayflower and the men who landed on Plymouth Rock, in 1620, are as famous in history as Jason and his associates, who sought the Golden Fleece, are in ancient mythology. New England men never weary of eulogies of forefathers' day; and they will, probably, never cease to commemorate the heroism and piety of those forty-two god-fearing men, who signed the first written constitution known to human history. Still, the Plymouth Colony, by itself, wrought no nobler or better work for mankind than the unnoticed, almost unnamed colonists who founded New Hampshire. Massachusetts Bay settlers, the Puritans, eclipsed the humbler efforts of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. The Pilgrims bore the sufferings of exile, privation and toil; but the Puritans at a later date appropriated the fame and the honor which rose from the laws, government and institutions of Massachusetts. Capt. John Mason, the Proprietor of New Hampshire, sent over fifty Englishmen and twenty-two women, besides eight Danes who were employed in sawing lumber and making potash. This number exceeded that of the Mayflower. It is not probable that all these men and women came in the first ship. Many of them arrived several years after the first company of planters occupied Odiorne's Point. There is no reason to suppose that many women, possibly not one, came in 1623. Some writers suppose that the Hiltons and a few other leading men brought their wives with them. For, ten years after the first settlement, the letters of the proprietor and his agents in London, speak of sending the wives of some of the colonists or of supporting them, at the company's expense, at home. The very slow progress of the settlements at Cocheco and Strawberry Bank show that the laborers were few; for only three houses had been built, on the Bank in seven years, and only three in ten years, at the upper plantation. If families were united in these labors, six houses would scarcely suffice for eighty persons. Why were these colonists less renowned than the Pilgrims of Plymouth? The previous history of the Pilgrims, their persecutions at home, and their residence in Holland made them famous. Religion occupied the thoughts of all Englishmen. The Pilgrims were exiles for conscience' sake; they suffered for the common liberties and rights of the whole people.

The first settlers at Portsmouth and Dover were adventurers, bold, hardy, and resolute, like all pioneers who go into the wilderness to better their condition. Such is generally the character of emigrants who found new states. Philosophers tell us that from the race, the epoch and the surroundings of a people, their future history may be accurately predicted. Here then is a problem for the prophet's solution. The race is Saxon; the epoch is one of progress, enterprise, discovery and controversy, both with the pen and the sword. The surroundings are the wilderness before them and the ocean behind them. The soil is rugged; the climate is severe. Tell me, then, thou boasting seer, what will be the fate of this handful of men, as destitute and helpless as though they had dropped upon the earth from some distant planet. Will they die of starvation, be devoured by wild beasts or be massacred by savages? By occupation, they were fishmongers,

farmers and mechanics. "Their several businesses" assigned by their employers, were to fell the trees, till the soil, fish, hunt and mine. Incessant labor in these occupations failed to support them; and the proprietors were obliged to sink their fortunes in the abyss of debt which these plantations opened. John Mason, who was a man of mark, and would have been distinguished in any age, was financially ruined; but like Phaeton, guiding the chariot of the sun, he fell from great undertakings. Instead of securing coronets and mitres for his posterity he died the victim of disappointed hopes:

"No son of his succeeding."

The men he hired to plant his colony had not sufficient education, religion nor integrity to make them true to their trust. That they were illiterate, appears from the fact that many of them could not write their names. So little is said of their religion that, it may be presumed they had none to speak of. They did not attempt to gather a church, at Dover, till 1638. Then, they were broken up by quarrels, and some of their early clergymen were fitter for the penitentiary than the pulpit. At Portsmouth, no provision was made for preaching till 1640, when a Glebe of fifty acres was granted for the support of an Episcopal chapel; and Richard Gibson was the first incumbent. The first Congregational church was formed much later. The founders of Exeter and Hampton were led by clergymen, and churches sprang up with the towns themselves. That the servants of Mr. Mason were dishonest appears from the fact that, after his death, they plundered his estate, drove away his cattle that he had imported at great expense, and sold them in Boston for twenty-five pounds sterling a head, and appropriated his goods. There was no local government sufficiently powerful to punish great crimes; while the proprietor ruled through agents, factors and superintendents, there was little restraint over servants but the personal influence of the so called governors. The laborers were the "hired men" of the proprietor who lived three thousand miles away. They were neither masters of their time, their labor, nor of its rewards. If the value of plantations and mills was enhanced, the profit was not for them. They neither owned the premises where they worked, nor shared the gains nor losses that resulted from their labors. When they became free-holders, and made compacts or "combinations" for the better government of the plantations, and the more certain punishment of crimes, the stimulus of property, liberty and suffrage elevated the laborers, and fitted them to do, dare and suffer more than any other New England Colony. The people of Portsmouth formed a political compact as early as 1633, but it gained from the crown no authority to make laws or punish offenders. Dr. Belknap says, that, till 1640, the people of Dover and Portsmouth had no power of government delegated from the King. At that time, they formed themselves into a body politic as the people of Exeter had done the year before. The next year, 1641, all the four plantations formed a union with Massachusetts, and voluntarily submitted to her jurisdiction. They were allowed peculiar privileges, for in 1642, the following decree was passed by the General Court of Massachusetts: "It is ordered that all the present inhabitants of Piscataquack, who formerly were free there, shall have liberty of freemen in their several towns to manage all their town affairs, and each town [shall] send a deputy to the General Court, *though they be not church members.*" From this date the laws, usages and customs of the larger colony became the inheritance of the smaller; and the union which continued for thirty-nine years, was "a consummation devoutly to be wished," by both the high contracting parties.

PAYING THE MORTGAGE.

BY MARY DWINELL CHELLIS.

"Marry that old man! Never! I'll starve first. He may foreclose the mortgage and turn us out doors as soon as he pleases to, but I will never be his wife, never!"

"Heavens and airth, child, who you talking about? You don't say Peter Greenleaf wants you for a wife, do you?"

"I don't say any thing about it, Aunt Jane. Where in the world did you come from? I am glad to see you, but I didn't know there was any body to hear me. Don't tell, Aunt Jane."

"I won't" replied the unexpected visitor. "Don't you be afraid. I've kept a good many secrets in my day, and I'll keep yours. I come over this morning a purpose to talk with you and see if I couldn't help you. If I only had the money, I'd pay up that mortgage and done with it. Then, the old man might whistle. 'Spose your grandma'am could not help doin as she did, but 'twas a master pity."

"She would have paid part of it before now, if Regis hadn't been sick and the cow died. She talked about it only a few days before she died, and told me if she left us suddenly, I must do the best I could. She said there was a letter in the little bureau that would explain all about the mortgage, but I haven't wanted to read it yet. I can pay part of the interest by winter, but Mr. Greenleaf says he must have the whole, and I can't pay the whole."

"Well, child, don't give up. It's been awful discouragin' weather, dark days and heavy fogs, and every thing all damped through; but 'taint always goin to be so. We've got to have Indian Summer, yit. Your grandma'am was a curous manager; else she'd never made so much out of five acres of pasture land and an old sheep barn. That was all there was here when she bought it, and now, there ain't no land in town that gives better crops; and there ain't no house that's more comfortable. I've wished a good many times, I had her faculty; but I hain't, though I'm reckoned tolable for plannin'. "Where's Regis?"

"At work for Mr. Beman."

"He's a smart boy."

"Yes, he is, and a good boy, too. If he was older we could do better."

"Yes, but he'll grow old fast enough. He's twelve and you're eighteen, and you two are left without a blood relation in the world nigher than a second cousin. That's what your grandma'am told me the last time I see her 'fore she died so sudden. I can't make the way clear, all through, but don't you marry a man you don't want to. That's the worst thing a woman can do, and there's always a curse follows it. I married a poor man, and I ain't goin' to say he wa'nt shifless, for he was, and everybody knew it; but I loved him and he loved me, and so I could put up with his ways, though they wan't just what they ought to be. When John and I was together, we never felt as though we wished somebody else was in either of our places. I wouldn't advise you nor anybody else to marry a shifless man; but I did, and I never was sorry. Peter Greenleaf's wife didn't have a poor man nor a shifless man, but she had a harder time than I did; and I hope if he marries again, he'll get somebody that'll stand up for her rights. There he is, sure's you're alive, comin' over the hill. Want me to git out of sight?"

"Perhaps it would be best, but please don't leave the house."

"I won't, and don't you be afraid. Manage to make him say if the interest's paid, he'll wait for the rest. He thinks you'd make a purty piece of household furnitur, and some way he got a grudge against your gran'ma'am. I misdoubted how t'would turn out, when I knew she got the money of him; but the Lord reigns, and there can't nobody hinder his plans."

People wondered why Mrs. Bradshaw mortgaged her place, while she alone knew that to save her grand-children from their father she had sent him a stipulated sum of money, which might have purchased but temporary safety had not death claimed him and so relieved her of further anxiety.

In her thankfulness for this mercy she thought comparatively little of the obligation she had incurred, although her family arrangements were made with reference to the liquidation of the debt. She lived even more frugally than before; but sickness and other untoward events had made it impossible for her to do this. For three years not even the interest had been paid, and now the amount saved for this purpose was hardly sufficient to pay the funeral expenses.

Elsie Dunlap found herself sole heir of an encumbered estate which, if sold under the hammer, would leave her penniless. She was energetic, and capable. She possessed a strong will and much force of character; but, for the time she was nearly paralyzed by the sudden blow which had fallen upon her. Now, Aunt Jane's presence and homely counsel had done so much to reassure her, that she met Mr. Greenleaf with becoming dignity.

"My dear Elsie, how charmingly you are looking," he said blandly, "I could not deny myself the pleasure of coming early. I am to be out of town for a few days, and I thought it would be pleasant for us both to have everything definitely arranged between us. You will have no further trouble about the mortgage, and I—I shall have a fair and happy bride."

"What do you mean," now asked the young girl, recovering from her surprise at his audacity.

"You know what I mean, my dear," he replied with a smirk, which was intended to be a smile. "I did not expect you to accept my proposal at once. Perhaps I should have thought you wanting in maidenly modesty, if you had; but now you have had time for consideration, and I am impatient for your final answer."

"I am too young to marry," she said hesitatingly, remembering the charge she had received from Aunt Jane. "I am not sure I understand fully about the mortgage. Please tell me the exact amount of your claim upon my estate, and the terms by which I can retain it."

"It is a waste of words, my dear, but I wish to please you;" and he proceeded to give her the desired information, even yielding to her request to make the statement in writing.

She read it, thanked him, and placed the paper in her pocket, saying: "I think I can pay the interest before the first of December; and if I do, I can still remain here."

"If the taxes are paid. In order to secure myself and save you all annoyance, I have paid them. You see I have regard for your interests. You will give me the promise I desire, Elsie?" and he rose from the chair in which he was sitting, as though he would go nearer to her.

"What promise?" she asked, springing to her feet.

"The promise that you will be my wife. You shall have everything that heart can wish. I will surround you with luxury and make your life a long holiday. As my wife, you will not need to work, or calculate how money is to be made."

"But your wife *did* work," responded Elsie with provoking coolness. "I have always heard that she worked hard and never had a cent of money to spend without being called to account for it. I am too independent for that."

What Peter Greenleaf thought my readers may imagine. What he said was:

"When my wife was living, I was a poorer man than I am now. She was a worthy woman, but we were not altogether congenial. In a second marriage I should hope to realize what was denied me in the first."

There was an expression of scorn upon the rosy lips of Elsie Dunlap, and a flashing of the dark eyes which boded ill to her suitor.

"Have a care, my dear," he said in well modulated tones. "You have other debts and other debtors. I must be your husband or your enemy. You can choose

which it shall be, but I shall not take your answer now. I never yield when I have reached a decision. Think of Regis. Can you bear to be separated from him?"

He was gone, but before she had time to think of Regis, Aunt Jane appeared, and watching him as he rode away, expressed her satisfaction with what had transpired.

"You done well," she said heartily. "He didn't know you had a witness hid away, but when he began to talk, I give the bed room door a hitch, so I could see him, and hear all he said, too. I've faith the interest'll be paid somehow, and he's promised to wait for the rest. But about them taxes and debts. I'll find out. He'd scare some girls into marryin' him. He's got most everybody in town under his thumb, except Aunt Jane and the minister and Cam Bassett. He come pretty near getting a hitch on my house, but he just missed it. I'll see, I'll see. Don't give up. He won't be back to-day nor to-morrer."

"I hope not. Don't go now, Aunt Jane."

"I must, child. I've got a message for the minister, though I must look round 'fore I see him. Good bye."

Then was Elsie's hour of weakness, and she wept despairingly. She seemed hedged in on every side. She was in the power of a merciless man, and yet he professed to love her; promised to provide for her brother and relieve her of all care. Others had sacrificed themselves and still lived on. Driven from their home, where could they go? She could earn a little by knitting and sewing; Regis could earn a little more; but there was the mortgage.

"What's goin' to be done for them Dunlap children?" asked Aunt Jane abruptly, when she found the minister standing by the parsonage gate.

"I heard they were provided for by Mr. Greenleaf."

"There ain't no truth in that, Mr. Eldridge. I know all about it, and I'll tell you. I had it first hand, too, so there won't be no mistake."

The minister listened patiently, uttering now and then an ejaculation of surprise or indignation.

"Now, if you'll pray for light, and ways and means, 'twill be your share, and I'll see what I can do. If you had money, I know you'd give it, but there ain't nothing required of folks more'n they've got. Pray hard, for it's a rough place to pull over when Peter Greenleaf's hitched on his oxen to pull tother way."

"Stay to dinner and perhaps some light will shine upon the darkness," said the minister, pleasantly, as his companion turned to leave him.

"No, thank you, that an't the way light's comin', and I've got my dinner waitin' to home."

That day Elsie Dunlap read the letter of which her grandmother had told her, and from it learned much she had not before known; much, too, which grieved and saddened her.

"If I leave you with the mortgage unpaid you must do the best you can. I can not advise you, only don't trust Mr. Greenleaf, and don't let Regis go away from you. If the worst comes, perhaps Aunt Jane will take you in, and you can manage to feed and clothe yourselves. But don't trust Peter Greenleaf. I was obliged to go to him for money, but you will be under no such necessity."

These were the closing paragraphs of a letter which had for her the authority of a voice from the dead, and she repeated the declaration made in the opening of my story. Early in the evening, Regis came, tired, but so glad to be at home that he soon forgot his fatigue.

"How much money have we got?" he asked looking up into his sister's face."

"Not a dollar," she replied.

"I shall have a dollar to-morrow night, so there'll be one in the house, and we must keep it till we get a mate to it. We've got lots of potatoes and corn, and hay enough to keep the cow, so we shan't starve if we don't buy any thing at the store; and you can mend up my clothes so they'll last. Then we can sell the pig and some chickens, and a tub of butter, and that'll bring some money. We must pay up the mortgage. Mrs. Beman says Mr. Greenleaf wants you to marry him, and I told her you just wouldn't do it, will you?"

"No, I will *not*."

"There, I knew you wouldn't, for all she said there wan't many poor girls that had such a chance. We don't care if we are poor, do we?"

"We will try not to care. Now tell me what you have been doing to-day, and what company you have had."

"I didn't have anybody but Cam Bassett to work with me, and he didn't talk much, though he worked like a house-a-fire. He's growing handsome and I like him. He said grandmother was his best friend. I didn't know that before, did you?"

"No, indeed, but she was a friend to every one. I am glad he remembers her kindly."

"So am I. After dinner, he asked me if I thought you'd ever marry Mr. Greenleaf, and I told him I knew you wouldn't, any sooner than you'd marry him, and I guessed not half so soon."

"Why, Regis;" and a blush suffused the sister's cheek, which he did not see.

Mr. Eldridge had fulfilled his promise to pray for his young parishioners, and waited for some token that his prayers had been heard, when Cameron Bassett was shown into his study.

"I don't see you very often," he said, in a tone which expressed the surprise he felt at receiving so unexpected a visit."

"No, sir, but I thought 'twas right for me to come, because I could trust you not to tell."

"Not to tell what, my young friend?" After looking a moment into the clergyman's face, as if to assure himself that his confidence was not misplaced, the visitor proceeded to make known his business with a straight-forward earnestness one could hardly have believed possible to him.

Five years before he had drifted into the quiet country town, a poor, ignorant boy. Since then, he had done the hardest, coarsest work uncomplainingly, yet always stipulating for wages which were so faithfully earned, that they could not be refused. He was kind and obliging, but few thought of him except when present, and then only as of a servant.

"I don't know why I came here, only I happened to," he said in reply to a question asked by Mr. Eldridge. "I followed the river, and when I got opposite Mrs. Bradshaw's, I was so hungry, I went up to the house and asked her to give me something to eat and let me work and pay for it. She did, and talked to me besides, and the talk was better than the bread and milk. She told me what I could do if I tried, and I've tried ever since. I couldn't go to school and meeting like other boys, but I've done the best I knew how. I've saved some money, and I want you to take it and pay Mr. Greenleaf on that mortgage as far as 'twill go, until I can earn some more to finish up. Will you do it, sir?"

"I am not sure that I ought to. You need this money for yourself. You saved it for a special purpose."

"Yes, sir, I saved it to buy a piece of land, but I can wait for that, I ain't too old to start again."

"But Elsie might object to your doing this."

"I'm afraid she would, but you see, she ain't to know it. That's why I come to you, because I thought you wouldn't tell. They've all done me more than that worth good. I don't think I'd ever had the money but for what Mrs. Bradshaw said to me; so in a way, it belongs to her, and that mortgage must be paid. It *must*, Mr. Eldridge."

"It *shall* be paid, every dollar of it. I will try to raise what is lacking of the full amount and consider you my debtor for the balance."

"Yes, sir, do, and I will bring you the money as fast as I earn it. You can trust me. I always do as I say."

"I believe you, and shall be glad to see you, even if you have no money to bring."

"Thank you," and as the young man thus acknowledged the courtesy of his host, his eyes wandered to a plain book case filled to overflowing.

"Do you care for books?" was asked.

"Yes, sir, more than I care for anything else. When I came here, I only knew the letters, but I've learned since."

"What have you learned?"

"All I could. I bought an old arithmetic and I've been through it. It was hard work; but I kept at it, till I fin-

ished up every sum. I bought a grammar, too, and a geography."

"Have you studied alone?"

"Yes, sir, there wan't any other way for me."

"Do you read books?"

"Yes, sir, all I can get; and Cameron Bassett forgot his usual reserve, as he was led to speak of the hopes and desires which had made him what he was. "You see, sir, I had it all to do myself, except what Mrs. Bradshaw helped me. She didn't know how much I owed her. I never told her. I meant to, but I didn't. When she died I was sorry I hadn't. I wish she knew."

"Perhaps she *does* know. God knows, and he is the one most interested. Do you read the Bible?"

"Yes, sir, the first book I ever read was a Testament Mrs. Bradshaw gave me. She said 'twas best of all."

"But you have never come to hear the preaching and praying and singing Sundays."

"No, sir, perhaps I don't rightly understand about it. Sunday was my resting and studying day, and there didn't anybody ask me to go to meeting."

"May God forgive us," ejaculated the clergyman fervently. "Let me help you now. You are welcome to the use of any of my books, and I shall be glad to give you any assistance in my power. What books have you read?"

"I've read about Hugh Miller, and I thought I had as good a chance for learning as he had."

"You have, and I hope you will be as grand and famous as he was."

"I don't expect that. He had more that belonged to him;" and the young man tapped his forehead with his finger. "But I'll do what I can. If you'll allow me to take a book, I will, sir."

A book was selected, a few parting words exchanged; and Mr. Eldridge sat down to reflect upon the strange occurrences of the day. He was both depressed and encouraged; while he felt condemned for his neglect of one whom another had remembered. He counted again the money left in his keeping; counted also the cost at which he could supply the amount required to balance the mortgage. He must wear a threadbare coat still longer, and deny himself the purchase of some much coveted books; yet he did not regret his decision.

The next day Aunt Jane appeared bringing her small hoard which, however, was not needed.

"Then I'll lend it to Elsie to pay up on the taxes, and she can make out the money to pay me back fore winter's through," said the good woman, joyously. "It's all come round just right. But you hain't told me how you got the money to pay up the mortgage, nor how you calkerlate it's goin' to be paid back."

"I have made no calculations in regard to that, and you must excuse me if I decline telling you anything further about it."

"I will; and on the whole I don't want you to. I'll just think the Lord done it, and thank him for my ignorance. There's good things happenin' all round. I'm goin' to have somebody to be in the house with me nights this winter, so 'twill seem more like livin', and then there'll be somebody to do for. I guess my neighbors'll come in for a share of help. There's helpful and on-helpful times, Mr. Eldridge, and it's likely to me we've had *on*-helpful ones long enough for just now. Peter Greenleaf's gone, so you'll have to wait for him to come back; but there won't be no harm done while he's gone. He's missed his calculations once."

Possibly he feared this; for he remained away but two days, and on his return went directly to the cottage of Elsie Dunlap, fully resolved not to leave it until he had obtained her promise to marry him the following week. He was not to be thwarted by a young girl's caprice, and, moreover, he fancied that he really loved his fair debtor. He carried with him a gift, which it is but justice to say would have propitiated many disposed to be unrelenting; yet he experienced some embarrassment when he found himself in her presence.

[CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.]

PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY.

This venerable institution is one of the oldest nurseries of classical education in America. It was founded in 1783 by Dr. John Phillips, a merchant of Exeter, in the days when that town was a business centre and the shipment of heavy goods was by water, in vessels of a few hundred tons burden. Dr. Phillips, having amassed a considerable fortune, seems to have determined on the perpetuation of the family name, not especially to gratify family pride, but to confer a lasting blessing on a posterity ever ready to acknowledge its obligations to the world's benefactors. It should be remembered that the Exeter of that day was quite as important a town relatively, as it is now. There the Colonial Legislature held its sessions in common with its wealthier neighbor Portsmouth: there dwelt members of the Colonial Congress and there resided the Gilmans and others, afterwards Congressmen and Governors of the State. A hundred years since, Portsmouth, Dover and Exeter were *the* towns of the Province of New Hampshire. Though the thought of Dr. Phillips can not be read, he doubtless imagined Exeter to gradually grow in importance as an inland town and that *his* Academy would flourish with its growth, not dreaming that railroads, half a century later, without destroying old land marks or degrading the venerable dignity of what the fathers had consecrated, would so change the currents of trade as to plant large cities far away from the seaboard and nearly annihilate the commercial importance of those dependent on harbor and tide water. But so it is; and Exeter of to-day only contains double the number of inhabitants it did in 1776. Yet its natural beauty remains almost undisturbed. The Squamscott river is as placid and the falls above it awaken scarcely a new echo, while many of those incident to shipping died along its banks forty or fifty years since. A cotton mill by the river side and a machine shop and foundry near the depot, are the principal manufactories, and which occupy the place of corn mills, saw mills and a few tanneries. The latter, in active operation, with shipping, ship-building and country trade, were the foundation of prosperity and wealth one hundred years ago. It was the fortune of Dr. Phillips to endow an institution more lasting than all of these, and the fortune of posterity to reap the manifold results of such a beneficent endowment. It appears by the catalogue of 1783 that 56 students attended and of these, 38 belonged to Exeter. This would indicate that no modern advertising was resorted to in order to swell the number of pupils, and the inference is clear that Exeter and surrounding towns might have regarded the Academy as peculiarly *theirs*. A further and closer examination of catalogues shows us that the tree planted by Dr. Phillips bore such goodly fruit that it was plucked with avidity by dwellers in the several States of the Union and by many in foreign lands. As early as 1785, there was one student from the West Indies. Before the year 1800, a dozen had attended from the West Indies; and other States besides New Hampshire, were well represented. The number attending to April, 1869 was 3,855. This number must have increased to nearly 4,500.

The list of Principals is wonderfully short. Only three names appear. Dr. Benjamin Abbott, Dr. Gideon L. Soule, and Albert C. Perkins, A. M. The labors of Dr. Abbott and Dr. Soule cover more than three-fourths of a century of indefatigable toil and unremitting aid to those climbing the hill of science. Dr. Abbott was Principal of the Academy from 1788 to 1838, just half a century. Dr. Soule having been already associated with Dr.

Abbott for about seventeen years, was elected Principal in 1838 and held the position until the election of the present Principal in 1873. The success, the fame and the lasting reputation of the school is largely attributable to the efforts of these venerable instructors. Dr. Soule is still living in Exeter, though somewhat enfeebled in mind and body. Fifty years each, in almost daily contact with the youthful mind, the virgin intellectual soil, wherein must be sown the germs of science, the seeds of truth, the harvest of which has been gathered by admiring countrymen who have borrowed wisdom from statesmen and instructors!

Dr. Abbott was remarkable for "dignity of character and suavity of manners. He never met the youngest Academy scholar in the street without lifting his hat entirely from his head, as in courteous recognition of an equal; and an abashed and awkward attempt to return the compliment, was the urchin's first lesson in good manners and respect for his teacher. His government was always successful, because it was not in his nature to be stern or passionate; and as he always allowed the offender time to deliberate and become sorry for his fault, before sentence was pronounced, the punishment never seemed unjust, even to the culprit. It was not strange, then, that he gained so strong a hold upon the love and respect of his pupils. To them he always appeared as if surrounded by some invisible enclosure, which even the boldest could not overstep without a bowed head and a feeling almost of awe. Others may have been equally, or even more successful as mere teachers; but in the general discipline of mind and character, in exerting an influence upon the boy which continued through the subsequent life of the man, no instructor ever surpassed him. It was a common remark among his pupils, that it was a shame to deceive Dr. Abbott or tell him a lie; and even if one ventured to do so he had a sort of uncomfortable consciousness that the Doctor had detected him, but saw fit to overlook the offence and allow it to be its own punishment."

These few words of eulogy are from the pen of Prof. Bowen, and the writer observes of Dr. Soule that "he has always followed the spirit and principles of his [Dr. Abbott's] administration, even while introducing such changes and improvements as the progress of the age in the modes of teaching and in the range of scholarship rendered necessary."

And Prof. Peabody of Harvard College, in his address at the dedication of the new Academy building, June 19, 1872, says of Dr. Soule; "following his predecessor, with no unequal footseps, like him, he has reared for himself an enduring monument in the republic of letters, ——in the ripest scholarship of America."

These tributes to the ability, skill and sterling merit of these teachers are modest indeed, as their pupils who survive will bear witness. It has been remarked that "Dr. Abbott was remarkably fortunate in his pupils" and the observation may be considered a just one, when we mention the names of Lewis Cass, Daniel Webster, Leverett Saltonstall, Joseph G. Coggswell, Edward Everett, John A. Dix, John G. Palfrey, Jared Sparks, George Bancroft and others, eminent in learning and statesmanship, having been under his charge. Webster was present and presided at the dinner given at the Abbott Festival in commemoration of Dr. Abbott's completion of his fiftieth year as Principal of the Academy. The meeting was remarkable and unprecedented. Among those who made speeches on the occcasion, were, besides Webster, Everett, Palfrey, Saltonstall and John P. Hale. A valuable silver service was presented the Doctor. On this occasion one venerable man rose and said: "You were his scholars, I was his teacher. It was little that I had to impart, but that little was most cheerfully given. I well remember the promise he then gave; and Providence has been kind in placing him in just that position where his life could be most usefully and honorably spent." This speaker was Hon. Jeremiah Smith (father of Judge Jeremiah Smith, one of the present Board of Trustees) who had served two terms as Representative in Congress, was afterwards Chief Justice and Governor of New Hampshire. He subsequently resided in Dover, but, at his death his remains were interred at

Exeter beside those of Dr. John Phillips, the Founder of the Academy. A few years since the remains of Dr. Phillips were removed to the "New Cemetery." When exhumed, at the distance of about 70 years, the skull of Dr. Phillips was well preserved, as also that of his wife. The skull of Dr. Phillips was thin, particularly in the regions known to phrenologists, as "acquisitiveness" and "benevolence" and a remarkable development of both of those organs was apparent. He died April 21, 1795, in his seventy-sixth year.

Justice requires the mention of William Woodbridge, A. B., who was inducted into office as Preceptor of the Academy, May 1, 1783, with appropriate ceremonies. So far as is known he was a worthy teacher, but failing in health, he was succeeded by Dr. Abbott in 1788.

Two other teachers rendered invaluable assistance to Dr. Abbott. The first was Hosea Hildreth, Professor of Mathematics for fourteen years, a man of "eminently robust mind, of iron will, of strenuous purpose, of a stern integrity, and unflinching courage." The second was Joseph Gibson Hoyt, afterwards Chancellor of Washington University, St. Louis, Missouri. He was one of the faculty for eighteen years. Prof. Peabody says of him, "of his clear thought, vivid fancy, versatile genius, perfect zeal in every worthy cause, incessant activity, unwearied assiduity and unexhausted kindness in every relation, as teacher, friend, neighbor, citizen, none who knew him need that I should tell."

A sketch of Phillips Exeter Academy cannot be complete without a more extended notice of its founder; indeed, a transcript of the life of Drs. Phillips and Abbott nearly completes the history of this classical school, until within a brief period. Dr. John Phillips was born in Andover, Mass., Dec. 27, 1719. His father was a clergyman. Dr. Phillips graduated at the early age of fifteen years. Leaving college he taught school, meantime studying theology. He received a call from the First Church in Exeter, but was too modest or diffident to accept it, and subsequently engaged in rade in that town. Amassing a fortune and leaving no children, with simple tastes and habits and without covetousness, it seemed most natural and easy for him to give away large amounts for religious and charitable purposes and bequeath the remainder for the furtherance of such objects. It was finely said of him that "without natural issue, he made posterity his heir." Cultivating the natural gift of benevolence by frequent donations he finally became the George Peabody of his State if not of his country. In conjunction with Judge Samuel Phillips of Andover, Mass., he founded Phillips Academy at Andover in 1778, the darkest period of the Revolutionary war, Judge Phillips contributing $6000 and Dr. Phillips contributing $31,000, about one third being bestowed at the outset and the other two thirds in 1790. Dr. Phillips was a Trustee of this institution until his death. He also endowed a Professorship of Theology in Dartmouth College and was a Trustee of that College for twenty years. He also made liberal gifts to Princeton College N. J.

Dr. Phillips asked no aid in founding the Exeter Academy. He obtained a charter April 3, 1781. It is thus the oldest institution of learning established by State authority, Dartmouth College having been established by Royal grant in 1769. By charter all the property of the Academy is forever exempted from taxation. The entire management is vested in a Board of Trustees of not more than seven or less than four. They are empowered to remove the institution, if circumstances should render such a change desirable and establish it in a suitable place within the State.

The Academy was not established solely to give instruction in the various branches of secular learning; it was solemnly dedicated to the promotion of good manners, sound morality and pure religion. In the "Constitution and Laws" the Founder says, "above all it is expected that the attention of instructors to the disposition of the minds and morals of the youth under their charge will exceed every other care." At the same time, Dr. Phillips' religious views were very liberal. Even Dr. Abbott held different theological opinions from its founder. Agreeable

to these wishes expressed and understood, the school has never become a mere sectarian institution. One restriction however, is made, i. e. "Protestants only shall be in the Trust and instruction of this seminary."

It is difficult to ascertain the precise amount of the several endowments. Three times during life the founder made over considerable property to the Trustees. Five years after Dr. Phillips death it appears that the Trustees held $58,880 in active funds, the Mansion house, [now occupied by Dr. Soule] the Academy buildings and grounds. Probably the original endowments amounted to $65,000. In 1872, the amount of funds was $125,000. The academy building being destroyed by fire in December, 1870, is was naturally supposed that a large portion of the fund must be used for the erection of the new edifice. A happy disappointment to such expectations followed; donations for the new building delicately and modestly dropped into the Trustee's hands from members of the Alumni, who respected and reverenced the institution as the cradle of their after greatness and prosperity, until [with contributions from other beneficent sources] the sum swelled to $50,000 or enough to complete the new academy building.

The academy building destroyed in 1870 was erected in 1794 with the exception of the "wings" which were afterwards added. The building originally used for the school and now occupied by D. W. Merrill as a dwelling, stood a little distance westward of the present grounds, near the center of the village. It was two stories in height and built after the manner of the "square" houses of those days. When the larger building was erected in 1794, the old structure was purchased by Daniel Kimball and removed to the Plains (Kingston road) and fitted into a dwelling house. It has been owned successively by Mr. Kimball, Samuel Leavitt, John Gordon and B. L. Merrill, Esq.

The present building is a handsome and durable Gothic edifice, constructed of the best materials and in the most approved style of architecture, if improvement can be made on ancient models. The rooms are spacious, commodious and substantially though not gorgeously furnished. Paintings and portraits and busts of eminent men, grace, adorn and dignify the Hall, many of which are the contributions of former students.

But whatever has been added within the last few years from the treasures of art to ennoble the soul or gratify an aesthetic taste, the tone and discipline of the school has never been allowed to suffer; it has rather been elevated and intensified and to-day the school occupies a higher level and presents greater advantages than ever before. Contrast the Academy and its surroundings with the year of the opening. Then a small building, imperfectly ventilated except through chinks from imperfect carpentry, windows small and without shades and an open fire at one side of the room and insufficient for the wants of half the pupils; now all the modern appliances for light, warmth, comfort and culture. The grounds too, encircled with elms and maples, challenge admiration, whether clothed in vernal beauty or painted in sad but gorgeous autumnal dyes. The town changes are equally surprising. Where once stood low storied dwellings without paint and half sufficient light, with a very few exceptions, we now find private residences, some of which are almost of princely magnificence. Although the population has only doubled, the number of dwellings must have quadrupled. The public buildings are more noble and costly; churches and school-houses handsomer and better and the principal business street, within a few years has, at the hands of the capitalist and artisan, changed from a sickly row of dilapidated shops to one of stately and substantial brick edifices. Were the land holder and stock holder of to-day interrogated by a centennarian for the causes, the answer must be "the principal cause is the establishment and growth of Phillips Exeter Academy; while other enterprises have fluctuated, fled or perished with slow decay, this school of learning has endured, striking its roots

deeper and farther, diffusing material benefits year by year."

A great advantage this Academy enjoys over other classical schools in New England is the provision for free tuition and the partial maintenance of poor but meritorious students. These scholars are not distinguished from other pupils except by proverty and merit. What they receive is simply a reward for scholarship and good character. This "Foundation," as it is called, has attracted many poor but ambitious students, several of whom afterwards became eminent. One of these has shown his gratitude by making over to the Academy an accumulating fund, now amounting to $20,000. But the Trustees have not waited for further endowments in this direction. Early in the present century the number of these scholarships was raised to twelve and within a few years to twenty. About fifteen years since Abbott Hall was erected at a cost of $20,000. This accommodates fifty students. A portion, even, of the expense of cooking is paid by the institution and the boarders only pay the first cost of the food they consume. Gorham Hall has also been purchased and fitted to accommodate fifty students, though the arrangements for board vary slightly from those of Abbott Hall.

There is also a small fund to aid the needy in the purchase of text books. Some seventeen years ago, Mr. John Langdon Sibley, librarian of Harvard College, contributed $300 for this purpose. Other additions to Dr. Phillips' endowments are a bequest of Nicholas Gilman of $1,000, the income of which is to be expended in vocal music; and $100 by the late Leverett Saltonstall, to purchase books for the Academy Library.

By a gift of Woodbridge Odlin, Esq., of Exeter, an English course has recently been established. The course extends through three years, and Latin and French may be included. The Bancroft Scholarship, founded by Hon. Geo. Bancroft, has an income of $140; the Hale Scholarship, founded by Miss Martha Hale, has also an income of $140; and the Gordon Scholarship, founded by Hon. Nathaniel Gordon, of Exeter, has an income of $120. The Foundation Scholarships are also in part supported by a liberal bequest of the late Hon. Jeremiah Kingman of Barrington. The late Hon. F. O. J. Smith of Portland, Me., left a legacy to the Academy, which has not yet been made available, his estate not being fully administered.

The present Board of Trustees consists of Rev. Andrew P. Peabody, D. D., LL. D., President; Hon. Amos Tuck, A. M; Hon. George S. Hale, A. B.; Albert C. Perkins, A. M., *ex officio*; William H. Gorham, M. D.; Joseph B. Walker, A. M.; Rev. Phillips Brooks, D. D.; S. Clark Buzell, Esq., Treasurer.; Gideon L. Soule, LL D., Principal Emeritus.

The faculty is composed of Albert C. Perkins, A. M., Principal; George A. Wentworth, A. M., Professor of Mathematics; Bradbury L. Cilley, A, M., Professor of Ancient Languages; Robert Franklin Pennell, A. B., Professor of Latin; (Vacancy,) Odlin Professor of English; Oscar Faulhaber, Ph. D., Instructor in French; Frederick T. Fuller, A. B., Instructor in English.

Delicacy forbids our giving an extended notice of these instructors; instructors in one of the oldest and best classical schools in the country and who, for depth of research, logical reasoning and aptness in communication, are the peers of any other in their profession.

With like talent and skill combined, a constantly increasing fund, a widening reputation yearly and periodically enriched and brightened, by the love and veneration of graduates destined to usefulness and eminence, who will not predict another century, even centuries of success to Phillips Exeter Academy?

HOW CAN WE HELP IT?

BY REV. LEANDER S. COAN.

Do we all have to lie——just a little?
It will seem so if you try
Sometime to render a reason
When you cannot give reasons why.
Mrs. B. comes in with her baby,
And good Mr. B. comes, too,
To have their partial opinions
Corroborated by you.

"Now isn't the darling pretty?"
And he is, to a mother's eyes,—
But you have not the yearning
Which the most of that beauty supplies.
But you must be a brute, to tell her
Honestly, truthful and square,
That you see no marvel of beauty
In a tangle of tow-colored hair.

And tough farmer John (with his cattle)
With simple sincerity bold,
Wants to confirm his opinion
By what he is sure you hold.
And you must allow him to think so
By some sort of innocent crook,
Or thereafter and forever
Be blotted out of his book.

Then the scribbler calls with his verses
And reads them all over to you;
And after you listen, how easy
To smile with delight, that he's through.
And if you edit a paper,
And a roll of the stuff comes in
By the hand of an old subscriber,
You just have to listen, and grin.

Then there comes the rub of the matter,
To give him a reason why
The stuff do'n't appear in your columns
And not tell a sort of a lie.
Or, the good parson quotes from his sermon,
As dull as a drum, and as dry;—
Now wound the kind heart of the parson
If you can, with the real reason why.

JENNIE'S WEDDING CAKE.

BY HOPE HARVEY.

"It can't be Jennie's!" That is what I said this morning, as I saw the big slice beaming at me so cordially from its silver cradle tucked daintily in with the white napkin.

"But it is Jennie's," I almost heard it say, "and here are her wedding cards, and here is her note, saying, 'My Paul and I are coming to see you, to-day.' So it is Jennie's, O unbeliever!" repeated the voluble brown cake.

I leaned back in my easy chair, and as the soft April wind blew in at the open window, bringing a new flush to the cheek of the invalid, and stronger beat to the heart, I thought of Jennie. "My Jennie," I always call her, for she has been mine through many changes which have come to both of us; she will be mine as long as I stay here, and she will be doubly mine in that future world where friendship and love are perfected and consummated. Shall I tell you of her? And yet, you will think it only a simple little story of the joy and sorrow of love and loss; no more, nor so much—God help us—as comes into the life of many of us, were the tale written out.

Jennie came to us a stranger to all in the old Academy, but she won at once our school-girl love by her shyness and gentleness. If you think she was handsome you are much mistaken, except that she wore the soul-beauty that always makes the possessor lovely. Beneath a forehead in no way remarkable, she had grey eyes, very inexpressive when her features were at rest, but lighting up or drooping most winningly with her quick, varying emotions; a long, large nose, wide, thin lips, and a skin whose exquisite delicacy every breeze and sun ray marred with freckles. My fastidious hearer exclaims, "What a description for a heroine!" But I never intimated that she was a heroine, and I warned you, in effect, that the story was not exciting.

But what is a "heroine?" May she not be one who bears and suffers and sacrifices in unceasing little ways all through the little minutes and weeks, until the long years weigh her in the balance and find her never wanting; until there rises to heaven self-abnegation like a tower? Yea, verily. Then my Jennie is a heroine, but she does not know it, dear heart! She never will know it until the angels tell her so some day in the city where the worthy walk in white.

Our school days passed on, tame enough, of course, but seeming to us full of thrilling event. We all had our preferences and loves, and Jennie's came to her in the form of a handsome, blue-eyed youth, one of the students, who paid his boyish court at her shrine, and then passed on to some new attraction. An arrow was left in the young heart, however, which rankled and festered there for many a long month, until it was withdrawn by her own brave hand, when the wound gradually healed and she was the same quiet, sweet Jennie as before. Not just the same, either, for she was stronger and richer by a new experience. Experiences need not always be happy in order to bring health and strength, need they, my reader? A scar must not necessarily sear. My Jennie knew that.

The years passed on, and for some time we met infrequently, although we corresponded regularly. It was plain from Jennie's letters that the soul-beauty was increasing, though in the midst of poverty and care, for she was nearly the youngest of a large family, who must have their start in life before her. There were sisters to be settled in new homes, and the family heart and family purse were stretched to the utmost to provide the simple dowry which seemed requisite. Some of the brothers, with good talents and ambitions, must have a college education. And Jennie bore her full

part of all this general sacrifice and economy again and again, cheerful and uncomplaining always. Not that she was stupid and uncaring, for her nature was pre-eminently susceptible to all hopes and pleasant plans. She must do for others, putting self down and away; so suitors came and went, while she bided her time.

So the years went by, and when she could be spared from the family workshop, she wrought for herself, to supply her wants; sometimes in a factory; sometimes in a little box of a school house, teaching for a term; sometimes, in an emergency, in a neighbor's kitchen, not wholly for the small recompense, but because she loved to be helpful.

Why did not this young woman strike out and make her way in the world, do you ask? Because, although she was as well fitted as many for an independent life, she was not easily to be shaken from the home nest where she was needed. All women are not free to "strike out." There are aged parents, and perhaps other dependent relatives, to be taken into consideration. Jennie considered hers. By and by she and her youngest sister, Myra, were all who were left at home with the now feeble father and mother. And O, how Jennie loved that sister! She said to me often:

"If God should take from me every friend I have, dear as they are to me, and leave me Myra, I could still be happy."

There was to be a change. After four years in the army, and another year before being "mustered out," "Johnny came marching home" to meet his waiting bride. Captain Johnny was the youngest brother, and he brought with him his dearest friend who had shared with him the five years' camp and battle experience; the stalwart, brave, good Captain Philip Lement. Jennie and Myra grew to love their worthy guest, but neither sister knew nor suspected the other's feelings. "Love is blind," proverbially, and besides that, love is often dumb. Then Jennie wove bright, pretty visions out of her own pure heart, and dreamed happy dreams. Then "Jennie's wedding cake" was planned and made, cut and distributed, all in Jennie's sweet little imaginings.

One evening Myra came later than usual into their little room, and found Jennie sitting by the window, looking out into the starlight with the hopeful gaze which had lately come to illuminate the dear grey eyes. Myra came and stood by her, caressing the dark hair, and said, "Jennie, darling, I will tell you something beautiful. In October I am going with Philip to his home in Missouri. I am so happy, I can hardly tell you. O Jennie!"

But Jennie gave one mute, swift look away beyond the stars, and sank down in a little white heap by the window. Do you think she fainted, shrieked or raged before the astonished Myra? Did she tell her, like Whittier's Annie, that she

> "Would pray the wind and sea
> To keep him forever from thee and me."

Not at all. Jennie, in her saintliness, knew no such way as that. She only knew how to pray, and give herself up for others, and pour out great stores of love without getting the returns her heart craved. So she staid long on her knees praying that night. What she said only God and the stars heard. Then she rose and kissed the sorrowful sister, and went to bed. That was all. Then in that short, but long summer, she smiled down her heart-aches whenever she could, and made rugs and quilts and fine linen for Myra, and even

> "Could broider the bridal gear,
> Though hands should tremble and eyes be wet,
> And stitch for stitch in her heart be set."

No, indeed, her heart was not broken. As I told you that the good scarred heart does not sear, so the good stricken heart does not break, though it bends and bleeds, and is always sensitive. But it answers to others' sorrows ever after, and so there is gain out of loss.

In the fall Philip and Myra went away, and Jennie was all alone to watch and cheer the failing mother, and see her laid to rest in the little family burial ground on the hill top, where some of the home band were already sleeping. At last the old father joined the silent company on that hill top, and Jennie was left homeless, except as the married brothers and

sisters welcomed her by turns to theirs. Jennie was no longer young. Her continued, though patient toil was telling upon her. A thread or two of gray appeared in her hair, and the girlish freckles faded out, while the pallor of ill health succeeded them. But how much she accomplished by her affectionate, steady perseverance. The young nephews and nieces, in coming years, shall rear a monument to the memory of that tender care.

"O Jennie, can this be you?"

"O Myra, is this *you?*"

These were the joyful, yet tearful greetings of the two sisters. Philip had written that Myra was sick, and alone and unprotected the timid little lady had travelled day and night the weary hundreds of miles, to bring unexpected joy to the invalid, and to herself as well. She wrote me from the West:

"To sit by Myra's bedside, to care for her once more, to look into her dear eyes is more bliss than I ever hoped."

Under the gentle touch of this best of nurses, Myra recovered; and Jennie, remaining awhile, was more at leisure to lavish some of her best feelings upon new friends, and among others, upon an unworthy object. He appeared well, and Jennie, never suspicious, confided in him till he proved, first fickle, then false. It was a cruel blow, but suffering was nothing new to Jennie. It hurt just the same, but she could bear it.

There came a sad day when Myra suddenly sickened and died. No love of a fond husband, devoted sister, or helpless, clinging infants, could hold her back; and then Jennie thought those beautiful babies of her lost Myra's would be hers to cherish in all the future years. Surely Philip would love her now, and make his home hers for their sakes, since nobody could be to Myra's children like Myra's sister.

"If your health were only better no one else should be my wife," the perplexed Philip often said. "What shall I do, Jennie?"

"I cannot tell," was the invariable reply. "Do just as you think our Myra would have you do. I only know that love would make me strong again, to live and labor for my loved ones."

But Philip chose for a wife a woman already well, and Jennie laid her little darlings in their new mother's arms, with sobs and kisses, and went her way. She thought once she could be happy with Myra alone; could she be happy alone without her? Certainly. Her capacity for happiness had grown with that which gives it exercise. Though she grieved, she could still love, and she who can do that is blessed. The world is full of objects of love; the little children, the old, the afflicted, the ignorant, the sinful; and Jennie found them out. "Love made her strong again," as she told Philip. Although not always reciprocated to the extent of her large demands, it was not lost. "Talk not of wasted affection; affection never was wasted. If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment."

Jennie proved the truth of that. If you should hear her soft, merry laugh, and see the peaceful look on her beautiful face—yes, Jennie is beautiful now—you would know as I do, that all is calm and joyful within.

But about "Jennie's wedding cake." you thought the story was going to be about that? Well, it is all about it. Don't you see how it was in process of making through all the years? All the hard, bitter things, all the disappointments and losses that went to make up the ingredients of the distasteful loaf were sweetened by the joy of unselfish love and seasoned with the salt of constant goodness; and Jennie's is of all wedding cakes the most delicious.

And what will I do with the doctrine that a person can never truly love but *once?* I do not know. I do not pretend to be wise. I only know that Jennie has a whole, full fresh heart to give "her Paul."

Jennie's Paul is just the man for her. He is worthy of her, and needs no other description. In a long and intimate acquaintance under a variety of circumstances, the foundation was laid for a happy marriage. "The happiest day of my life," she called her engagement day; what she named her recent wedding day

she has yet to tell me when we meet.

"What are the lilies snowy white
That bloom afresh at Easter tide,
When fairer still, 'mid sunshine bright,
The April brings a bride—a bride!"

Now I have finished my sad—or glad? —story of "Jennie's wedding cake," and it *is* Jennie's after all!

And see! down the road under the budding elms, are coming Paul and my Jennie.

AMONG THE SHAKERS.

When you have seen one Shaker settlement, you know almost precisely how they all look,—the same arrangement of buildings, the same style of dress and furniture, the same habits of thrift and tidiness, and that appearance about everything, as if here, at last, you had found a people settled into their places for their whole life-time. There is something about this air of permanence which takes hold upon you for the time being. You, yourself, are not sure of anything; you may be obliged to change your place of abode to-morrow, or next week, or at farthest *sometime;* you are not certain even that you can keep your own homestead in your family. Everybody is liable to "sell out," to fail in business; changes uncounted on may take place, contingencies may arise, necessitating a removal, even to those whose local attachments would seem to be strong enough to hold them to one spot all their lives. To "move on," like poor Jo., is the order for most of the race.

But here is a body of men and women who are absolutely fixtures; who have not only voluntarily committed themselves to a mode of life pre-arranged for them, but have done it with the knowledge that into it henceforth there will be no place for plan or conjecture about their future, as to where they may be living, or what be doing, a few years hence. In one sense, and a very practical one, their pilgrimage is ended. They may, and do make journeys to sister communities and elsewhere, but no more think of any other change than we do of coming back after we are dead.

They are there to *stay*. And that fact accounts for a great deal. It is partial explanation of the contentment on the faces of the Shaker sisters. It is a reason for the repose and settledness which pervade a Shaker village—that indefinable something, so altogether unlike the life of ordinary villages, and which you feel in the air, and are conscious of by some instinct, as men claim to be aware of the presence of spirits. Whether you pass along the streets, or enter the houses, or wherever you go, you feel that you are beyond the realm of hurry; there is no restlessness, or fret of business, or anxiety about anything; it is as if the work was done, and it was one eternal afternoon. Nor does anything dispel this feeling, even when you are in the midst of their industries, and the making of cheese, the milking of cows, the washing and ironing, and baking, and harvesting are going on around you. They do it all so leisurely, so quietly, that you feel something as he did who saw men "as trees walking."

They are the only people in this country, if not in the world, who have been able for nearly a hundred years to live on the plan of a community of property, conducting their domestic affairs on the principle of co-operative house-keeping. Somewhere among the founders was remarkable sagacity and forecast; and though their numbers fail, those qualities have by no means fallen off. It was an evidence of their far-seeing, practical sense that they chose such advantageous localities for their settlements.

Not the least desirable among the nineteen that exist in the United States, is that in the old, farming town of Canterbury, in New Hampshire. The three villages, separated by fields, are on one long street on the crest of a ridge. They come into sight—three clusters of white or straw-colored buildings, with red roofs —as you ascend the last hill. The Shak-

ers believe in sun and light, and a free circulation of air, so you will see no outer blinds, or thick shrubbery, or shade trees. The orchards are for the most part away back, and smooth fields roll towards the south so far as the line of forest down in the low-lands. Your road dips into a shaded hollow, and when you come out, you are where four meet; a stone watering-trough is in the centre space, and guide-boards on the tree-trunks point to shaded ways off towards country villages, or north over the mountains. Your route is up the long hill, between the beautiful uplands, skirted with such stone walls as you see nowhere but in New England.

At the first house, you find your place of entertainment. The two front doors open, and a brother and sister come out; and your attention is called first to their arrangement for alighting from a vehicle, of which you avail yourself, stepping upon a platform level with the fence-top, and by stairs descend to the flagged walk within the yard. You are addressed by your given name; you are no longer Mr., Mrs., or Miss, but John or Mary; and, in answer to your questions, you hear "yea" and "nay," often twice uttered, and with an approving or deprecatory inflection which the rougher "yes" or "no" of common usuage are incapable of; you are thus brought to the knowledge of such flexibility in the enunciation of those monosyllables as you had never suspected; for while the "nay," besides its legitimate negative, is made to mean denial, reproof, warning, surprise, disappointment and sorrow, the "yea" not only affirms, but invites, approves, caresses, and is, in the very cadence in which it is spoken, a welcome. If you are a friend, you are made doubly free to their hospitality. In this way it was that we came to know something of the homes and hearts of the Shaker women.

If one's preconceived idea about the rooms is that they are unattractive, by reason of the austerity in furnishing, and the general primness—that is altogether a mistake. There is an esthetic, as well as a very practical side. But it is by no means certain that it is not the latter which most readily takes the eye of the visitor who has ever had a house of her own. To such, there is refreshment in the absolute cleanliness and tidiness, and order. It is the one kind of household life where the rule of having "a place for everything, and everything in its place," is always carried out. The consummate result has there been reached. Everything runs smoothly. Evidently those who planned the domestic arrangements, while they had in view handiness and compactness, did not overlook the fact that there might be a great saving of noise and labor in the construction of furniture; and so, as far as practicable, they had presses and heavy benches built into the wall, instead of movable fixtures. Except in the dining-rooms, they can hardly be said to have any tables—though small round stands serve to hold the evening lamp—but in lieu of them, are broad benches, with compartments and closets filling the space beneath. Every available place is occupied with drawers or closed-in-shelves, of all depths and sizes, answering for clothes-rooms, trunks, bureaus and wardrobes; and in those commodious and nicely-finished receptacles are consolidated the multifarious articles, which in ordinary houses are always getting into places where they should not be; and the sight must be comforting to any much-worried mistress of a house, who, delighting in quiet and system, enjoys putting her things to right, but is always haunted by the recollection that they will not "stay put."

There are almost no steps to be taken, no doors to be opened, and there are no hiding-places for dirt or cobwebs; the speckless walls present a polished surface, unbroken by mirror or picture; the stained floors are crossed by paths of carpet; the window-shutters slide down a groove, and drop out of sight within the ceiling when not in use; the carefully ironed muslin curtains, which slip on rings, are folded like a napkin and laid up over the rod from which they are suspended; on wooden pins at the top of the room are hung all the chairs not immediately needed; and on another of these ubiquitous pins, behind the little oblong box stove, which is set high and

out from the wall, are ranged shovel and tongs, dirt-pan and brush; and near at hand in the passage-ways, in immense presses reaching from floor to ceiling, containing shelves and a chest-like recess, is laid the fuel for immediate use. Everything is constructed and adjusted with reference to the fact that the occupants of those rooms are never to change their habitation. "We are here to stay. We shall never move from here. We are here to live always," said one of the sisters; and so all her personal belongings are together, close at hand, as conveniently and carefully arranged as she chooses to have them. She has her small properties, her individual rights, and exercises her tastes as any other woman might. Every sister has one piece of furniture which is her own—a sort of cabinet, more or less elegant or elaborate, which combines work-table, writing-desk, and book-case, abounding with pigeon-holes, and lockers, and delightful little drawers and hiding-places, and made high enough to screen her as she sits before it in her splint-bottom chair. It is in the furnishing of these that there is the best opportunity for showing feminine tact and daintiness; in the vase of flowers, the book, or picture, or bit of ornamental work.

Notwithstanding the absence of decoration on the walls, of draperies, and the luxurious and ornamental articles of the dwellings of the world's people, the living rooms, which three or four of the sisters share together, are anything but austere; nor do they lack in elements of the picturesque. Those homely but cosy interiors—what a quaint, old-world look they had, recalling some of the medieval paintings, where the few accessories to the human figures are made the most of, and depicted in such a realistic way as to seize at once upon the fancy! There were long, low-ceiled apartments, with broad benches and presses in warm tints, with narrow, nun-like beds, and a pot or two of flowers on the window-seat, which reminded one of certain old pictures, where the virgin Mary and her kinswomen are represented with pre-Raphaelite fidelity. And in the house where nothing was done but the spinning and weaving of the strong, bright carpets, it seemed as if one had been transported into some other age than this. It was like going back to an old Saxon household, where, while the master and all his men were away, on hunt or foray, the mistress and her maidens, in snowy wimple and kerchief, sat and spun, or wrought at tapestry, to enter those rooms where shuttles and wheels, and reels were flying, and among bright colored yarns and webs, those women were living a busy, domestic, social life, in a home where none but women entered.

Their mode of co-operative housekeeping might furnish some hints to those outside who have faith that any system of the kind can ever be made available. Each has her allotted work, and when it is done, her time is her own; and in most cases there is rotation enough to relieve the life from monotony; for, after a certain number of weeks, she takes her turn at something different. There is nothing to worry about. She has ner one thing to do, and with no others has she any concern. All the bread for one family and the guests is baked in one place, where young girls in snowy caps were waiting about for the loaves to rise; in the laundry, others hovered about the long ironing boards, or tended the getting up of the diaphanous caps, which were receiving their finishing stiffness in an oven; in the mending-room, in the dairy—shining in cleanliness and fragrant of cheese—and in the poultry-yard, some young, and some old had there work, and one Scotch lassie tended their flower garden. There was no lack of good feeling or pleasant manners; but on the contrary, while preserving a degree of reticence, natural to their separation as a people, there was sisterly tenderness and regard for one another's rights and feelings, not always found where that relation is one of blood instead of association.

In passing from the Lower to the Upper Village, we went by their burial-ground, which is a plain field, unadorned and unshaded, except by a few pines and firs and low poplars. There, with the long grass waving above them, lie in regular rows, all who have died there—

the headstones of a size, all alike, and inscribed only with the name, initials, and figures, denoting the age, and year of death, as simple as possible, beginning with the founder. The ages thus given and general statistics show great longevity in the community. It would seem that the freedom from worldly cares was accompanied by length of days.

As they have no concern about the future—their support being secured—they have leisure to invent and to perfect the labor-saving machinery which does such service out-of-doors and in. They do not at Canterbury manufacture so many wares as formerly, but of its kind their work is of the best; and they are as shrewd at driving a bargain as they are efficient managers. They have shown great judgment in the construction of agricultural implements, in high cultivation, in the raising of stock, and in the selection of the fittest. At six o'clock of our first evening there, we heard the great bell ring, and were invited to go up to the barn and see the milking. Some thirty cows filed in, each to her own stall, when one of the brethren moved a lever, by means of which all were secured at once, and the work was begun by the sisters. The blue-frocked young men waited round till it was over, then the milking stools were hung up in order, the lever pressed back, and every stanchion slid aside, setting free the cows which were all taken back to the pasture to remain till sunrise.

On our second evening, a company of young girls gathered round the piano, and sung "Ninety and Nine," and "Hold the Fort" from the veritable Moody and Sankey's hymns; and after that, we were admitted to an old-fashioned apple-bee, in the great wash-room, to which cartloads of apples had been brought, in readiness, and where, at nine o'clock, we left the large party, in the height of business, running the machines, carrying round the trays of pared apples, and collecting the slices, altogether a social scene, an unexpected merry-making, for a Shaker community. A. B. HARRIS.

THE PEDIGREE OF ROYALTY.

BY MAURICE SILINGSBY.

In a small parish, a few leagues out of London, a young and beautiful girl sat sobbing as though her heart would break. And good reason she had, poor child, for in the same humble room her mother had but just breathed her last.

In this same room stood the undertaker and one of the parish officials, who had just arrived. Neither of them paid much heed to the sobs and lamentations of the poor girl, for they were used to such scenes, and in no way liable to overflow with a superabundance of sympathy in any case.

They had been summoned hither by some friendly neighbor of the deceased, and were now considering with characteristic sagacity the causes which, in their imagination rather than in fact, had led to the present state of increased pauperism.

Mrs. Forsyth was cited as an example in point, although the poor woman managed, up to the last moment of her life, to keep off the parish.

Jack Forsyth, they said—that was the late husband of the deceased—had been left with a fortune of three hundred pounds; but he had squandered it all in riotous living, before his death, and had left his wife and child to come on the parish.

And such, they sagely assured each other, were the promoting causes of the present increase of pauperism—and pauperism, they still further affirmed, could never be eradicated from their midst so long as people were permitted to do just as they liked, and throw away the money which a kind Providence had seen fit to bestow upon them.

Ellen Forsyth, despite the frantic nature of her grief, could not well avoid listening to the unfeeling remarks of

these interesting worthies, and she secretly resolved that, come what might, she never would become a burden to the parish.

No sooner, therefore, was the form of her dearly beloved mother committed to the dust, than she quietly disposed of what few articles of furniture the house afforded, settled with the parish beadle, who had defrayed the funeral expenses in the first instance, and the next morning turned her face resolutely in the direction of London.

She had heard a great deal of London, though she had never been there. Her ideas of metropolitan life were necessarily vague—possibly extravagant; but her will was iron.

After a journey of four or five hours, weary and foot-sore, she reached a poor inn in the suburbs of the town.

It was during the troublous times of the first Charles; and coming with no recommendation, she found it impossible to obtain a situation, even as a servant girl.

The little money she possessed being at length exhausted, and no other opportunity of a place presenting itself, she engaged her services to a wealthy brewer to carry out beer from his brew-house—becoming, in consequence, one of those persons denominated "tub-women."

Mr. Peasley, the brewer, who happened to be a single gentleman, observing a good-looking girl in this most menial and degrading of occupations, took her instantly into his employ as a house servant.

If Ellen was attractive in the mean attire of a tub-woman, she became positively irresistible to the brewer in the neat garb of a servant-girl.

She was sprightly and intelligent—modest, likewise, yet open and unreserved; and the brewer, whose heart was not adamant, found himself day by day becoming insensibly entangled in the meshes of love.

Of course he could not fail to perceive that a wide disparity in a social sense existed between himself—one of the richest commoners in England—and a poor servant-girl, who had neither money nor friends, and perhaps not even respectable antecedents to recommend her.

But she was superior to all the seductive arts and blandishments of that dissolute period, and finding it impossible by presents or promises to tempt her from the paths of virtue, the enamored brewer, no longer able to restrain his passion, prostrated himself before the incorrigible Ellen, and offered her his hand and fortune, which she, considering the liberality of the proposal, if not the passion which had prompted it, very joyfully accepted.

Ellen Forsyth, now the wife of a wealthy citizen, and possessed of charms that the loveliest lady in the realm might have coveted, soon became courted, petted, and flattered by many, and hated in the same proportion by others who had jealously regarded her progress from the low calling of a "tub-woman" to a coach-and-four, and the arms and exhaustless purse of the prince of the brewers of London.

Peasley, who was more than double the age of his wife when he married her, died while she was yet a young woman of twenty-five, leaving her undisputed heir to the bulk of his property, which rendered her more than ever the object of flattery, and fortune-hunting persecutions.

The vulgar business of the brewery was of course dropped, and no one but those far beneath her in social dignity, and maliciously inclined at that, presumed to question her antecedents, or to recollect aught of that period when she had first appeared in the real-life scenes of London low-life as a "tub-woman."

Of course the lords, dukes, and earls, to whom she nodded through her coach window, had no disposition to know ought of so scandalous a matter, so long as the rich and beautiful widow was willing to receive their attentions, and to encourage them with her smiles to hope for still greater favors.

On the death of Mr. Peasley, an eminent young counsellor at law, named Hyde, was recommended to the blooming and dashing young widow as a suitable person to arrange her late husband's affairs.

Now novelists do not work without a precedent, as may easily be surmised

when you find parallel cases just as surprising and romantic with the historian. The lady falls in love with the page, or her father's secretary, which is all the same, and the miss with the music-master, or the *messieur* who gives twelve lessons in the French; the bachelor uncle with the housekeeper, though he has riches and poor relations in abundance; or the hostler with the bar-maid, who treats him to gin and water on the sly; —and, pray, why should it be out of place with the widow of a wealthy brewer to fall in love with the handsome and ambitious attorney she employs.

It is all the work of association, we say, if the affinities be right—in proof of which, let me add, that the widow of the brewer did fall in love with Hyde, the attorney, which was all proper and business-like, and to work up the usual, or, rather, unusual climax of this affair, Hyde, who regarded the widow's fortune as a matter too substantial to be trifled with, readily followed suit,—loved, proposed, and was accepted.

"Hold!" says the discriminating reader. "This is no romance, my dear sir; it smacks too much of the metalic ring of financial cleverness."

True, gentle reader, it is difficult to rid ourselves of the old impression of "love in a cottage," princely adventurers in the garb of troubadours, and similar dear old moonshine that leaves its impression on the dreamy and poetic spirit of our own most matter-of-fact age—at least when compared to the romance of our present matter-of-fact narration.

But the world of the real is not less stereotyped in representation than the world of the ideal—it is all the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

Circumstances may modify passion, refine intellect, purify thought; but, in reality, human nature remains the same in Botany Bay, China, or the antipodes. Twenty years ago we remember to have seen Miss McCrae murdered in statuary, and the other day we saw her again, a little faded it is true, as naturally might be expected, after constantly undergoing the process of being murdered for so long a period, by a malicious savage in red daub and feathers; and as you look back, are you not morally satisfied she is the same unfortunate lady, of the same identical plaster and wax that your grandfather saw, and that your grandson is positively certain to see, and to regard with the same admiration and awe that you yourself once regarded it?

Suffice it to say, or rather let it be sufficient to add, that the lawyer and the brewer's widow were married, and that Hyde, afterwards the great Earl of Clarendon, by issue of this marriage, became father-in-law to James II., so that the poor tub-woman was the true mother of the queen mother of Mary and Anne.

HISTORY AND PRESENT CONDITION OF MANUFACTURING AT THE CITY OF MANCHESTER.

The territory upon which the city of Manchester is located was first settled about the year 1730, by Scotch-Irish, who emigrated from the north of Ireland in 1719, and with others established the colony of Londonderry. Among these settlers was Archibald Stark, the father of Gen. John Stark of Revolutionary fame. The territory which was incorporated as a town by the name of Derryfield in 1751, consisted of a portion of the south-west part of Chester, a part of the north-west portion of Londonderry and an ungranted tract of land called Hurrytown, about thirty-five square miles in all. Amoskeag Falls in the Merrimack at this point was a great fishing place and vast quantities of salmon, shad, alewives, lamprey eels, &c. were taken. The Pennacook Indians had

their headquarters at this place, and upon an eminence near the east bank of the river, overlooking the falls and upon which now stands the mansion of ex-Gov. Smyth, Passaconaway, the chief of the tribe, resided. In 1810, the name of the town was changed to Manchester. Up to the year 1837, the town was of but little importance, and contained at that time only about 800 inhabitants, and, up to the time mentioned, no lawyer, physician or clergyman had settled in the town.

The city, which was incorporated in 1846, now contains about 25,000 inhabitants. The rise, growth and prosperity of this—the largest city in the State—has been almost wholly dependent upon its great manufacturing interests. There are now in the city four large corporations, viz: the Amoskeag, the Stark, the Manchester and the Langdon, with an aggregate capital of $6,750,000, besides many other manufacturing establishments of less importance.

In tracing the history of manufacturing at Manchester, it is proper to state that cotton goods were manufactured in 1809 at Amoskeag Village, which was then a part of Goffstown. This village is situated on the west bank of the river opposite Amoskeag Falls and about a mile and a quarter from the business portion of the city. The first cotton mill in the State was built at New Ipswich in 1803. Benjamin Pritchard, who had been connected with the mill at New Ipswich, came to Amoskeag in 1809, and, joining himself with others, built a mill and commenced the business of manufacturing cotton cloth. The business proved successful and the next year a stock company, called the Amoskeag Cotton and Wool Company, was formed and incorporated. The machinery was for spinning alone. The cotton was picked and the yarn was woven by the women belonging in the vicinity. The price paid for weaving averaged about 3 1-2 cents per yard, according to the fineness, and a smart weaver could earn about 36 cents per day.

In 1825, the property was sold to a new company, and a machine shop and two new mills were erected and the manufacture of sheetings, shirtings and tickings was commenced. The tickings soon acquired a great popularity, as they were the best which were then manufactured in the country. The trade mark upon the tickings, consisted of the letters A. C. A. The first two letters standing for Amoskeag Company and the last letter A., signifying the first class or quality of the goods. This trade mark has been used by the company at Amoskeag and its successor, the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, for upwards of fifty years. The operations of the company at Amoskeag were very successful. Many new buildings were erected and the village became quite prosperous.

In 1830 an examination of the territory bordering on the east bank of the river, a short distance below the falls by engineers developed the fact that there were splendid sites for mills at that point and that a vast hydraulic power could be obtained by conducting canals leading from the river just above the falls and terminating at a point about a mile and a quarter below. The fall in the river at the falls is about 60 feet.

A large number of Boston capitalists united and resolved to lay the foundations of a great manufacturing town. Accordingly, in the year 1831, the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company was incorporated, with a capital of $1,600,000. The stock of the old Amoskeag Company was merged into that of the new one and the remainder of the stock was taken up in a short time. The Company secured a title to all the water power upon the Merrimack at Manchester, Hooksett and at Garvin's Falls below Concord. Upwards of fifteen hundred acres of land on the east side of the river at Manchester were purchased. Those lands extended from the falls south for a distance of about a mile and a half and a mile in an easterly direction. A new town was laid out, the streets crossing each other at right angles. A new stone dam and two canals with guard locks also were constructed. It was the plan of the company to furnish other companies with sites and power for mills and to erect such mills to be operated on their own account and at the same time to sell their lands for stores, dwelling houses, &c. The first mill in the new town was erected by the Amoskeag Company for the Stark Corporation in 1838. The Amoskeag Company also built a machine shop and foundry the same year, and, in 1839, the Company built two mills on their own account. In 1843 this Company erected another mill which was 450 feet long 70 feet wide and five stories high. These were followed by others at various times, until now the Company has ten mills which are among the largest in the country.

The Company have recently made very extensive improvements which required a great outlay of money. Among these, are a new stone dam which was erected in 1873 at a cost of $50,000. The channel of the river opposite the manufactering establishments has been turned so that about ten acres of very valuable land has been secured for manufacturing purposes.

The Amoskeag Company has been very successful, and it appears by the last annual report of the Treasurer, William Amory of Boston, that the dividends have averaged 13 per cent. annually for the forty years he has held the office, and that the total value of the property is now $5,300,000. It also appears that there is a reserved fund of $1,700,000. Mr. Amory resigned in 1876 and was succeeded by T. Jefferson Coolidge.

Ex-Gov. Straw, who has been connected with the Company from the first, in various capacities has been the Agent for more than twenty years. C. L. Richardson is Clerk.

The Company manufactures Tickings, Denims, Drillings, Sheetings, Canton Flannels, Grain Bags, Ginghams, Shirting Stripes, and a variety of fancy cotton fabrics. Also, Steam Fire Engines, machinery, &c.

The following are additional statistics:

Capital Stock in 3000 shares	$3,000,000
Number of Mills	10
Number of Spindles	135,000
Number of Looms	4,500
Number of Females employed	2,000
Number of Males employed	2,000
Pounds of Cotton consumed per week	250,000
Pounds of Cloth made per week	225,000
Yards Cloth made per week	700,000
Tons Coal used per annum	10,000
Cords Woods used per annum	1,000
Gallons Oil used per annum	14,000
Pounds of Starch used per annum--250 tons	500,000
Drugs used per annum	$200,000
Water-wheels used: 3 8 ft, 13 5 ft., turbines.	
Aggregate H. P., about	4,000

Steam power, only auxiliary, 1 Corliss Engine, H. P.	800
Monthly Pay-Roll, $85,000 in Mills. Total	$120,000

Payment up to last Saturday in each month.
Pay-Day middle of second week following.

THE STARK MILLS.

This Company was incorporated in 1838. The Company manufactures Sheetings, Drillings, Cotton Duck, Seamless Bags and Linen Goods. The following are addition-statistics:

Capital Stock in 1250 shares	$1,250,000
Number of Mills	2
Number of Cotton Spindles	45,000
Number of Flax Spindles	1,600
Number of Looms	1,400
Number of Females employed	900
Number of Males employed	300
Pounds Flax and Tow consumed per week	11,000
Pounds Cotton consumed per week	130,000
Pounds Cloth made per week	115,000
Yards Cloth made per week	238,000
Cords Wood used per annum	3,500
Gallons Oil used per annum	6,000
Pounds Starch used per annum	140,000
Drugs used per annum	$1,000
Water-wheels used	9 Turbines
Monthly Pay Roll	$27,000

Payment up to the last Saturday in each month.
Pay Day, Wednesday following.

William Amory was also Treasurer of this Company from the time of its organization. He resigned in 1875 and was succeeded by Edmund Dwight of Boston. Phineas Adams has held the office of Agent for about 25 years. D. C. Gould is Paymaster. The average dividends have been 10 per cent. on the stock.

THE MANCHESTER MILLS.

This enterprise was originally incorporated in 1839 by the name of the Merrimack Mills. In 1849, its name was changed to the Manchester Print Works and in 1852, its capital was increased to $1,800,000. During the war and a few years succeeding, this Company was very successful and very high dividends were paid. The stock which was divided into shares of $1000 each, was sold for upwards of $2,000 per share. But in a year or two later, misfortunes overtook the Company, until finally the whole property was sold to pay the debts and a new company which was incorporated with a capital of $2,000,000, purchased the property and commenced great improvements. The business is now quite prosperous as the stock sells for $137; the par value being $100 per share. The Company manufactures plain and fancy Worsted Goods and Prints. John C. Palfrey of Boston is Treasurer. J. C. Dean is Superintendent of Printing Department. Joseph Snow is Superintendent of Manufacturing Department. J. S. Shannon Paymaster of Manufacturing Department. Andrew Baker is the Paymaster of the Printing Department.

STATISTICS.

Capital Stock	$2,000,000
Number of Mills	6
Number of Printeries	1
Number of Cotton Spindles	75,000
Number of Worsted Spindles	15,000
Number of Printing Machines	15
Number of females employed	1,860
Number of Males employed	1,140
Pounds Wool consumed per week	35,000
Pounds Cotton consumed per week	80,000
Yards Cloth made per week	550,000
Yards Cloth Printed per week	1,000,000
Yards dyed per annum	12,500,000
Yards Printed per annum	40,000,000
Tons Coal used per annum	15,000
Cords Wood used per annum	1,000
Gallons Oil used per annum	13,000
Pounds Starch used per annum	125,000
Drugs used per annum	$500,000
Water-wheels used—3 eight ft., 1 four ft. 1 seven foot	
Aggregate H. P.	2,000
Monthly Pay Roll	$95,000

Payment up to the last Saturday in each month
Pay Day, Thursday following.
Print'g Dept. Pay Day: third day in each month.

LANGDON MILLS.

This Company was incorporated in 1857 and commenced operation in 1860. The success of the Company for several years during and succeeding the war was very remarkable. About the year 1865 an annual dividend of 50 per cent. upon the capital stock was paid. For some time past the business is much depressed and no dividend has been paid to the stockholders for the past year.

The business is now improving, however. The Company manufactures fine Sheeting, Shirtings and Silesias. William Amory, Jr., of Boston is Treasurer. William L. Killey is Agent and Walter S. Killey is Clerk.

STATISTICS.

Capital Stock in 500 shares	$500,000
Number of Mills	2
Number of Spindles	33,056
Number of Looms	704
Number of Females employed	350
Number of Males employed	150
Pounds Cotton consumed per week	30,000
Pounds Cloth made per week	30,000
Yards Cloth made per week	95,000
Cords Wood used per annum	1,100
Gallons Oil used per annum	1,600
Pounds Starch used per annum	56,000
Water Wheels used	2
Monthly Pay Roll, 4 weeks	$11,000

Payment up to last Saturday in each month. Pay Day, Thursday following.

Among the other manufacturing interests at Manchester are the Manchester Locomotive Works with a capital of $100,000. The business has heretofore been quite successful and as many as 700 hands have been employed. The business for the past three years has been very dull. William G. Means is Treasurer. Aretas Blood is Agent and E. W. Sanborn is Clerk.

Olzeldam's Hosery Mill has a capital of $100,000 and employs 140 hands, manufacturing 1,500 dozen pairs of hose per week.

THE SPRING.

BY AN "UNKNOWN POET."

How wearily we wait, for the Spring!
But it's almost at the gate, glorious Spring!
When from out the snowy tomb,
The modest flowers will bloom,
And yield their sweet perfume
To the Spring.

'Tis a work of love to watch, for the Spring,
And the balmy breath to catch, of the Spring,
When the lily of the vale,
And the violet thin and frail,
With the snowdrop drooping pale,
Greet the Spring.

There are lands across the sea, where the Spring
Brings the song-bird flitting free, in the Spring,
Where the lark ascends the sky,
With a joyous lyric cry,
And the thrush is piping by,
To the Spring.

But our dear New England still, in the Spring,
Has the robin with his trill, in the Spring,
And we hear the humming bees,
And behold the budding trees,
And we feel the matchless breeze,
Of the Spring.

New Hampshire, March, 1877.

STATE RECORD.

—Exeter owes $50,534.34.

—The citizens of Colebrook have voted to build a new town-house.

—The Freewill Baptist church at Laconia, recently burned, is to be rebuilt this season.

—The citizens of Allenstown are to hold their town meetings in Suncook village, hereafter.

—The next Legislature will contain an ex-United States Senator and an ex-Member of Congress.

—The Union School District at Newport will expend $2,500 for school purposes the coming year.

—Rev. A. S. Nickerson, pastor of the Unitarian church at Charlestown, has tendered his resignation.

—Col. L. W. Cogswell of Henniker is to deliver the oration at Hillsborough, Memorial Day, May 30.

—Rev. James Marshall, recently of Acworth, has become pastor of the Congregational church at Troy.

—Augustus A. Woolson of Lisbon is mentioned as the "Young Men's candidate" for Speaker of the House.

—An average of one thousand messages a day are now sent at the office of the Direct Cable Co. at Rye Beach.

—Rev. N. C. Lothrop has resigned the pastorate of the Freewill Baptist church at Candia, and will remove to Bristol.

—Three Epping men have been elected Governor—Wm. Plumer in 1816, D. L. Morrill in 1825, and B. F. Prescott in 1877.

—George F. Putnam has the office and library of the late N. B. Felton of Haverhill, and has removed to that town from Warren.

—Business at the Nashua manufactories is said to be improving. The Jackson Mills are manufacturing more goods than ever before.

—The Principal of the Manchester High School has $2,000 per annum. Dover pays her principal $1,800, Concord $1,500 and Keene $1,400.

—Edward Spaulding of Ward 4, Nashua, is a member elect of the Council, and Edward Spaulding of Ward 4, Keene, a member elect of the House.

—There will be two editors in the next Legislature—Wm. E. Stevens of the Concord *Monitor* and George F. Mosher of the *Morning Star*, Dover.

—Rev. Abel Manning of Goffstown is the oldest Congregational clergyman in the State, being 89 years of age. He prepared the history of Pembroke after he was 84.

—Hiram Hitchcock of Hanover, recently elected to the Legislature from that town, was for several years proprietor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York.

—John T. Gibbs of Dover, formerly of the *Gazette*, and Asa McFarland of Concord, formerly of the *Statesman*, are the oldest newspaper men now living in the State.

—Frank W. Hackett, one of the Representatives elect from Portsmouth, a son of Hon. W. H. Y. Hackett, was the private secretary of Caleb Cushing during the Geneva arbitration.

—F. A. Sawyer, formerly a Senator from South Carolina, who once taught school in Nashua, and married a young lady of that city, was one of a number of Washington gamblers recently arrested.

—At the recent town meeting in Littleton, Harry Bingham, John Farr and James J. Barrett were appointed a committee to consider and report upon the cost and expediency of preparing a history of the town.

—An earnest and apparently successful effort has been made of late to revive the Universalist society of Dover. Meetings have been holden regularly during the past winter, and a call has been extended to Rev. H. W. Hand of Marlborough to preach for the society a year, at a salary of $1,000. His acceptance is probable.

—The Congregational church in Greenland is one hundred and seventy years old. In this time it has had but seven pastors, the first serving fifty-three years and the second forty-eight, their united pastorates running through more than a century. Four died in office, and their remains lie in the burying-place, not very far from the house of worship.

—The people of Dover contemplate with pleasure the proposed erection of a new 40,000 spindle cotton mill in that city, by the Cocheco Manufacturing Co., which will add two-fifths to the working capacity of the corporation, and proportionately, of course, to the business of the city, which has been nearly at a stand-still for the last dozen years.

POETIC SELECTIONS.

REST.

Beneath the western heaven's span
Has sunk the golden day;
The cloud's rich sunset hues and tints
Have died in shade away;
The dim night comes from out the east
With gloom and vapor gray.

The stars far in the sky's blue depths
Their vigil 'gin to keep;
The moon above yon eastern hill
Climbs up the lofty steep;
The night winds steal with gentle wing
Above the flowers asleep.

The birds upon the tuneless spray
Have folded close their wings;
And to the silent night alone
The winding river sings;
Its song is of the woods and meads—
A thousand happy things.

No voice is in the tranquil air,
No murmur save its own;
The earth is hushed as heaven above,
Where, girt with cloudy zone,
The moon goes up among the stars
To take the ebon throne.

Sweet calm, and undisturbed repose,
O'er all the landscape rest;
Yet is there in the breathless scene
A voice which thrills the breast,
A something, which in thanks and love
May only be expressed.

HEREAFTER.

Not from the flowers of earth,
Not from the stars,
Not from the voicing sea,
May we
The secret wrest which bars
Our knowledge here
Of all we hope and all that we may fear
Hereafter.

We watch beside our graves,
Yet meet no sign
Of where our dear ones dwell,
Ah, well!
Even now your dead and mine
May long to speak
Of raptures it were wiser we should seek
Hereafter.

Oh, hearts we fondly love!
Oh, pallid lips
That bore our farewell kiss
From this
To yonder world's eclipse!
Do ye, safe home,
Smile at your earthly doubts of what would come
Hereafter?

Grand birthright of the soul,
Naught may despoil!
Oh, precious, healing balm,
To calm
Our lives in pain and toil!
God's boon, that we
Or soon or late shall know what is to be
Hereafter.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him,
His face lit up with a smile of joy
As an angel dream passed o'er him!
He carved the dream on the shapeless stone,
With many a sharp incision;
With heaven's own light the sculpture shone -
He had caught the angel's vision.
Sculptors of life are we as we stand
With our souls uncarved before us;
Waiting the hour, when at God's command,
Our life dream passes o'er us.
If we carve it then, on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own,
Our lives that angel's vision.

AN ARAB'S LOGIC.

A skeptic, through the wilderness of Vin
Was guided by a faithful Bedouin;

And evermore whene'er the fierce simoon
Swept o'er the desert on its wings of gloom—

Or when the waters failed, and for their lack
The weary camels faltered in their track—

The skeptic noted that, with outstretched hands,
The Arab threw himself upon the sands,

And pressed his turbaned forehead to the ground,
And hid his face in silence most profound.

"Oh! wherefore kneelest thou?" the skeptic cried
At last in wonder. "Wherefore oh! my guide,

Prostrate thyself in this lone desert place,
And in thy bournous muffle up thy face?"

"I kneel to worship God," the Arab said;
"To worship God and beg His helping aid."

"A God! a God?" the scoffer laughed. "Poor fool!
'Tis plain to see thou never went'st to school;

Thou seest not, thou hearest not, dull clod!
How dost thou know there ever was a God?"

"How do I know?"—the Bedouin upraised
His stately head, and on the speaker gazed—

A native dignity, a grave surprise,
Rounding the arches of his dusky eyes—

"How do I know that in the darkness went
Last night a wandering camel past my tent,

And not a man? How know? you demand;
Lo, by the prints he left upon the sand!

And now, behold! thou unbelieving one!"
(And turning westward to the setting sun,

The Arab's finger pointed to the glow
Of rosy radience on clouds of snow),

"How know I that there is a God on high?
Lo! by His footprint in yon glorious sky!"

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UNION OF NEW HAMPSHIRE WITH MASSACHUSETTS.

BY PROF. E. D. SANBORN.

The early history of New Hampshire was full of disorders, political and religious. For the first seventeen years the colonists had no rest in church or state. They were too weak to punish great criminals, and too factious to exclude unworthy preachers. Their social feuds did not lead to open war, though they sometimes threatened it. Becoming weary of intestine troubles, the four towns, almost unanimously, in 1641, sought a union with Massachusetts. They were cordially welcomed by the larger State. At the time of the union, New Hampshire contained about two hundred legal voters. Hampton was founded under the auspices of Massachusetts, and the territory where the other settlements were made was claimed by her citizens, because their charter bounded their grant, on the north, by a line running three miles north of the head of the Merrimack River. This conflict of titles rose from the fact that the original grantors of the two charters knew nothing of the origin or course of rivers in New Hampshire. They supposed that the Merrimack rose in the west and ran eastward, as it does from Dracut to Newburyport. The union, for a time, postponed this territorial controversy. John Mason, the proprietor of New Hampshire, died in 1635. His heirs were unable to find in the colony honest agents to take care of their property. The goods and cattle of Capt. Mason were removed from the plantations and sold in Nova Scotia and Boston. Norton, the chief proprietary agent, drove one hundred head of cattle to Boston and sold them for twenty-five pounds sterling a head; and, for aught that appears, appropriated the money. This valuable stock had been imported at great expense from Denmark.

The colonists, being left without governors or overseers, formed separate political combinations for the better protection of their own property and lives. This handful of men, brought from their homes three thousand miles away and planted in the wilderness, without efficient political or ecclesiastical organization, could not have been very formidable as foes or influential as friends. It is matter of astonishment that they had

not. before this date, been swept away by cold, hunger, nakedness, pirates, savages or domestic thieves. Such were the founders of a sovereign State. Poor and powerless as they were, they were cordially welcomed by Massachusetts. Important concessions were made in their favor, and no new exactions were imposed. Henceforth, the laws of Massachusetts ruled New Hampshire. In process of time the religion, schools and social customs of the more powerful State prevailed in New Hampshire.

At the time of the union of these two colonies New England contained about four thousand families, or about twenty thousand souls. These had been mostly brought from England in twenty years, in one hundred and ninety-eight ships. Only one of these was lost at sea. This fact indicates that navigation at that day in small, slow-sailing ships, was quite as safe as that of steamers at the present day. A descent from these families is regarded by many as equivalent to a patent of nobility. The New Englanders have been the founders of many new States, as well as promoters of all good institutions in the old. The early laws of Massachusetts were terribly severe. As many as ten offences were deemed capital. The laws of Moses were the models of these enactments. The Rev. John Cotton, the first minister of Boston, sat in Moses' seat, and, as the representative of Jehovah, dictated his will. He boldly asserted that "the government [of Massachusetts] might be considered as a *theocracy*, wherein the Lord was Judge, Lawgiver and King; that the laws he gave Israel might be adopted, so far as they were of moral and perpetual equity; and that the people might be considered as God's people in covenant with him; that none but persons of approved piety and eminent gifts should be chosen as rulers; that the ministers should be consulted in all matters of religion, and that the magistrate should have a superintending and coercive power over the churches." Here is a union of church and state unparalleled in power and influence. The meaning of this quotation is, that God alone is king and John Cotton is his prophet. The persons and dignities of priests and magistrates became inviolable by word or deed. The reviling of officers in church and state, and blasphemy of the Trinity were visited with fearful penalties. Toleration was a crime; the venerable Higginson of Salem, pronounced it "the first-born of all abominations." Liberty of conscience, in any form, was deemed the worst enemy of government and religion. This theocratic government also undertook to regulate the thoughts, words, deeds, dress, food and expenditures of every man, woman and child in the colony. The shield of this divine government was extended over New Hampshire; and her magistrates and ministers attempted to be as severe as those of the Bay State; but the refractory materials they had to deal with, did not readily and kindly yield to the pressure of power. Some portion of the bigotry, intolerance and persecution of Massachusetts Puritans, migrated to New Hampshire with their laws. The result was a few prosecutions of witches and Quakers; but no capital convictions. After the lapse of a century, some disabilities and distraint of goods for the support of "the standing order" of clergy, were inflicted on dissenters from the established creed. This petty intolerance continued till about 1813, when the Toleration Act became a law in New Hampshire.

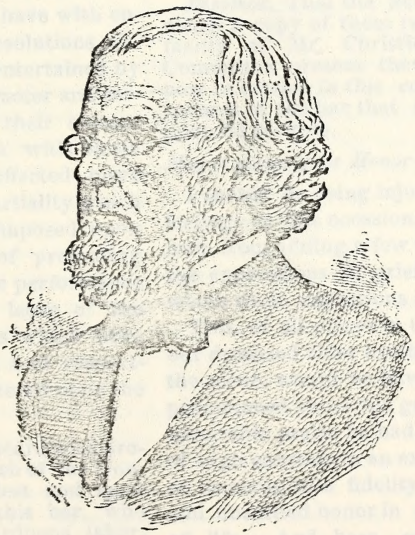
These inconsiderable evils of the union were counterbalanced by numerous and important advantages. New Hampshire was elevated in morality and strengthened in government, by her connection with the larger and stronger state. She also borrowed her school system, her academies and college from the same source. Free schools were established in Boston in 1635. Massachusetts adopted and enforced her admirable system of town schools, free shcools, where every child in the Commonwealth could learn to "read, write and cypher," as early as 1647. Every town of fifty families was required to establish a school both for the rich and poor. Thus education was brought to every man's door. This system has since been adopted by most of the States in the Union.

In 1649, the records of Hampton show

that provision was made by the town for teaching all the children of the town, male and female, "to write and read and cast accounts." The other towns were not slow to follow this wise precedent. New Hampshire has ever been ready, except when absolute poverty prevented, to give a common school education to all the children within her borders.

She also attempted, in imitation of the more powerful State, to regulate social intercourse, manners and dress by sumptuary laws. In Massachusetts, the drinking of healths, the use of tobacco, the wearing of long hair, the use of gold or silver lace, unless the wearer was worth two hundred pounds, were offences presentable by the Grand Jury. The gowns of women were required to be closed round the neck and the sleeves must reach to the wrists. These minute and vexatious laws were adopted for a time in New Hampshire. They disappeared with increasing light and culture.

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HON. DANIEL M. CHRISTIE.

For nearly half a century DANIEL M. CHRISTIE, whose long and honorable career was recently closed by death, stood in the front rank among the great lawyers of New Hampshire. For the greater portion of the time, at least, his was recognized, if not by the public generally, certainly by the Court and the bar, as *the* master legal mind of the State. Perhaps no more appropriate outline of his character and career can be presented than that embodied in the following eu-

logy, delivered by Col. Daniel Hall, upon the presentation to the Court of the resolutions recently adopted by the Strafford County Bar in honor of the deceased:

COL. HALL'S EULOGY.

May it please your Honor:

I rise to formally announce an event, the unwelcome intelligence of which has already come to the Court by common report. The HON. DANIEL M. CHRISTIE, the most distinguished member of this bar, and the most eminent counsellor of this Court, departed this life, at his residence in this city, on the 8th day of December last, at the advanced age of 86 years. His brethren of the bar of Strafford County, whose leader, and ornament, and pride he was for so many years, profoundly impressed by this event, and desiring to do whatever is in their power to acknowledge the supremacy, illustrate the virtues, and honor the memory of this great man, have with entire unanimity, adopted resolutions expressive of the high sense entertained by the bar of the eminent character and services of Mr. Christie, and their sincere sympathy and condolence with those friends whom his loss affected more nearly; and have, with a partiality which I gratefully acknowledge, imposed upon me the honorable duty of presenting them to the Court. In the performance of that duty, I will, by leave of the Court, read the resolutions which have been adopted by the bar, and respectfully move that they be entered upon the records of the Court:

Resolved, That we have heard with profound sensibility of the death of the Hon. Daniel M. Christie, the oldest and most distinguished member of this bar, who has by a long life of arduous labor, fidelity to duty, and spotless integrity in every relation of life, adorned and elevated the profession of the law, and imparted dignity and luster to the jurisprudence of our State.

Resolved, That in the long, honorable and conspicuous career of Mr. Christie—chiefly as a counsellor and advocate at this bar—distinguished by great learning, sound judgment, unwearied industry and unsurpassed fidelity to every personal and professional obligation, we recognize those qualities which entitled him to the respect and veneration which were universally entertained for him; and that, by his wisdom, prudence, and conscientious attention to all the duties of good citizenship, he exerted a great and salutary influence upon the community in which he lived.

Resolved, That we take pride in recording our high estimate of his extraordinary intellectual endowments, his exalted principles, and elevated standard of private and professional morality, and commend his virtues and excellencies of character to the imitation of the members of the profession which he pursued with such assiduity, and such remarkable honor and success.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the family of Mr. Christie in the bereavement which has deprived them of an indulgent father and faithful friend, and respectfully offer them such consolation as may be found in the heartfelt condolence of the bar, whose leader and exemplar he was for nearly fifty years, and whose affection and veneration he had gained by his pre-eminent abilities and blameless life.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate a copy of these resolutions to the family of Mr. Christie, and that the Committee present them to the Court now in session in this county, with the request of the bar that they be entered upon its records.

May it please your Honor:

I should be doing injustice to my own feelings on this occasion, if I were to refrain from adding a few words at least to the expressions of grief and sensibility which these resolutions contain.

This, of all places in the world, could our deceased elder brother have selected the scene, would he have chosen to have pronounced above his grave whatever of honorable praise he had earned by a life of high exertion in an exalted profession, of incorruptible fidelity to every trust, and unsullied honor in all the relations of life. And here, certainly, in this building, whose walls will be forever associated with his name and his labors, it is appropriate that such honors as the living can pay to the dead should not be denied to him. Others there are, older than myself, and whose opportunities of observation have extended over a larger period than mine, who can better inform the Court of the varied incidents of his long and useful life, and to their hands I shall mainly leave the task, contenting

myself with a brief outline of his professional career, and some imperfect estimate of his powers and standing among the lawyers of his time.

Mr. Christie was born at Antrim, N. H., on the 15th of October, 1790. He had no adventitious aids in youth. He labored on a farm in his earlier years, and, without wealth, or powerful friends, or patronage to lean upon, after surmounting the obstacles usually encountered by farmers' sons in our agricultural towns, he entered Dartmouth College, and was graduated there in 1815, at the head of a class of men of eminence, of which he was the last surviving member. He studied law three years in the office of James Walker of Peterborough, began the practice in York, Me., practiced there and at South Berwick till 1823, when he removed to this city, where he ever after resided. He entered upon professional practice here with characteristic energy, pursued it with singular zeal and assiduity, and rapidly rose in the estimation of the bench, the bar, and the public. He was contemporary of Jeremiah Mason, Jeremiah Smith, Daniel Webster, Ichabod Bartlett, and George Sullivan — being about twenty-five years the junior of Smith and Mason, and but few years younger than the others. In the early years of his professional life those great men not infrequently appeared in the trial of causes in this county, and the old court house still stands here among us, which witnessed the stirring struggles of these intellectual gladiators, and whose walls resounded to the voices of their eloquence. With these high examples before him, and these high rivalries and contentions to stimulate him, he "must," in the language of Mr, Webster, "have been unintelligent indeed not to have learned something from the constant displays of that power which he had so much occasion to see and to feel." That he did learn much from that great intercourse and contention of kindred minds —the trophies of Miltiades disturbing his sleep—there is abundant evidence in the rapid and sure strides, no step backward, with which he came up and forward, even among such rivals, to a high professional eminence. There are many proofs of the high respect with which all these great men, whose marvellous powers gave dignity and luster to the bar of New Hampshire in its golden age, regarded him and his attainments. He continued in the full practice of the law here for about fifty years, engaged in nearly every important case tried in this county up to since the year 1870—many years after the great luminaries of the law—the cotemporaries of his early professional life—had sunk below the horizon.

He had but little relish for public life, and never sought political office, although he had political principles and convictions of the most decided character, and took a deep and lively interest in all great public questions. He was, however, elected to the Legislature as early as 1826, and during the next forty years he was returned to that body from the town and city of Dover, on eleven different occasions. This was about the entire extent of his holding public office. But, since he never refused the summons of the public to any duty, and was more than once a candidate for high station, it may perhaps fairly be said that his exclusion from the higher walks of official life was mainly due to the fact that during nearly his whole life he was not in accord with the political sentiments which controlled the State in which he lived. Many regrets have been expressed that the doors of preferment were thus closed upon a man, who, serving his country in any conspicuous sphere, would have advanced its honor, secured its prosperity, elevated its dignity, enlightened its mind, purified its morality, and lifted its policy to a higher plane of statesmanship. But certain I am that this enforced exclusion from the councils of the nation cost Mr. Christie no pangs of regret—and that never for one moment did it occur to him to secure that recognition which his great abilities merited by any subserviency to sentiments and methods which his reason and conscience did not accept. It was ever his aim, never forgotten—and his rule, never violated—to preserve his personal rectitude, as the richest treasure any man can possess.

It would seem to be superfluous to speak of the intellectual greatness of Mr. Christie before a tribunal which has been so often charmed and enlightened by the displays of his power. But, unfortunately, so modest was the great man whose loss we now deplore, so reserved, so careless of his achievements and fame, so content with circumscribing his professional employments almost within the limits of the small county in which he dwelt, and never, that I am aware of, going beyond his own State in a professional capacity; and so fleeting indeed are the records and impressions of the *nisi prius* trials in which he principally gathered in his fame, so transitory even the remembrances of these conflicts and struggles which rapidly pass out of contemporary memory and are gone forever, that it would seem desirable, if it might be, for the Court and the bar to place on record somewhere some suitable memorial of the intellectual power of such a man as Mr. Christie,—something which might rescue some of his striking traits of character from the oblivion that so soon shrouds the fame of the practicing lawyer, and inform the future generations of our people, and especially his successors at the bar, that a great man has fallen here and now. I trust, therefore, that your Honor, and my brothers of the bar who are to follow me in this tribute of respect to his memory, will commemorate his remarkable gifts and services in language of enduring and permanent value, leaving "something so written to after times, as they should not willingly let it die."

Mr. Christie did not reach his ultimate greatness, as some men do, at a bound, but his was a steady growth, and laborious ascent to the table lands of the law. Through a long series of arduous exertions, he "ever great and greater grew," until for years before his death I think the front rank, and the leadership—*primus inter primos*—of the front rank in the profession of the law was accorded to him by the universal voice of the profession and the bench in New Hampshire. So various and so large were his powers and his attainments that it is difficult to make a critical analysis or estimate of his capacity. Mr. Webster said the characteristics of Mr. Mason's mind were *real greatness, strength, and sagacity.* I have often thought this concise summary to be equally true of and applicable to Mr. Christie. He was certainly a man of extraordinary endowments, and these had been wonderfully cultivated, improved, invigorated and strengthened by the untiring industry of a long life given to the law with a singleness of heart and purpose, which disarmed the jealousy of that proverbially jealous mistress. He had prodigious industry, and could work terribly. He had indomitable will and tenacity of purpose. He had good sense and sound judgment. He had a vast and exact memory. He had a logical and capacious understanding. In volume of intellect, in ability to grasp a legal proposition, or grapple with a problem or an argument—in pure and simple brain power—he certainly had no superior if any equal in New Hampshire in these later years of his life, and I doubt if in the annals of our illustrious jurisprudence, or in the list of our great forensic names, he was ever surpassed.

He was not quick of apprehension—he was cautious, wary, and slow to advise. He never promoted litigation, but often discouraged it by refusing to give any guarantees of success. He observed the precept of old Polonius, to

> "Beware
> Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
> Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee."

When once engaged he was laborious to the last degree, and never came to the trial of a case without the most thorough, pains-taking and exhaustive preparation. He spared no time or labor—he turned the night into the day—he shrunk from no diligence or exhaustion—he studied his cases over and over, and through and through, and looked at them in every possible aspect—and when he came to the trial, his thorough understanding of his case, its weakness as well as its strength, his anticipation of every possible position of his adversary, and his complete devotion to his cause and his client, made him the most formidable antagonist any man could en-

counter. Entering the lists on some occasions with some of the leaders of the American bar, they found him a foeman worthy of their steel, and in the encounters which ensued he was never vanquished. Though so apparently timid and hesitating at the outset, he had immense combativeness, and used to say that he loved the smell of battle. When once launched upon a trial, he was a great ship of the line moving into action and bearing down, black and frowning, upon his adversary, with all sails set, decks cleared, and every gun shotted to the muzzle. At such times he was a spectacle of grandeur, and I appeal to your Honor, and every gentleman of the bar who has ever been put to the trying test of being his antagonist, that when he seated himself for the struggle, you always saluted him with homage, and felt that though he might be out-manœuvered or worsted by dexterity and adroitness in avoiding a close encounter, it were a hopeless struggle for any adversary who should come within range of his terrific broadside.

Mr. Christie was less eloquent than many men in the ordinary acceptation of that term. But as an advocate before juries, and before the full bench upon great questions he was, nevertheless, great and almost invincible. He had not great readiness, or fullness, or felicity of speech—he did not command a very copious vocabulary—but he had words enough to express the most vigorous thoughts and the most accurate shades of meaning. His great strength lay rather in his skillful presentation of strong points, and his logical and sinewy argument, simple, direct, ordinarily unadorned by any imagery, and free from any flights of fancy. He took no circuitous routes, but pressed straight home to his object with a pace so steady and strong and sustained that it could not fail to bring him to the goal. He had great power of sarcasm and invective, and had a keen sense of the ludicrous, which seemed to me to be a late outgrowth of his mind, and to grow keener and sharper as he grew older. Many anecdotes might be told illustrative of this quality, but the bench and the bar remember vividly, I am sure, some of his later efforts on occasions of importance, when this mighty man would not only lift the Court, and jury, and spectators, up to his clear and luminous view of the law and the justice of his case, but amused and sometimes convulsed all who heard him by his quaint humor, by curious turns of expression, and grotesque comparisons and illustrations, of the wit of which he seemed to be sublimely unconscious. But he never put himself on parade. These were all tributary to the stream of his argument and his purpose, and flowed in and along the channel of his reason and logic, like flowers on the bosom of the Mississippi.

The degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon Mr. Christie by his Alma Mater in 1857; and his acknowledged eminence as a jurist is abundantly attested by the offer on two occasions of the Chief Justiceship of this Court—a Court which can boast that a Smith, a Richardson, a Parker, and a Perley have occupied its highest seat. But he declined judicial station, although none can doubt that he would have filled and adorned it with consummate learning, wisdom and integrity. In fact, from all we know of him, we must believe him to have been equal to every possible occasion a lawyer might be called upon to meet, and I think it would be the unanimous opinion of the profession that he would have been as great and conspicuous in any forum as he was here.

A glance at him showed him to be no ordinary man. His personal appearance was noble and commanding. His imposing dignity, his austere demeanor, "his look, drawing audience," his Jove-like head, and towering brow, singled him out as a king among men. As for myself, whatever the opinion of others may be, I long since concluded that my knowledge of other men had furnished me no measuring lines wherewith to estimate his full intellectual strength and power.

Mr. Christie was bred to the Common Law, and his admiration for that noble science, for its severe methods, its intricate reasonings, and for its august uses and capacities as a means of determin-

ing right and enforcing justice in civilized society was unbounded. For many years previous to his death he must have been the greatest living expositor among us of the Common Law of England, which Lord Coke called "the perfection of reason." He did not take kindly to the modern codes of practice, which, in his opinion, degraded the study of the law from a science to a trade, the tools of which any rude and untrained hand might wield. Nor was he in love any the more with the systems of Equity, which during the last fifty years have so much usurped the province and superseded, whether or not they have enlarged, the uses of the Common Law, and supplanted the forms of procedure which had received the sanction of so many generations of great lawyers and judges. He seldom resorted to it in practice, and I have heard him on more than one occasion express his distrust of and impatience with the loose methods of equity procedure by reference to the well known saying of Selden, that "equity is according to the conscience of him that is Chancellor, and as that is larger or narrower, so is equity. 'Tis all one as if they should make the standard for the measure we call a foot a Chancellor's foot; what an uncertain measure would this be? One Chancellor has a long foot, another a short foot, a third an indifferent foot. 'Tis the same in the Chancellor's conscience."

Of course it was a necessary and inevitable corollary of such views that he should be conservative, and slow to sanction a departure from the settled principles of law and decisions of the Courts. But although *stare decisis* was his motto, no man was more bold and fearless than he in attacking anything which he was profoundly convinced was wrong, or unsupported by reason. The certainty of the law was to him of inestimable value, but he held firmly to the letter and spirit of the maxim of the great judgment in *Coggs vs. Bernard*, that "nothing is law that is not reason."

Such a man, so lavishly endowed by nature, so equipped by study and reflection, and filling so large a space in the public eye, could not fail to impress himself upon the judicial history of his time. An examination of our Reports covering the period of his active professional life, will prove that he has left his mark upon those discussions and adjudications which have fashioned the jurisprudence of our State, and rounded out the body of law here framed in statutes and decisions into harmonious proportions, that command the respect of the profession and of publicists in all parts of America and Europe.

But any sketch of Mr. Christie's character would be imperfect and unjust to his memory which should fail to call attention to the high ethical tone of his professional life. He was the very embodiment of a high professional morality. He had a profound reverence for the law, and he would as soon have poisoned his neighbor's spring, as knowingly corrupt the fountains of justice, two atrocities which my Lord Bacon has somewhere, I believe, compared and likened. The same great philosopher and moralist lays it down that "the greatest trust between man and man is the trust of giving counsel;" and the celebrated barrister, Charles Phillips, said that "the moment counsel accepts a brief, every faculty he possesses becomes his client's property. It is an implied contract between him and the man who trusts him." Mr. Christie fully accepted this code of professional obligation, and his surrender of himself and all his powers to his client was as complete and absolute as it could be, consistently with the restraints of truth and honor. When he accepted his brief, whether the case was small or large, his client rich or poor—that client knew that he had secured all there was of him—his large brain—his unrivalled industry—his patience in research—his infinite attention to details—and that nothing which lay in human power would be spared to insure success. The members of this bar will recall memorable instances of this conscientious fidelity to his client and his cause, where he expended the energies of a giant upon causes of slight importance, in which nothing of moment was involved.

He also had a great respect and defer-

ence for the bench, and was loftily above the meanness of attempting to influence the Court improperly, or to secure its approval of his views by any other means than the soundness of his argument and the justice of his cause. No man ever more scrupulously kept the oath, and every part of it, which the attorney of the Court takes when he assumes the duties of his office.

He employed his efforts and influence to raise and purify the character of the profession, "ancient as magistracy and necessary as justice;" and no maxim was more insisted upon by him than that which "holds every man a debtor to his profession, from the which as men of course do seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavor themselves by way of amends to be a help and ornament thereunto." I know whereof I speak, because personal observation has taught me, that he never prostituted his great powers to improper or even questionable purposes. In those delicate questions of professional duty which arise in every extended practice, he gave the doubt against his own interest. There were classes of cases, especially certain defences, in which, influenced by high views of public morality and policy, he invariably refused to accept a retainer, without, however, imputing anything improper or unprofessional to others who entertained opinions and adopted practices less fastidious in that regard. Nothing would induce him to appear in any capacity which could be construed into an apology for certain offences against the law. In this I am aware that he differed *toto cœlo* from other lawyers not less eminent, and not less honorable, perhaps, than himself—and I only mention it as a certain proof of his high and scrupulous character as an advocate, and that he thought the duties of good citizenship were paramount to every personal consideration. He believed a lawyer's honor was his brightest jewel, and to be kept unsullied, even by the breath of suspicion. He was straightforward, honorable and sincere to the last degree. He had no covert or indirect ways. He had no arts but manly arts; and sooner than any man I ever knew would I select him as a model to be imitated in this respect.

There is one thing which, at the risk of being tedious, I wish specially to note to-day, and which I feel called upon to say in behalf of the many men who have sat at the feet of this Gamaliel of the law. In the name of all the generations of his students I wish to bear testimony that in the relation of master and pupil he was one of the most instructive, entertaining, kind and indulgent men in the world. In his office the austerity which he wore in public largely disappeared. The bow was unbent, and his treatment of his students, without distinction of persons, was marked by a uniform high courtesy, respect, and familiar unrestraint. He was ever ready to pour out his knowledge, the matured fruits of his experience and labor, in copious streams of delightful talk and reminiscence, in which he brought back vividly before the listener the varied incidents of his long professional career, his contests at the bar, his personal recollections of great men, and the circumstances attending the settlement, one by one, of the main principles of our jurisprudence. At such times, when the springs of his rich and inexhaustible memory were unlocked, he would come nearer to neglecting business and clients than on any other occasion, as he turned aside to linger with the scenes that came trooping from the chambers of the past. No one, I venture to say, who has ever enjoyed the rare privilege of being his pupil will fail to appreciate and endorse what I now say, and to recall some hours thus spent as among the most valuable and best of his life. He treated his young men with a kindly interest, with helpfulness, and indulgence towards weakness, inexperience and ignorance of the law, and followed them through life with an affectionate regard, never hearing any good of them without rejoicing, nor any ill without sorrow and incredulity. These generous offices entitle him, so far as every one of them is concerned, to a lasting remembrance of the heart—to a personal attachment, admiration and veneration which never failed him in life, and is testified to-day by the sincere

affection of every man who ever sat at his feet and learned of him.

There was something very remarkable in the manner of his teaching. It is one of the distinguishing and certain marks of greatness in a man that he is in essential respects unlike all other men. I think the acknowledged great men of history all respond to this test. Mr. Christie was emphatically a man of that stamp. Who was ever like him? He was in all respects *sui generis*. In his personal character, his habits of mind, his methods of investigation, he was grand, solitary and peculiar, and his image stands out among lawyers as clear and distinct as that of William Pinkney, or Jeremiah Mason, or Daniel Webster, or Rufus Choate. And in such a powerful manner did he impress his characteristics upon his pupils that he may be almost said to have been the founder of a school of legal study and dialectics, as Socrates was of a philosophy of investigation, and his was as severe, and rigid, and thorough. There have been many, indeed, who looked upon him as their intellectual father—many illustrious names who have preceded him to the grave, and others who still live to be the lights of the bar and the forum. Although he imparted facts and principles with a lavish hand, it was, after all, the spirit of his teachings which was of most value to the student. Those of us who are grateful to him, and to the influence of his mind and character, as many of us are, for what we feel to be best and most valuable in our culture and training, are grateful not so much for any direct precepts as for that inspiring lift which only genius can supply to the faculties. He fecundated all minds that came under his sway, and so contagious were his elevated morality and his ardor in the pursuit of truth, that any pupil of his who should not exhibit some of his characteristics in his life and career would indeed be unintelligent or morally depraved.

If I could linger to do so, I might recount Mr. Christie's career in other spheres of business, and find in it titles quite as high to the honor and respect of the community as he won for himself in his chosen profession. He was an officer for many years in several of our largest corporations, and discharged his responsibilities in that capacity with the same high scrupulousness, the same industry, and the same conscientious fidelity to his trust which actuated him in the law. He impressed all the financial institutions in which he had any directory part, for their good, and ours, and the good of the community, with the stamp of his own sturdy integrity, solidity and soundness. In fine, upon whatever theatre of action he moved, he exhibited a grandeur and individuality of character, a high principle and nice sense of honor, which made him worthy of the imitation of all who are to succeed him in the high places of life. He had in a large degree the home-bred virtues of his Scotch-Irish ancestry, mingled with much of the spirit and flavor of the great men of antiquity—the indomitable will—the severe simplicity—the rugged integrity—the uncompromising hatred of dishonesty and wrong—the genuine contempt for weakness and pretence—the austere private virtue—the unconsciousness of great genius.

In this hasty and imperfect sketch of Mr. Christie's characteristics I have but one thing further to present, and I am glad that I am not obliged to close without saying this which ought most to endear him to the common men and women whom he has left behind him. I am able to say from personal knowledge what is confirmed by affectionate unanimity by his family, that in the home circle he was always sweet, kind, considerate and indulgent. The private life of many a man of genius is a domain which cannot be entered with safety, or prudence, or delicacy. How different it was with Mr. Christie! Here is no forbidden ground—and how thankful to God we are and ought to be to-day, that here was one great and famous man, upon every hour and act of whose private life and intercourse with friends and family the light of noon-day might be turned with microscopic power and find no stain or impurity. That he was upright, exemplary and decorous before the world we all know. But he was more. He was sound and sweet to the core. He had a singular, almost infantile guilelessness of

mind, and cleanness of speech and imagination. The inevitable contact with vice and depravity which came to him through the varied experiences of a long life, passed in attending to the concerns of others, had left him pure, and innocent, and uncontaminated. He was like "the sun, which passeth through pollutions and itself remains as pure as before." In this respect he was fortunate beyond most men. Suspicion never assailed his private life, and slander fled abashed from his presence.

I am not here to say that Mr. Christie was without faults. To say that would be to think and ask others to believe him more than human. But they were fewer than ordinarily fall to the lot of men, and bore the impress of his great faculties, and his life of arduous labor and self-dependence. It is a singular fact that while his foibles were such as to be apparant to the casual observer, some of his virtues were known only to those who knew intimately the tenor of his daily life. Those who knew him best most unreservedly respected and admired him. He took no pains to conceal himself. He never courted or flattered the people. He cared not for applause—and if he loved and sought wealth, he sought it by no unworthy means, and lived and died with clean hands.

As I recall his last days I cannot fail to recognize how fitting and satisfactory was the manner of his death. He had laid off the harness of his busy professional life, and sat down in the evening of his days by his own fireside in the sacred seclusion of that family circle of whose social affections he was the endeared and venerated centre. But the great mind could not be inactive, and he turned with delight from "the gladsome light of jurisprudence" to some of the enchanting English authors whose enjoyments had been denied him by the cares and exactions of a busy career. I am told that Scott, and Dickens, and Thackeray, and our other English classics were the charm and consolation of his last years, and were enjoyed with the keen relish of that untainted and receptive mind. In the midst of these becoming diversions, not unmingled with studies in the domain of the august profession which he so much loved, he was called away from these scenes.

"O fallen at length, that tower of strength,
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blow!"

The Nestor of our bar is dead—

"Clarum et venerabile nomen!"

and, now that he is gone, we feel and see what a large space he filled in the ranks of the profession. Certainly it may appropriately be said of him, as was said of Jeremiah Mason by his great compeer, Rufus Choate: "He is dead; and although here and there a kindred mind—here and there, rarer still, a cœval mind—survives, he has left no one, beyond his immediate blood and race, who in the least degree resembles him."

I rejoice with his friends, as all must, that until the last hour of his long and useful life, until disease struck him, as it were in a moment, from the list of the living, his eye was undimmed and his wonderful faculties wholly unimpaired. Endowed by nature with a vigorous constitution, and temperate, upright and abstemious in his habits ever, he had suffered scarcely an hour of sickness during his entire life, and up to almost the very momemt of its fall there were no signs of dilapidation in that stately edifice. His majestic presence was in our streets, the venerable object of all men's respect and regard.

"The monumental pomp of age
Was with this goodly Personage;
A statue undepressed in size,
Unbent, which rather seemed to rise,
In open victory o'er the weight
Of eighty years, to loftier height."

And so, at last, after a life of honor, of integrity, of purity, of strenuous exertion, all crowned by a renown sufficient to fill and which did fill and satisfy a reasonable ambition, he has fallen on sleep. Folding his arms upon his breast, his change came to him as calmly and serenely as a summer sunset mellows the scene and gilds the close of a brave and beautiful day.

"Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise or blame, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble."

To speak the truth of Mr. Christie, in such fashion as I can, is to me a labor of love. Although in earlier years I was an

occasional spectator of some of the forensic contests in which he won his fame, I was not honored by his personal acquaintance till about eighteen years ago, when I became a student in his office. He was then at the zenith of his power and reputation, and the high estimate I had already formed of his abilities and his character was heightened day by day by the knowledge which I gained of him in an intercourse which lasted many years—which I may perhaps without vanity style an intimacy—and which suffered no interruption till the day of his death. If I may be allowed a word of sensibility personal to myself, I would say that he was so uniformly kind, and gracious, and condescending to me, from the first hour of our acquaintance, that I felt his death an irreparable personal loss, and was a sincere mourner at his grave. And as I linger a moment to drop a tear on his bier, I feel an unfeigned sorrow that I cannot pay a more suitable and adequate tribute to his extraordinay genius and the rare virtues of his character. But only kindred minds are able to portray the qualities of such a mind and heart, and I console myself for failure with the reflection that but few remain who can appreciate and delineate for the coming generations a man so largely moulded and so richly gifted as he.

PAYING THE MORTGAGE.

BY MARY DWINELL CHELLIS.

[CONCLUDED.]

"Please to be seated," she said coldly, at the same time seating herself upon the opposite side of a table from the chair designated for him.

"Have you no word of welcome for me?" he asked.

"None," she replied. "I had not expected to see you so soon. I hope to raise the interest on the mortgage before another year becomes due; and I have your pledge that, if this is done, I can remain here."

"But the taxes?"

"I will try and pay them, too."

"How? You can not do it. I know your resources better than you think. There is but one way for you to avoid trouble; and in anticipation of the result of our present interview I beg you to accept my gift."

As he said this, he placed before her an open casket containing an elegant gold watch and chain, with a set of pearls. They were more beautiful than anything she had ever seen, and she had an instinctive love of beauty and luxury.

"These for me!" she murmured absently, as she looked at them with admiration, while he regarded her with a fixed gaze.

"They *are* for you, and they are as nothing compared with what I will lavish upon you as my wife. Regis, too, shall have all things;" and having left his seat while speaking, he bent over her as if to seal his words with a kiss.

This recalled her to a sense of her danger. She pushed aside the casket, and stood confronting him as she said calmly:

"I am not to be bought with gold or jewels. I am a poor girl, but I will never be your wife. Never! Never! Do you believe me now?" she asked, with bitter scorn.

"I believe that you will repent of what you have done," he answered hoarsely. You may as well be looking out for an

other home. You shall not stay here unless every dollar which is my due is paid at the proper time."

The sound of wheels arrested his attention and interrupted his angry words. He had only time to dispose of the casket and reach the door before Mr. Eldridge came in sight; while from another direction came Aunt Jane, walking hurriedly. He made all possible haste, but could not avoid a meeting with both.

"You are the very person I wished to see," said the clergyman. "I have some business to transact with you, and, as it concerns Miss Dunlap, we may as well arrange it in her presence. I am authorized to pay the claim you hold upon her estate, and so lift the mortgage. I have the money with me."

"Who has authorized you to do this?"

"A friend of Mrs. Bradshaw. One who owed her a debt of gratitude, and chooses to make payment for the benefit of her heir."

"Who is the friend?"

"The friend chooses to remain unknown."

Aunt Jane nodded her head approvingly and listened in silence until reference was made to the taxes.

"Peter Greenleaf, I know all about that, and I'll jest settle them taxes myself. Then Elsie can pay me when she gits ready. You see there's provision made all 'round. Elsie, jest come out here and see what's goin' on, and if you've got anything to say, say it."

At this summons from Aunt Jane, Elsie Dunlap appeared, able only to express her gratitude and delight in a voice broken with sobs.

Disappointed, mortified and angry, the rich man drove away, conscious that he was an object of contempt to at least two of the group he left standing at the cottage door. Convinced that nothing could be done to prevent the settlement he gladly would have avoided, he resolved to yield the point without further debate. But who could have advanced the means for doing this? He thought of one and another, rejecting each and all. It could not be Aunt Jane, and he thought himself nearly as certain in regard to every person in town.

When he reached home he threw the casket into a drawer which closed with a spring lock, and wished he might never see it again. Then he prepared for business, sure that Mr. Eldridge would not long delay, and desiring to make the interview as short as possible. This accomplished, he had ample time to brood over his thwarted plans, and scheme for revenge. The minister would find that he had made a powerful enemy.

But in making this one enemy he found that he had also made many friends, and that the self-denial upon which he had counted would be of short duration. Elsie and Regis Dunlap could repay a small part of their indebtedness, and Aunt Jane volunteered to wait indefinitely for what was her due.

"There ain't no danger of my losin' it, and I don't want it to use; and, you see, I guess the minister needs every dollar that belongs to him, and he ought to have it. I shouldn't wonder, too, if he got a real donation 'fore long. Folks are talkin' about it. No matter if *'tis* done to spite Peter Greenleaf, it'll help along jest the same. We'd better have it purty soon after Thanksgiving, and every one carry somethin'. Cam says that's the way, and he's a good sensible youngster. He's goin' to airn a good deal this winter, though I never see nobody so bound up with a book as he is. He can see through things quicker'n most folks. I've told him more'n once he ought to be a lawyer, and mebbe he could upset the title to them two thousand acres folks say don't belong to Peter any more than they do to me. Your granma'am thought it might be done."

"I wish it might, but it will take somebody smarter than Cam Bassett to do it."

"I don't know about that, and I guess you don't. You jest wait and see."

People were seeing strange things without long waiting. It really seemed that the single revolt against their avaricious townsman had inspired them with courage and boldness to speak of him as he deserved; while the economy practiced by two who had been regarded as children was a stimulus to retrenchment and thrift in other households encumbered with debt.

But despite economy and retrenchment; despite, also, opposition in certain quarters, the origin of which was easily traced, Mr. Eldridge received substantial tokens of the good will of his parishioners. He was enriched in pocket, larder and wardrobe; so that the winter opened auspiciously for the dwellers in the parsonage as well as in the cottage of Elsie Dunlap, and the little brown cottage where Aunt Jane Shorey rose every morning before the sun to prepare breakfast and lunch for Cameron Bassett.

For the first time in his life the young man knew something of the comforts of a home; and, receiving much, gave much in return. He seldom returned from his work in the evening without bringing some tribute from the forest; sometimes a bit of moss or lichen, or peculiar growth of wood; and sometimes wild game, which was always shared with their neighbors, who thus enjoyed a simple luxury which was fully appreciated. He never failed to come up to the full measure of work he set himself to do; neither did he fail to meet his weekly appointment with the clergyman, who found him a scholar of rare quickness and thoroughness.

"You ought to do better by yourself than you can do here," his teacher said to him as the winter waned.

"Yes, sir; I am going to try and do better. I have seen a man and talked with him who promised to write and tell me where to go. It's almost time for the letter."

"Is the man reliable?"

"I don't know that, sir. I never saw him but once. I must wait to know."

He did not say how he had made the acquaintance of the gentleman who was to write to him. He was not one to boast of his good deeds, but that a good deed had been done my readers may be assured, and the event proved that his confidence was not misplaced when he assumed that the stranger to whom he had rendered an important service would have a regard for his interest. The letter came as expected, and, bidding adieu to his friends, who as yet knew not how to appreciate him, he went to try his fortune in the same city from which he had wandered years before without definite aim or purpose.

"Whatever I'll do without him I don't know," said Aunt Jane in a husky voice. "I never had no child, so I don't know how mothers feel, but I think enough of him; and I tell you what, Elsie, he'll be comin' back sometime and show folks what he can do. The minister and I know more'n the rest of you."

"You have had a better opportunity to know, but he has been very kind to Regis and me. He has helped us in a good many ways."

"And you've helped him; so I guess you needn't feel none in debt to him. He's goin' to write to me, and you'll have to answer the letters for me. I never was no hand at writin' nor much at readin', so I guess you'll be the one, after all."

Now that the young man was really gone, people began to speak of him as one likely to make his mark in the world. His letters were always cheerful and hopeful, always expressing, too, the solicitude he felt for the friends whom he gratefully remembered.

In the meantime, important changes were taking place in the hitherto quiet town. A water privilege had been purchased by a manufacturing company who were making rapid improvements. This gave a new impetus to business, created a demand for dwelling houses, and brought a market to the very doors of the farmers.

Peter Greenleaf still lived, eager to increase his wealth, and in no way less unscrupulous; yet he found himself every year more unpopular and unhappy. Aunt Jane Shorey would never allow his folly and wickedness to be forgotten. She believed that he deserved punishment, and was quite willing to aid in its infliction. There had been rumors of his intended marriage, yet he had brought no bride to his home. There was now and then a whisper that, as "the town worked up," there might be trouble for him in regard to the titles of certain lands it was claimed he had obtained dishonestly.

A lawyer was about to establish himself in the thriving little village; one who would bring with him ample credentials

as to his ability and acquirements. At length the sign appeared, conspicuous in black and gold:

"CAMERON BASSETT."

Spectacles were re-adjusted, as if their owners feared there might be some optical illusion. But there was the name; and after the closest inspection the letters did not change.

Moreover, Aunt Jane had company; and, besides, a tall, bearded man had been seen talking with Regis Dunlap. It might be, but if it was, "he looked so different there wouldn't anybody know him."

It *was* Cameron Bassett, with the very same honest, earnest heart and clear head which had characterized him when his face was browned by exposure, and his hands hardened with work few others would have performed. He was welcomed, not over cordially, at first, but with gradually increasing respect. Whatever business was entrusted to him was faithfully discharged. The illness of a brother attorney gave him an early opportunity to appear in a case in which he won the admiration of all who heard his masterly plea, and thus his professional and social position were assured.

Not long after, he was consulted in regard to the probable success of a suit, which, if entered, would doubtless be sharply contested by the best counsel that money could procure. The plaintiffs were too poor to run a heavy risk without a reasonable prospect of gaining their suit.

Mr. Bassett engaged to study it up, and give them his honest opinion. It would afford him just the occupation he desired. Records were examined; old and forgotten titles brought to light and compared, and letters written to individuals in various parts of the country; all done secretly, for fear of consequences. At length there was but one link missing in the chain of evidence, and after long and fruitless search this was discovered where least expected. Every test was applied to prove or disprove its genuineness, until not a doubt remained that Peter Greenleaf had been guilty of a stupendous fraud, which could be clearly proved against him.

At the first intimation of this he knew his hour of retribution had come. He had himself sought for the missing link, and failing in his search, trusted that it did not exist. Now all was over. Defence was useless. He was a ruined man, and chose death rather than disgrace and poverty. He died by his own hand, and, leaving no will, his heirs claimed the property.

They would not lose the large estate without making an effort to retain it; but their case was lost before it was tried, and although carried into court, resulted in no good to any one except Cameron Bassett, who made a rare display of oratory and won a munificent fee.

A week after the decision he called upon Elsie Dunlap, who, after congratulating him upon his well earned laurels, said:

"Now that you have proved yourself so skillful a detective, I wish you would discover the person who paid Mr. Greenleaf the mortgage on this place. Mr. Eldridge says he is pledged to secresy, and it troubles me."

"Why should it?" he asked.

"Because I am unwilling to be under obligation to an unknown friend. Regis and I worked hard and lived plainly to earn and save money, that we might own our home, and still it is not our own. The money is at interest, waiting for my creditor, but I should be very much happier if it was paid."

Her companion looked at her smilingly until he saw that tears were gathering in her eyes, when he leaned towards her and asked:

"Will you give me a kiss, in proof that your congratulations are sincere?"

She had no time for consideration. She only felt the unspoken love which surrounded her, and yielded to the proffered embrace.

"The mortgage is wholly cancelled," said her lover, when he could find words to express his happiness. "Your grandmother paid it in kindness to a poor boy who afterwards paid it in money to Mr. Greenleaf."

"Cameron Bassett! Did you give the money to Mr. Eldridge to pay the mortgage on this place?" exclaimed Elsie, in

a tone which expressed all the surprise she felt.

"I did, and now that I assure you I have been twice repaid I hope you will have no further trouble in regard to it. *I* am satisfied, and *you should* be."

Which assertion was not quite true; as Aunt Jane said he never would be satisfied until Elsie Dunlap was his wife, and Regis was studying law; and Aunt Jane knew whereof she affirmed.

GROWTH OF COTTON AND WOOLEN MANUFACTURING IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

In 1812, a statistical work compiled by Teach Coxe, and published by Congress, credited New Hampshire with having 12 cotton mills, as follows: Two in Rockingham County, 1 in Strafford, 8 in Hillsborough, and 1 in Cheshire. These twelve mills contained 5,956 spindles,—but no looms, — only yarn being produced. There were 20,975 looms in the State, which wove this yarn into various grades of cloth. These looms were owned in private families, and the yarn taken from the factories and woven by the wives and daughters. Sometimes they purchased the yarn at the factories for their own private use, and at others they wove it into cloth for so much per yard, the price varying from two to twenty-five cents as to quality of cloth.

The amount of cotton goods woven in the year 1810 was put down at 515,985 yards; mixed goods, 930,978 yards; flax goods, 1,090,320 yards; blended and unblended cloths (towels, table cloths, &c.) 112,540 yards; tow-cloth, 720,989 yards; woolen goods, 900,373 yards, making in the aggregate 4,271,185 yards, valued at $1,700,417. The number of fulling-mills in the State at that date was 135, and 497,500 yards of cloth was fulled, dressed, &c., for the year 1810. There was not enough clothing goods manufactured in the State for the consumption of the inhabitants in their frugal state of living, by many hundred thousand dollars' worth. There were 214,000 inhabitants in New Hampshire in 1810, and the amount of cloth manufactured that year for all purposes, would give to each person less than twenty yards, valued at about $8,20.

An old veteran, writing from one of the towns in this State, says: "From my earliest recollection my mother's occupation, in addition to ordinary housework, consisted in carding wool into rolls, spinning them into yarn, and weaving it into "wale" cloth and blanketing—cutting the cloth into garments and making them. She also carded her flax and spun it into either linen thread or yarn for cloth. Nearly all the cloth consumed in our family of seven persons was manufactured by my mother." Calico dresses for the common people in 1810 were considered good enough to wear on any occasion, and at many a bridal festival, when as warm hearts beat with love and happiness as beat to-day, the calico dress adorned the females of the party. Calico in those days was worth from thirty to fifty cents per yard, cotton flannel forty-five, and cotton cloth 3-4 of a yard wide, from twenty to thirty cents.

But what a vast change in this respect has taken place in less than 70 years. At the present time, with the depressed condition of business, New Hampshire is manufacturing at the rate of not less than 17,000,000 yards of woolen cloth of all varieties annually, valued at not less than $8,000,000, and 240,000,000 yards of cotton goods valued at about $22,000,000.

This amount would give every man, woman and child in the State fifty-two yards of woolen cloth, valued at $24, and seven hundred and thirty-eight yards of cotton cloth, worth $70. The cotton cloth would extend in a straight line 136,000 miles, or five and one-half times round the globe. If a yard wide, it would cover 49,586 acres, or seventy-seven square miles. The woolen cloth would carpet a hall fifty feet wide, extending from Boston to Washington.

By such practical illustration we are enabled in some degree, to comprehend the magnitude and increase of these great branches of manufacturing in our State. We can hardly expect as great a change in the same direction in the next seventy years. A. J. FOGG.

THE CONFESSION.

BY WILL E. WALKER.

"O stay a little longer, stay,
Sweet Sœur Marie, till I've confessed
To you alone; for all your care
But seems as answer to a prayer,
Forever thought, but ne'er expressed.

I knew a lady, years ago,
When, fair and cold, she passed me by,
A nameless soldier in the crowd,
Who looked upon that lady proud
As on a star in yonder sky.

I heard the praise that others gave;
But some admirers said that she
But lacked a heart; that none could move
That stately dame to warmth and love,
All faultless in her courtesy.

Then I would think of what I saw
One day, while passing her demense;
And treasured in my foolish heart
The secret which she did impart,
Unknowing, unto me, unseen.

I saw her raise a little child,
Who fell while running from the place;
And calm its sobs, allay its fears
With loving words, and dry its tears
Beneath the sunshine of her face.

The child was poor, and plain, and wan,
But could the worth of kindness feel;
And sure, some grace of holy rood
It had, or else the lady's mood
Had ne'er escaped its gates of steel.

And I, plebian soldier, dared
To love that lady from afar;
To strive that I might bravely win
Some rank which might guide me within
The inner glory of my star.

If she were there, where now you sit,
Her pardon I would humbly crave
For daring thus with rash desire
To such position to aspire
This side our common lot—the grave;

Confess that with presumptuous hope
I thought to win her love with fame;
When, after years of arduous toil,
Through danger and the camp's turmoil,
The nameless soldier found his name.

Then Fortune left him; from the field
His comrades bore him, wounded sore,
And long in hospital he stayed,
Until his restless soul essayed
To reach the town beloved of yore.

He gained his wish, but sickness came
Again and laid the soldier low;
And in this hospital he waits,
Till Death, most certain of the Fates,
Shall come to strike the final blow.

In fevered dreams he seems to hear
A sweet, low voice, and feels a hand,
That brings to mind those former days,
When, on the wings of courtly praise,
His lady's fame flew through the land.

'Twas only you, my nurse, a saint
Whose blessed life has thus been given
In Christ-like deeds to all around,
Whose brow shall be divinely crowned
With glory in the court of Heaven.

My lady proud is gone, and you
Are reigning meekly in her stead,
With face and form and voice like hers,
But with a meekness that avers
My lady proud is surely dead.

I've lost my labor. I could gain
A queen in rank more easily
Than I could win this patient saint,
Who, leaving wealth without complaint,
Does the Lord's work so busily.

For, in her sight what is my fame?
The price of blood. 'Tis on my brow

A crown of thorns. O saint divine,
But give me life as pure as thine,
For all things else are worthless now.

But I confess, I must confess
That all the love for her I knew
Has doubled, and has cast its all
Before thy feet; O heed its call,
Forgive, though grace be not its due!

Ah, Sœur Marie, in truth, my heart
Did prophesy that deep in thee
Was hid the spring, all undefiled,
That gladdened once a fearful child;
Like whom, beloved, comfort me."

The soldier paused, and silent sits
His nurse, the gentle Sœur Marie,
In wonder hears him. Dares she own
That charity to love hath grown,
And with his pleading joins its plea?

Beneath the hood of saintly hue,
Across the cheek so fair and white,
The warm blood steals, a moment burns
Within the gaze that on him turns,
Then, veiled, it passes from his sight.

"Do not," she said "your life condemn
More harshly than you justly ought.
Temptations are our common lot,
And none have stood and fallen not,
Save Him whose blood hath pardon brought;

And rank, and wealth, and beauty, all
Have not the joy which He can give.
In losing self in His employ
I find the highest, purest joy;
O for His sake and service live.

If you have loved me, cease to ask
Forgiveness for your love, for I
Am not the saint you seem to think;
Yet weak, I tremble on the brink
Of sin's deep gulf, temptation nigh."

"O Sœur Marie, too well I know
That in your vow you gave the Lord
The wealth and sweetness of your life;
But in my heart is only strife
Against it—speak some loving word,

That bids me hope; oh, do not go
Another way, and leave me here
To grope in darkness and alone,
To ask for bread and find a stone.
Can nought to you my love endear?"

He clasped her hand with sudden clasp
And raised it to his trembling lips,
Kissing it fervently—the gleam
From fervent eyes dissolves her dream,
And from his grasp the white hand slips.

"No, no!" she rose, "I must begone;
You beg of me too great a task.
It cannot be; yet ere I go,
Your whole life's love shall truly know
Why I refuse the boon you ask.

My vow forbids that I should link
My life unto another's; yet
My heart too much has long inclined
Toward you, in you its joy to find;
Its duty it must not forget.

Farewell! I must not come again."
She turns—her passing step he hears.
"If love be sin, oh, pardon me!
Too well, alas, have I loved thee!"
She murmurs through her falling tears.

* * * * * * * *

The Sœur Marie of old Evreux
Is seen no more within the town;
Nor in its streets by night or day
The silent monk who went his way,
Bearing the cross that she laid down.

AHWANEGA: A LEGEND OF THE LOWER COOS AND THE DALTON HILLS.

BY L. WOOD D.

The light of a bright October day is fast dying out; the gray summits of "Washington" and "Lafayette" are receiving the last rays of the descending sun before gloom and night settle over the hills of "Coos" and the valley of the "Johns".

Pause with me and listen to the melody of the winds and the waters. Cast your eyes westward across the valley toward the Dalton Hills and up above the shadows where the sky and mountains meet, outlining their ragged edges against the evening west. See that tall hemlock resting its wierd leafless form against the blue?

It is about two miles from the rock on which we are now sitting, to the foot of the mountain, below, where years agone that old tree waved its green branches, and the ancient oak, that steady recorder of the lapse of time, counted the winters' nights and the summer's suns.

There is a rocky cliff with jagged perpendicular front, where just now you see the shadows are deepest. It is a wild and romantic spot, where the lover of forest sights and sounds most loves to wander —and thereabout hangs a legend whereof I must tell you, if you are in receptive mood.

The cliff is known by the country folk

hereabout, and among the villagers, as "The Jumping-off Place;" but by the Indians, those owners and natives of these mountains and valleys in the years long since forgotten and unregistered, save in the successive rings of the old oaks or the accumulated moss upon the ancient rocks it was called "Ahwanega", meaning "The Lover's Leap." I remember once, when a boy, of climbing to the summit upon one glorious autumn day, just such a one as this has been, where the sky was deep blue, and the air was clear, and a dreamy softness hung over vale and hill; the foliage, untouched by frost, was shedding over all it summer-garnered, sunshine glories; I wondered then, if that "Upper Country" of which we know only in our dreams, could exceed the delights of this. I was younger then by many years, and was in humor to be won by the lonely and lovely, by the beautiful and true. Time has sped along since those days, and I am now in and of the world; have passed well along in the journey of life, but it is pleasant to pause and look back from the hills of the present into the valleys of the past, for there are memories springing up from the experiences of those years that it gladdens our hearts to recall; there are joys and loves intertwined with the sorrows and youthful longings, that we would keep ever fresh and green. But I am forgetting my legend among these episodes.

It was in a year unrecorded, and yet it matters not that it should be nameless, since they reckoned not years, those men of the forest, as do we, and their traditions, and important historical events, were only preserved by being repeated around their council fires and in their wigwams; but it was in the long ago that a young chief from one of the tribes, whose home was on the banks of the Connecticut, and whose lands and hunting grounds extended far toward the setting sun, wandering upon a far trail, came into the country of the Mohawks; he was of no common descent, for he boasted that in his veins ran the blood of the "Narragansetts" and of the great "Wyandancee" of the "Montauks" The stranger was warmly welcomed by the young men and the warriors of the tribe, and by the old chief, in whose lodge he ate dried vension and bear meat, brought by the hands of the chieftain's own daughter. With longing eyes he gazed upon the lithe form, the ruddy cheeks and the raven hair of the maiden, and ere the crescent moon had passed its full, he had won her love, and a promise to return with him to his home and his lodge, far away, a journey of many suns beyond the eastern mountains.

But the old chief, her father, was not so easily won, and she was already promised to a young warrior of a neighboring tribe, although she knew him not, or aught of the royal decree; so the suit of the lover was scornfully denied and he was driven in wrath from the royal lodge. But the love of the Indian maiden was strong and the heart of her lover was brave, and it was agreed that at the end of a day's journey on the banks of the "Hoosic," he should await her coming in her own canoe, paddled by her own hands. The promise was kept and ere many suns had come and gone, a great feast was prepared by the Mohegan braves, in honor of the successful hunt of their heroic chief. Young men and maidens danced their wild dances and sung the war songs of their tribe, while the gray haired men and matrons old, told o'er the exploits in the chase and in the bloody fight, of their valliant warriors.

Suddenly, signal fires flashed out from the distant hill tops, and rumors came reporting the approach of two thousand Mohawks, painted and plumed for battle and led by a brother and the rejected lover of the maiden. Then followed one of those long and bloody fights in which the early inhabitants of our country so often engaged; not heralded by the booming of cannon or the rattling of musketry,or distinguished by the marching and countermarching of vast armies, as in modern times; but the forest stillness was broken by the wild war-whoop of contending savages, and the death yells of the vanquished, as here, a stout stout old man was sent to the happy hunting grounds, by the murderous war-club—there, a hatchet crushed the skull

of a giant brave—here, a flinted arrow pierced the heart of some young warrior —there, in deadly embrace, two painted forms struggle for the mastery, until the sharp bone-like knife pierces the heart and a strong life goes out in a demonical yell. There were deeds of valor and acts of bravery among those forest shadows, that the sun only, or the stars looked down upon, worthy to be recorded with those of the bold knights of the Crusades around the walls of Jerusalem. But the end came and the invaders were victorious—from mountain to mountain, the signal fires flashed back the result, until the beacon flamed above and along the valley of the Mohawk. The fight was won, but not the maiden. True to her love, she shrank not from the strife of which herself was the cause; whereso-ever the contest raged the fiercest, there fell the blows of the Mohegan brave, and where waved his eagle plume, by his side was the fearless girl; twice she warned him of pending danger and saved him; twice with her own hand, she warded off the murderous hatchet that would have sent him from her far away; at length the moment for flight came and she was by his side when the last swing of his giant arm crushed the skull of the foremost Mohawk warrior and she saw her brother sent to the blessed hunting grounds.

The mournful death-songs had hardly ceased to echo through the forest arches, when along the shadows of the river's bank glided six canoes impelled by strong arms against the stream. In vain, the conquerors sought the trail of their enemies; in vain, hill and valley were searched day after day, for the daughter of their old chief and her captor; and when the spring sun grew warm and the forest shadows were full, and dark, the hunt was abandoned, and the Mohawks and their Pequot allies, returned to their own lands, beyond the western waters, and the stars looked calmly down on the graves of the forgotten.

Just across here, near the foot of the cliff yonder, in a grove of ancient oaks, was a band of warriors and a few female attendants, guarding with jealous care the chosen, well-won bride of their beloved chief. The royal lodge was hung thickly around with the skins of the wolf and the bear, and in a retired nook thereof was a couch, furnished by the otter and the beaver. Here, among these rugged fastnesses, they felt themselves safely concealed; she from a hated Pequot lover and he from the wrath of the warlike Mohawks. One afternoon in the mid summer, the "Wild Fawn" had been listening long at the door of their lodge for the expected signal which should announce the return of the absent loved one from a two days chase. He was beyond the mountains toward the great river; a country abounding in game. Soon the expected whoop rang clearly out across the valley, returning in wild echoes from the opposite hills; and with a bound like a frightened doe, she sprang away and up the mountain side to greet him upon the summit of the cliff,—a favorite resort—and there they met; he clasping her in his brawny arms and their lips meeting in the impassioned kiss of love. The greeting over, they sat there in the gathering twilight, and he related the incidents of his long absence, and then they talked of the world, as they saw it; the distant rocky heights now grand in the glories of the setting sun, where the Great Spirit talked to them in the tempest; then of the nearer green hills that sent forth the sparkling waters, musically murmuring below—"Onawanda" they called it, signifying "Water born among the hills." And then they conversed of other lands, and other times, ere they were wanderers from their tribes and their distant homes. Sitting there in a seat formed by the rocks and the mosses, they saw not a stealthy form, creeping, cat-like, from tree to bush, and from rock to shadow, with the demon eyes of a painted savage; they heard no rustling among the leaves, or crackling of dry twigs upon the ground; naught but the sighing of the wind among the branches of the hemlock above them, the dash of the waters through the distant glen, and the beating of their own hearts. The twang of a bow-string startled them both to their feet and the next instant a flinted arrow was quivering in the side of the Mohegan

chief. As he sank back, wounded, against the rock, the giant form of a Pequot warrior sprang from his hiding place, rushing with open arms extended, as though intent upon clasping within them the form of the terror-stricken maiden; but ere he had reached his object, a hatchet, hurled with lightning speed, arrested his course, and in an instant, he was seized in the deathly grasp of the wounded chief. A wild yell as of a dying demon, rang out over the valley and through the forest, frightening the birds that were hatching their broods in the clefts of the rocks and startling the beaver from his work in the neighboring swamp.

Who can divine the thoughts of the brave lover—there was a brief struggle—he cast one earnest, agonizing look toward his dark-eyed mate, and then upward, as if to say, "meet me in the land of the brave dead up yonder;" then with a desperate spring, he leapt from the rock and the rival Indian lovers were hurled to their "happy hunting grounds."

On that long, grave like mound, you see now dimly outlined in the gloom, a bow-shot from the foot of the cliff, they laid the murdered warrior, in a grove of beeches, and above him they planted a young sapling—for the Indians held a tradition, that so long as a tree planted above their young dead should remain green, and wave its branches, so long should the dear departed remain young and beautiful in "the land of the hereafter." Thus and there they left him, and the twilight fell grayly on the rocky, moss-covered mound. To this day you may lie with your ear to the ground in the autumn evening twilight, near the place or under the high rock and you shall hear a mournful murmur, as of the chanting of wild death-songs above the brave dead; and I have heard in my young days around the foot of the mountain, many a wild-piercing shout, as you might imagine a ghostly shriek. Others say it is the echo from some distant halloo, or the wind among the rocks and old trees, but I know it is not.

The eagles wheeled screaming for many days above the place where the bones of the dead Pequot lay bleaching in the sun, and the winds howled among the old oaks, till the night-owl hooted from the limbs of a blasted pine, standing below the spot; no fair women or dark-eyed maiden, sung over him the death-songs, lulling the brave dead to slumber.

Long the dusky maiden pined for her absent lover; in vain they strove to cheer her heart with the gay dances and native songs of her tribe; in vain, they brought her medicines from the forest and the valley; draughts of holy water from the bubbling spring at the foot of the mountain, brought not back to her cheek the ruddy glow, or brightness to her fading eye; her light, fairy foot-step sought less frequently her favorite haunts among the hills and along the river side; and her songs became hushed from the wild-wood.

A night in early autumn came down as it comes down now, quietly, and as those same shadows deepened around the mountain's base, and the glories of the departing day faded from the East, they found her, lying across the mound where they had laid her beloved chief; her slender arms clasping the young sapling, green above his grave; mantled by the holy twilight, her brown cheek laid quietly upon the forest leaves that covered him she loved, she had sunk to rest beneath the stars. And there they left her, only a little below the growing mosses and the rustling leaves, and the same evergreen branches overshadowed them both. I fancy a scene in the blessed hunting-grounds that day.

In a romantic glen, upon the bank of a wild mountain stream, fitted and prepared with all the taste and skill of Indian perfection, a wigwam stood; within a lone warrior, expectantly waiting—soon the door-way is quietly thrust aside, a light form glides in, and the "Wild Fawn" of the Mohawks is again clasped in the arms of her Mohegan lover.

True? yes; at least, I suppose it to be. We know that a tribe of Mohegans once hunted and fished among these mountains, and that they were driven this way by the Mohawks and their allies, and the rest I got from the lips of an old hunter when I was a boy, and he heard it from an aged squaw who once lived near here many, many years ago, when this river, the "Onawanda" ran wild and free from "Agiochook" to the "Connecticut."

A REMARKABLE CHURCH HISTORY.

BY E. C. KINNEAR.

Few, if any, of our American churches have so remarkable a history as that attached to St Michaels (Episcopal) Church, Charleston, S. C. It was built in 1760, at a time when building materials were exceedingly low, bricks being purchased at three dollars per thousand, and lime at six cents per bushel. Consequently, the entire cost of that imposing and magnificent structure was only $32,775.87. The chime, consisting of eight bells, was the first ever heard in America. They were imported together with the clock in 1764. The bells cost in England £581 14*s* 1*d*. The clock, which is still running and the time-piece of the city, cost £194. The organ, which is regarded as the finest-toned in the country, was built by Schnetzler, and greatly admired in London. It was imported in 1768, at a cost of £528 sterling. At the commencement of the late war, it was taken down and saved. After the war, the vestry had it put in complete order, retaining, of course, all the old pipes, &c. In 1782, when the British evacuated Charleston, Major Traille of the Royal Artillery took down the chime of bells, and carried them to England as a trophy of war. They were sold to a Mr. Ryhinean, a Christian gentleman, who at once sent them back to Charleston as a present to the Church—(they were absent about one year)—when they assumed their former position, and for more than three quarters of a century, they discoursed sweet music, and announced the the hour of worship to generations of church-goers. In 1861, the commencement of the late war, the Vestry, being fearful that the steeple would be destroyed and the bells lost or melted for cannon, had seven of them taken down (leaving the largest) and sent to Columbia for safe-keeping. They were stored at a building in the State-House yard. They would have been much safer in the steeple of the church, for God in his great mercy, protected the venerable structure, which passed through the fiery ordeal without a scar. Although Gen. Gilmore's compliments to the city were daily proclaimed by the mouth of the "Swamp Angel" near Morris Island, the venerable church seemed to be under God's special care. The building in which the seven bells were stored in Columbia was destroyed with the burning of that city, when Gen. Sherman made his famous "March to the Sea," and when our army evacuated that city, the bells were found by one of the Vestry men, broken in pieces and worthless save for old metal. The pieces were gathered together and with the one remaining bell were shipped to Liverpool, England. A Mr. Priolean, who felt a deep interest, made diligent search and, strange to say, his efforts were crowned with wonderful success, for he found the very house that cast the bells in 1764, a hundred years previously. The same moulds were found in which they were originally cast—and the books contained a record of the metals used, also the quantity of each, so they were enabled to recast the bells, which was done, and the entire chime shipped the third time from England, each time to take its position in the steeple of St. Michael's Church. Says one of the Vestry-men, "there can be detected not the slightest variation in tone or sound," and they discourse the same sweet music they did fifty years ago.

The owners of the vessel in which the bells were taken to Liverpool and returned, very generously refused to accept pay, and made no charge whatever. Would that our government could have shared the same spirit, and allowed the chime to arrive duty free; but before possession was given, the Vestry was required to pay a duty of twenty-two hundred dollars ($2200) to the government. The cost of recasting, together with the duty, was a heavy burden upon the

Church, but some of the citizens came to its rescue, and the sum was raised without difficulty. The communion service of St. Michael was also sent to Columbia during the war for safety, and at the evacuation of that city by our army it could not be found. It had been stolen in consequence of its value, or taken as a trophy of war. The old tankard was found in a pawn-broker's shop in New York, and purchased and returned to the Church by a kind-hearted gentleman of that city. Another piece of the communion service was found in a shop in a town in Ohio. A kind Episcopalian seeing the inscription, bought it and returned it to the Church. The balance of the service has never been recovered. This service was highly prized, from the fact it was presented to the Church in 1762 by Gov. Boone. A monogram was taken from the pulpit; a clergyman in New Jersey accidentally became informed of its whereabouts and returned it to the Church. Altogether, this seems, indeed, to be a very remarkable Church history.

THE CITY OF NASHUA.

BY O. C. MOORE.

The early history of Nashua (formerly Dunstable,) could only be narrated in full in a volume by itself. The town of Dunstable was chartered by the General Court of Massachusetts, October 16th, 1673, O. S., corresponding to October 27th, N. S. The township took its name from Dunstable in England, in honor of Hon. Edward Tyng and his wife, Mary Tyng, who emigrated from that parish and settled in Boston, but died in Dunstable, where their children owned large estates. The name is generally supposed to be derived from "Dun," or "Dunum," signifying a hilly place, and "Staple," a place of trade. Dunstable included within its boundaries, as originally chartered, the present town of Tyngsborough, the east part of Dunstable, the north part of Pepperell, and the northeast corner of Townsend, all in Massachusetts. In the State of New Hampshire, it embraced the town of Litchfield, most of Hudson, the south west part of Londonderry, the west part of Pelham, two thirds of Brookline and Milford, and all the towns of Amherst, Hollis, Merrimack and Nashua. This ancient township contained about two hundred square miles, or one hundred and twenty-eight thousand acres.

In 1741, the long disputed boundary line between Massachusetts and New Hampshire was settled, and the settlement severed the ancient township of Dunstable, leaving in Massachusetts that part of it now in Tyngsborough and Dunstable. From the territory left in New Hampshire, which retained the name of Dunstable, was successively erected the towns of Merrimack, Hollis, Monson, Hudson, Litchfield, Amherst and Milford. That portion of the township now embraced within the limits of Nashua continued to bear the old name until 1837, when it was changed to Nashua, the name of the beautiful river that divides the city from east to west, and which signifies in the Indian tongue the "beautiful river with the pebbly bottom."

The city of Nashua has an area of 18,898 acres, and presents a fine diversity in its topography. The north part of the city, where are many of the finest residences and most attractive sites, rises gradually from the Merrimack on the east and from the Nashua on the south, and commands a prospect of the whole surrounding country. Few locations any where afford more beautiful and attractive building sites. From the south side of the Nashua and the west side of the Merrimack stretches a broad plain, upon which extend miles of broad and regular streets, lined on both sides with the best of sidewalks and the noblest of

shade trees. The chief growth of the city is westward, where there are still many fine building lots. In the suburbs of the city are some excellent farms, easy of cultivation, and producing annually abundant crops.

No city in New England is so magnificently watered. On the east, flows the Merrimack, the peerless stream of song and industry. From the west comes the Nashua, furnishing the admirable water power which drives the cotton mills and receives into its waters the sewerage of the city. On the south, the beautiful Salmon brook joins the Merrimack, after supplying still another water power and a splendid sheet of water before it flows into the Merrimack. On the north, is Pennichuck Brook, a limpid stream, from which is derived the supply of the city water works. All these streams of pure running water not only insure the cleanliness but the health of the city as well. In earlier days, the untutored sons of the forest made their headquarters here in great numbers, attracted by the natural beauty of the location and the finny treasures which were always to be found in the streams. The name of the city itself was borne by the "Nashaways," a tribe of Indians that formerly lived on its banks. Nature might have done more to provide a beautiful site for a city, but it may be doubted if she ever did.

In 1800, the population of Dunstable was 862. The village which is now a city, was then known as Indian Head, but in 1803, it was called Nashua Village, and in that year, the pioneer canal boat was lauched with much ceremony on the 4th of July. There were two other villages in town, one at the Harbor, so called, and another, and the largest, half a mile farther south. Nashua Village had a one story dwelling house on the site of the Indian Head House, which was then used as a tavern, a store and two dwelling houses. The only highways were the Amherst and Concord roads, which united and formed one road, from Nashua River to the Harbor, and a road down the northern bank of the Nashua to the boating house and ferries. At the Harbor, the dwelling house of Gen. Noah Lovewell, lately occupied by Col. George Bowers, with two other small houses on the south side of Salmon Brook, were the only buildings. Half a mile south, was the third and largest village, consisting of a tavern, store, shops, dwellings and meeting house. Between Salmon Brook and Nashua River there was a "broad, unfenced, desolate, white-pine forest," unbroken by a single habitation. Such was Nashua at the beginning of the present century.

A post office was established at the Harbor in 1803, and Gen. Noah Lovewell was appointed postmaster. In 1804, the Middlesex canal was opened and gave a decided impetus to the growth of Nashua Village, as it opened direct communcation with Boston. Hitherto, the principal markets of this region had been Haverhill and Newburyport. A new meeting house was erected in 1812, and in 1817 a dam was constructed on the Nashua, a few rods above Main street. At one end, a grist mill was erected, and at the other end, a saw mill. A few years afterwards, the present dam of the Jackson Company was constructed, and a new saw mill erected. Nashua Village had now about fifteen houses, and the whole town, a population of 1,142. Within the town, by the census of 1820, there were nine school houses, one meeting house, six taverns, five stores, three grist mills, one clothing mill, one carding machine, five bark mills, and three tanneries. Between 1820 and 1830, the establishment of cotton manufacturing by the Nashua and Jackson Companies gave a marked impulse to the growth of Nashua Village. In 1830, the village had a population of 1,500, and the entire town 2,417. The growth in population was now very rapid. In 1836 the population had increased to 5,065, of which four thousand were in Nashua Village. "January 1st, 1837," says Mr. Fox, in his excellent history from which many of the facts of the early history of Nashua are taken, "the township laid aside its ancient name of Dunstable, which it had worn from its infancy, through good and ill fortune a hundred and sixty years, under which it had witnessed two revolutions and formed a portion of a Colony, a Province and a



NASHUA HIGH SCHOOL HOUSE.

(ERECTED, 1870.)

sovereign State—under which it had passed through many wars, and grown up from obscurity and poverty; and adopted, in order to distinguish it from its neighbor 't'other Dunstable,' its present name, that of the river from which its prosperity is chiefly derived—Nashua."

In 1840 Nashua had attained a population of 5,960, and the valuation of the real and personal estate was $2,467,822. In 1842 it voted at the annual meeting to erect a town house. As usual at the inception of such an enterprise, there was no agreement on a site. The contest waxed warm and even furious. Finally it led to a division, the people on the north side of the Nashua securing an act of incorporation from the Legislature in June following as the town of Nashville. This division lasted till 1853, when the two towns that should never have been divided were reunited and incorporated as the city of Nashua.

The city now had a population of 8942, and a total valuation of $4,266,658.00. The city was divided into eight wards, and at the first election Hon. Josephus Baldwin, one of the pioneer manufacturers of Nashua, was elected Mayor. In 1860 the population had increased to 10,665, and the valuation to $4,577,878. In 1870, the population was 11,000, with a valuation of $5,146,734. The present population is 12,000; (April, 1877) the valuation is $8,280,968, and the rate of taxation $1.50 on a hundred.

It was a prediction of one of the early settlers of Dunstable that the valley of the Merrimack would be a great manufacturing region. Then Lowell and Lawrence, Manchester and Nashua were not. The men who pioneered manufacturing in this valley, first examined the water power on the Souhegan river at Merrimack, but it was not thought adequate to their purpose. On their return they passed the Nashua, but were entirely unaware of the power which has since been so extensively improved. While they were beginning operations at Lowell, by means of the Pawtucket canal, several citizens of Nashua village had awakened to the capacity of Mine Falls, on the Nashua, three miles from the Merrimack, for manufacturing purposes. A saw mill had been erected at Mine Falls as early as 1700, and it was proposed at first to erect mills there. The fall is thirty-six feet, which is unsurpassed in New England. Upon further investigation and an actual survey, it was deemed practicable to erect the mills on the present site and bring the water from Mine Falls by means of a canal. An association was formed, and in June, 1823, a charter was obtained for the Nashua Manufacturing Company, with a capital limited to $1,000,000. The capital stock was at first fixed at $300,000, at $100 a share. Among the subscribers was Daniel Webster, who put his name down for sixty shares, but tradition says he never paid for them. The capital stock was finally paid in, however, mainly by Daniel Abbott, J. E. & A. Greeley, Augustus Peabody, B. F. French, Foster & Kendrick and Moses Tyler, all Nashua men. This great enterprise was undertaken, it will thus be seen, at a time when cotton manufacturing in the United States was in its infancy. If not the originators they were certainly among the pioneeers of this industry in the United States, and their enterprise and forsight deserve the fullest recognition. In 1824 the dam at Mine Falls was built, and the excavation of the canal begun and completed in the following year. The canal is about three miles in length, 60 feet wide, and 6 feet deep, and affords a head and fall of 33 feet.

Mill No. 1 was erected and went into full operation in 1825. In 1827 mill No. 2 was erected, in 1836, mill No. 3, and in 1844, mill No. 4. All these mills have been greatly improved and modernized and their capacity nearly doubled. Originally they had 32,074 spindles, and manufactured 11,500,000 yards of cloth per annum. They now have a capacity of 76,000 spindles, and turn out 17,500,000 yards of fine sheeting, shirting, print cloth and cotton flannels per annum. Capital, $1.000,000. Employ 1000 hands. R. A. Maxfield is agent and Jas. S. Amory treasurer.

In 1824, a canal, with the necessary dams and locks, was constructed to connect the Nashua and Merrimack rivers, and thereby open boat transportation to Nashua village. The entire cost of this undertaking was $30,000.

The lower water privilege, now occupied by the Jackson Company, was sold by the Nashua Company to Charles C. Haven and others, who were incorporated by the name of the "Indian Head Company," for the purpose of erecting woolen factories. The necessary buildings were at once erected, and the mills went into operation in 1826. The enterprise did not prove a success, the company became embarrassed, and the property was sold to a new company, which was incorporated as the Jackson Company in 1830. The old machinery was taken out, and machinery for the manufacture of cotton cloth put in. There are two mills, which had an original capacity of 11,588 spindles, but which has since been increased to 22,000 spindles, equal to an annual production of 9,000,000 yards of sheeting and shirting per annum. Capital $600,000. Employ 550 hands. William D. Cadwell is agent and Frederick Amory treasurer.

Salmon Brook, at the Harbor, was improved by the erection of a cotton mill in 1845. This was followed by the erection of another mill, having altogether a capacity of 5,000 spindles, and turning out 900,000 yards per annum. These are now known as the Vale Mills, with a capital of $500,000. Employ 80 hands. Benj. Saunders is agent and treasurer.

We have now glanced at the establishment and growth of the cotton interest

of Nashua. We come now to consider the development of other industries hardly less extensive.

The manufacture of shuttles and bobbins was begun in 1845, by J. & E. Baldwin. At the present time the business is carried on by Eaton & Ayer, on Water Street, who employ 200 hands, and do an annual business of about $175,000. The manufacture of Mortise Locks and Door Knobs was begun about this time by L. W. Noyes and David Baldwin. Employ 160 hands. Sales amount to $150,000 per annum. C. B. Hill treasurer; Wm. H. Cook, superintendent. In the same year the iron foundry of S. & C. Williams was established, and also the machine shop of John H. Gage, now Warner & Whitney. The former employ 70 men; annual sales, $100,000; Charles Williams, proprietor. The latter employ 60 men; annual sales, $100,000.

In 1847, the Nashua Iron Company was incorporated, with a capital of $30,000. It gave employment to 50 hands, and had a monthly pay roll of $2,000. The growth of these works has been rapid and remarkable. From three small hammers and one shop, the company now has ten hammers and seven large shops, and the capital has been increased to $500,000, with a monthly pay-roll for 300 hands, when in full operation, of $15,000. The works of the company, including the yards, cover about 12 acres.

In 1852 the Underhill Edge Tool Company was established with a capital of $80,000. Employ 60 hands. The business reaches $100,000 annually. C. B. Hill is treasurer and agent.

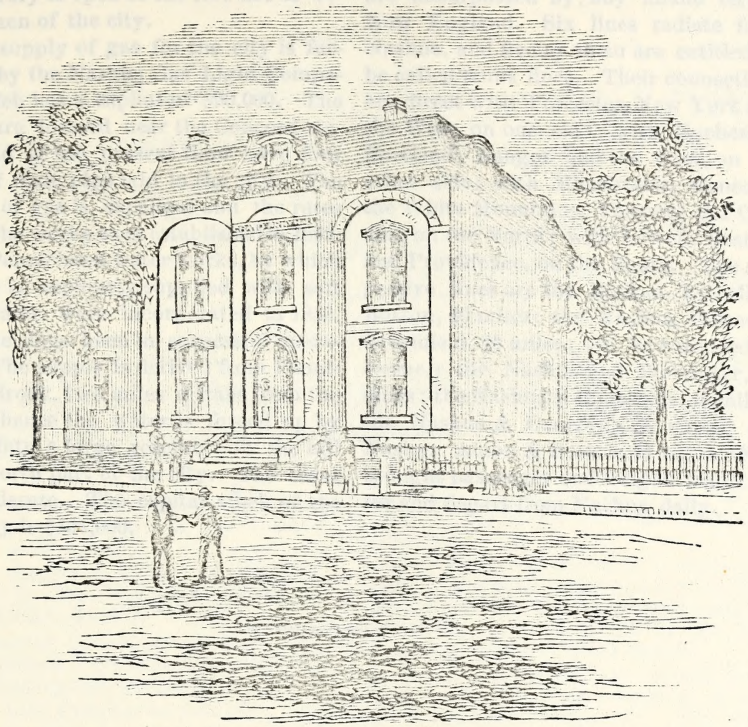
J. D. Otterson & Co., iron founders, began business in 1858. The business was established by Hon. J. D. Otterson, on Water street, in the shop formerly occupied by the Lock Co. At that time he employed 14 hands and did a business of $15,000 a year. He remained on Water street until July, 1866, when he removed to his new works, located on the Worcester & Nashua Railroad, near Quincy street. In January, 1871, Mr. J. P. S. Otterson, Mr. J. K. Hosford, and Mr. Geo. W. Otterson were admitted to the partnership under the firm name of J. D. Otterson & Co. They now employ 50 hands, and do a business of $0,000 a year.

The Francestown Soapstone Works were located here in 1867, and are in successful operation. They make all patterns of Stoves, Table and Wash Bowl Tops, Register Frames, etc., all from the celebrated Francestown Soap Stone. Employ 25 hands. Sales, $100,000 annually. Williams & Co., proprietors.

In 1870 the brick factory of Gregg & Hoyt was erected for the manufacture of doors, sash and blinds. The manufacture of furniture by Fletcher, Webster & Co. has risen from a small beginning in 1862, to its present extent, occupying three large buildings at the south end, employing 80 hands, and doing a business of $100,000 annually. The Novelty Works, near by, Fletcher & Atwood, proprietors, manufacture fancy bird cages and toy furniture. This branch of industry was begun in Nashua four years ago. The large factory on Main street, at the south end, is occupied by Crain & Moody, manufacturers of shoes, who located here in 1874, coming from Manchester.

The Nashua Card and Glazed Paper Company manufacture glazed, plated, enameled and embossed papers, and ticket, Bristol and printing card board, and have extensive works on the Nashua, near Main street. This business was started in Nashua twenty-five years ago, by Messrs. Charles T. Gill, O. D. Murray, Charles P. Gage and John H. Gage. In a year thereafter Virgil C. Gilman purchased the interest of John H. Gage. It grew into two concerns, which were consolidated in 1869. It gives employment to 150 hands, with a paid up capital of $100,000. Orlando D. Murray is Presient, and Horace W. Gilman is treasurer.

George W. Davis & Co., J. J. Crawford, A. H. Saunders, and Flather Brothers are machinists, a branch of industry that has long been carried on in Nashua with success. There are many minor interests in the city, among which may be mentioned Rufus Fitzgerald, belt manufacturer; S. S. Davis, paper box maker; A. H. Dunlap & Son, seedsmen; L. E. Burbank, suspender manufacturer; Chas. Holman, wholesale confectioner and manufacturer; John Osborn, manufacturer and retail confectioner; American Sheep



NASHUA PUBLIC LIBRARY.

(ERECTED, 1866.)

Shearer Company, (Messrs. Earl, Blunt Priest and Smith, proprietors,); Nashua Bed and Batting Company, (Towne & Cross, proprietors,); Nashua Cement Drain Pipe Works, S. D. Chandler, agent.

The schools and schoolhouses of Nashua are justly its honor and pride. The high school building is the finest edifice of the kind in the State. In it are located the high school, with a corps of four teachers, and one of the grammar schools, also with four teachers. This edifice was completed in 1874, and cost $100,000. In the solidity of its construction, beauty of architecture and completeness of appointments it is all that could be desired. There are three courses of instruction afforded by the high school, namely: business, English and classical. The "Mount Pleasant" grammar school is a noble building on the finest location in the city. It was erected in 1870, and cost $50,000. It has a fine hall in the third story; grammar school in the second, and middle and primary schools in the first. The Main street school house is a substantial brick edifice, and in all respects one of the most valuable structures in the city. It is used for primary and middle grades. Altogether the city has 17 school houses, 47 teachers, and 1600 pupils. These schools are graded, and furnish 39 weeks of schooling throughout the year. Vocal music and drawing are among the branches taught in all the schools.

Nashua has one of the best public li-

braries in the State. It was established in 1868, and now embraces 6,000 volumes. It is located in the County Records building, and Miss Maria Laton is Librarian. The library is open to the free use of every citizen of the city.

The supply of gas for the city is furnished by the Nashua Gas Light Company, which has a capital of $90,000. The works are located near the Concord station, and at the present time have four miles of main pipe laid in the city. The quality of gas is excellent and the rates low. The works were established in 1853.

The Pennichuck water works, by which the city is copiously supplied with soft pure water, were incorporated in 1853, and have since been in successful operation. The supply is derived from Pennichuck Brook, two miles distant from the city, whence the water is forced up by pumps into a large reservoir on the hill in the north part of the city. The rates are moderate. The capital stock of the company is $135,000.

The admirable railroad map, given elsewhere, shows at a glance that Nashua is the centre of an extensive system of railroads. In fact its railroad facilities are unsurpassed by any inland city in New England. Six lines radiate from Nashua, and five of them are entitled to be called trunk lines. Their connections are direct with Worcester, New York and the West, on one side; with Rochester, Portland, Bangor and the East, on the other side; with Manchester, Concord, the White Mountains, Vermont and Canada, on the North; with Lowell, Boston, and Providence, on the South. The respective lines are the Nashua, Lowell & Boston, 40 miles; the Nashua, Wilton & Greenfield, 26 miles; (to be extended to Keene,) the Nashua and Worcester, 46 miles; the Nashua & Rochester, 48 miles; the Nashua & Concord, 36 miles; the Nashua, Acton & Boston, 41 miles. Forty-eight passenger and freight trains enter and depart from Nashua daily.

He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill,
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will.

Like as a plank of driftwood
Tossed on the watery main,
Another plank encounters,
Meets, touches, parts again—
So, tossed and drifting ever,
On life's unresting sea,
Men meet, and greet, and sever,
Parting eternally.

STATE RECORD.

—The valuation of Dover for 1877 is $7,256,026.80.

—Manchester paid $38,950 last year in salaries to teachers.

—The Coos Mutual Fire Insurace Co. is about to wind up its affairs.

—Mrs. M. S. Brown has been appointed postmistress at Canterbury.

—A halibut weighing 223 lbs. was recently caught off Hampton Beach.

—A new ten thousand dollar schoolhouse is to be built at Ashland.

—A new bank—the "Second National" —has been orgainized at Manchester.

—Judge Spofford, recently elected U. S. Senator from Louisiana, is a Gilmanton boy.

—A portrait of Gov. Chency has been added to the collection in the Council Chamber at Concord.

—Rev. Robert Collyer of Chicago, preached in the Unitarian Church at Keene, Sunday, June 3.

—Claremont boasts of an eight-year old boy, named Levi A Judkins, who is a proficient telegraph operator.

—Mrs. Lois Fletcher of Newport, will be 98 years old in August. She retains her faculties in the fullest degree.

—Prof. J. Warren Thyng, the well known artist of Salem, Mass., is erecting a summer residence at Plymouth.

—Secretary Evarts was in Concord to attend the anniversary exercises at St. Paul's School, where he has a son.

—The aggregate circulation of the weekly papers of this State is about 90,000, or more than one to each voter.

—C. Coffin Harris, Chief Justice of Hawaii, is a native of Portsmouth, and has recently been visiting in that city.

—The history of Dartmouth College, an octavo volume of about 500 pages, by B. P. Smith, is nearly ready for publication.

—Woodsville is a thriving village. A new brick block, 50x100 feet, is to be erected there this season, besides other buildings.

—The graduating class at Dartmouth College this year, numbers fifty-four members. Their average age is 22.7 years.

—The 100th anniversary of the adoption of the Stars and Stripes as the national ensign, is to be celebrated at Portsmouth on the 14th inst.

—Prof. Quimby of Dartmouth has been appointed one of the board of visitors to attend the annual examination at the Naval Academy.

—The ladies of Claremont are engaged in raising money for the purchase of headstones for the unmarked graves of soldiers in that town.

—In an old building, recently taken down in Tamworth, which was built 70 years ago, the first nails made in New Hampshire were manufactured.

—Woodbury Langdon of New York, a great grandson of Gov. Langdon, has bought the Burroughs estate in Portsmouth, which he will fit up as a summer residence.

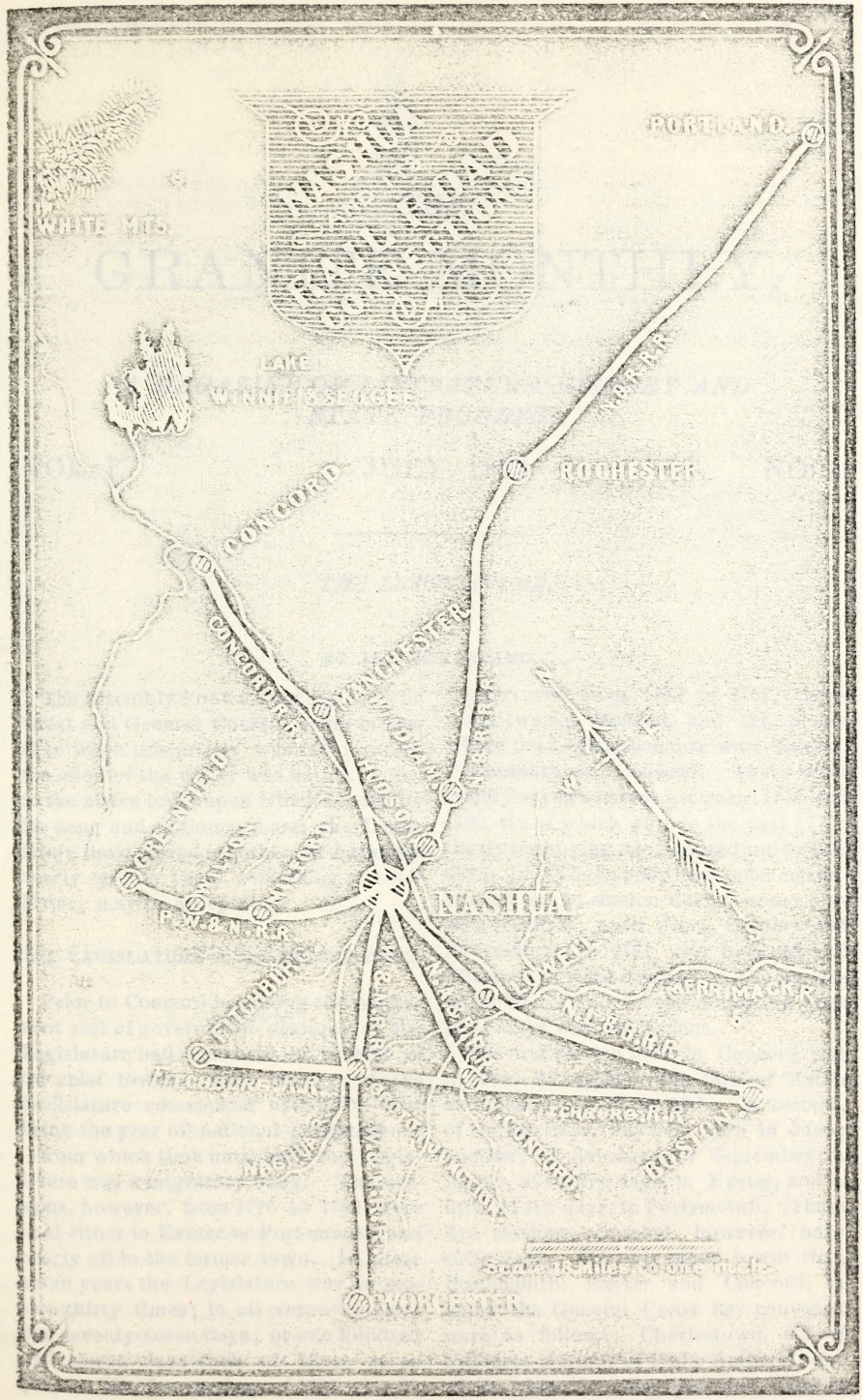
—Col. Nathan Huntoon of Unity is the oldest Free Mason in the country, having been a member of the Fraternity over 74 years. He was 95 years of age last March and is now in good health.

—Alvin H. Johnson, the Bristol wife murderer, is the fifth murderer of his class in the State within six years who has been let off with a State Prison sentence, instead of being hung in accordance with his deserts.

—The Cocheco Mfg Co. at Dover recently fitted up a reading-room for the use of their employees, and now the Great Falls Mfg Co. propose to "go them one better," and fit up two rooms, one for the males and the other for females.

—It is expected that this session of the Legislature will witness a spirited contest over the question of granting an amendment to the charter of the Portland and Ogdensburgh Railroad, so as to allow connection with the Vermont Division at Dalton.

—Amos S. Alexander, Esq., formerly a lawyer of Concord, who will be remembered as a vigorous political orator in the campaign of 1856, died in Chicago on the 9th of May. He was a member of the law firm of Merriam & Alexander, and had resided in Chicago for several years. Mr. Alexander was a native of the town of Bow, practiced law at Fisherville and subsequently edited the Portsmouth Gazette.


PORTLAND
WHITE MTS.
LAKE
WINNIPISEOGEE
ROCHESTER
CONCORD
MANCHESTER
NASHUA
NORTHFIELD
CONCORD R.R.
NASHUA R.R.
NORTHERN R.R.
NEW LONDON R.R.
PEMBROKE R.R.
CONCORD R.R.
BOSTON
NORCESTER



THE

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THE LEGISLATURE.

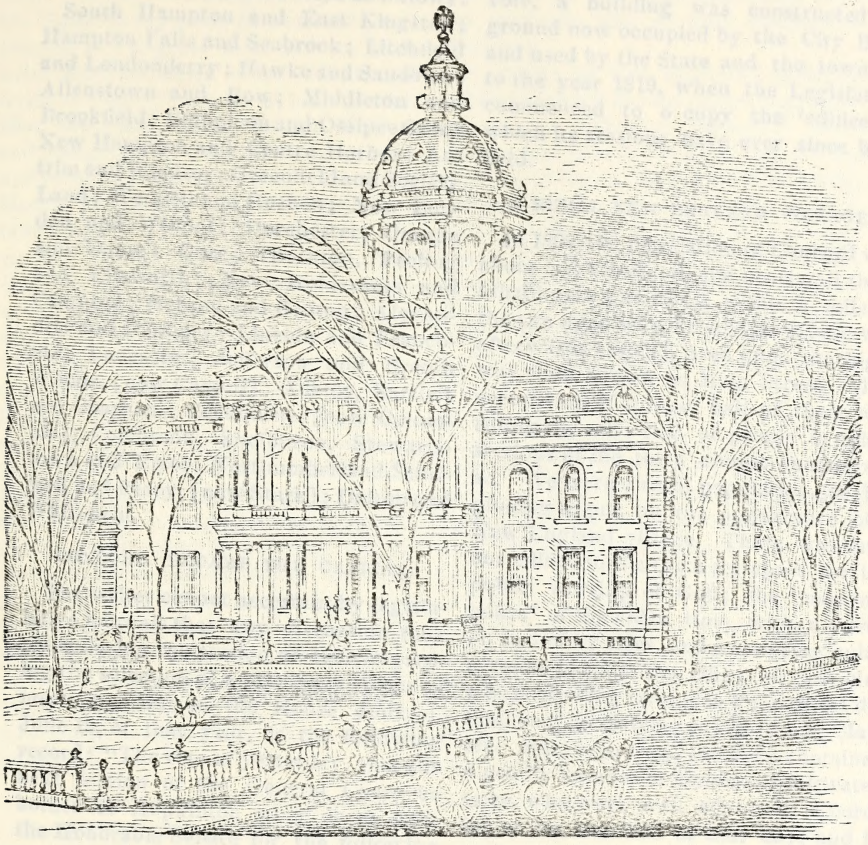
BY ASA MC FARLAND.

The assembly known long ago as "The Great and General Court," being in session when this article was commenced, the mind of the writer was naturally led to the above topic upon which to employ his pen; and as Concord and the Legislature have moved together in harmony nearly seventy years, something of their history may be acceptable.

THE LEGISLATURE A MIGRATORY BODY.

Prior to Concord becoming the permanent seat of government, sessions of the Legislature had been held in several of the chief towns. This history of the Legislature commences with 1776—that being the year of national independence—from which time until 1808, the Legislature was a migratory body. The sessions, however, from 1776 to 1782 were held either in Exeter or Portsmouth, and nearly all in the former town. In those seven years the Legislature was in session thirty times; in all seven hundred and seventy-seven days; or one hundred and eleven days each of those seven years. The five sessions of 1781 were in Exeter, and, from 1782 to 1787, there were twenty sessions, and the places where the Legislature met were Exeter, Portsmouth and Concord. There were twenty-seven sessions between 1776 and 1782, six of which were in the year 1777; the six occupying one hundred and twelve days. In 1780, the body now under consideration was in session during some portion of March, April, June, October and December. In 1781, one hundred and fifteen days were devoted to the service of the State, and in the following year sixty days were thus spent.

The first session held in Concord was in 1782. It began on the 13th of March and terminated on the 27th. A second, of sixteen days, was held here in June; another, of five days, in September; a fourth, of twelve days, in Exeter, and a fifth, of ten days, in Portsmouth. These five sessions occupied, however, only sixty days. The only other towns than Portsmouth, Exeter and Concord, in which the General Court has convened were as follows: Charlestown, one of the three sessions of 1787; Amherst, one of the three in 1794; Hanover, sixteen



STATE CAPITOL.

days, in 1795, and at Hopkinton in 1798, 1801, 1806 and 1807.

NUMBER OF MEMBERS.

The Senate has always, from 1792, consisted of twelve, and the House, from early times, has been an assembly in which the people were fully represented. But it is not possible to determine, from the printed Journals of the early years in this century, of precisely how many the popular branch consisted, and utterly so to designate the towns members whose names appear in the yeas and nays represented, for the towns were not given, as is now the invariable practice. The Journal of the House for the June session of 1802 commences as follows: "Upwards of one hundred and fifty members met agreeably to the Constitution," etc. In 1803, the yeas and nays on a certain question were declared to be 70 to 68. In 1808, 87 to 75. In another case, the same session, 95 to 64. The House Journal of 1809 contains the names of members and the towns they represented, and the six counties into which the State was then divided were represented as follows: Rockingham, 43 members; Strafford, 29; Hillsborough, 37; Cheshire, 33; Grafton, 26, and Coos 4. In all, 172.

REPRESENTATION OF TOWNS.

In 1812, Portsmouth had three Representatives, and Dover, Gilmanton and Concord, two each; all other towns, one

each, except in cases requiring the formation of classes, which were as follows:

South Hampton and East Kingston; Hampton Falls and Seabrook; Litchfield and Londonderry; Hawke and Sandown; Allenstown and Bow; Middleton and Brookfield; Effingham and Ossipee Gore; New Hampton and Centre Harbor; Antrim and Windsor; Greenfield and Society Land; Wendell and Goshen; New London and Wilmot; Dorchester, Orange and Dame's Gore; Thornton, Peeling and Ellsworth; New Holderness and Campton; Hebron and Groton; Alexandria and Danbury; Lincoln and Franconia; Lancaster, Jefferson and Breton Woods, [now Carroll]; Adams, Bartlett and Chatham; Cockburne, [now Columbia], Colebrook, Shelburne, Stewartstown and Errol; Northumberland, Stratford and Percy, [now Stark]; Dalton and Whitefield.

CONCORD BECAME THE CAPITAL.

The writer cannot ascertain by legislative journals that any discussion took place during the session of 1807, regarding the selection of a permanent place of meeting. But in the House Journal, June 19, of that year, is the following record: "The vote of yesterday, that the next session of the General Court be holden at Hopkinton came down from the Honorable Senate for the following amendment: '*that the word Hopkinton be erased, and Concord inserted*,' which amendment was concurred in;" and, "*Voted*, That Messrs. Ham, Sweetser, Odell, Quarles, Fisk, Miller, Edgerton, Buffum, Webster, and Bedell, with such as the Senate may join, be a committee to wait on His Excellency the Governor, and inform him that the business of the present session is finished, and that the Legislature are ready to be adjourned to the last Wednesday of May next, to meet in Concord."

That the people of Concord, a long time before the above procedure, entertained the expectation that the Legislature would, at some time, cease being a migratory body, is probable; for on the 30th of August, 1790, they "*Voted*, To raise one hundred pounds for building a house for the accommodation of the General Court." In consequence of that vote, a building was constructed on ground now occupied by the City Hall, and used by the State and the town up to the year 1819, when the Legislature commenced to occupy the edifice in which its sessions have ever since been held.

A RURAL NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE.

In 1808, the population of Concord was about two thousand, and nearly all those inhabitants who dwelt within a mile of the site upon which the State House was afterwards erected, lived upon the highway since known as Main Street. The occupation of at least half of them was tilling the soil; that of people in other sections of the town almost exclusively so. We were a rural population, just beginning to put on the appearance of a New England village. There was only one edifice in the town set apart for the public worship of God; the "meeting-house" of the olden time, with a porch on two of its sides, and a towering spire, surmounted by the effigy of that bird whose crowing reminded Peter of his delinquency in denying his Lord and Master. But, even then, the town contained a goodly number of families of cultivated taste, who were well educated, according to the standard of that day, and in easy pecuniary condition. There were then several taverns along Main Street, each, however, of limited capacity, and a member of the Legislature resorted for entertainment to private houses. "Taking Court boarders" was then the practice in a large number of families; not so much, in some conspicuous instances, for pecuniary gain, as to enjoy the society of distinguished gentlemen in the Legislature. In these hospitable abodes was often found the best society of that day. Governor Langdon was a boarder in the family of Deacon John Kimball; Governors Gilman and Smith made the mansion of Hon. William A. Kent—the same where General Lafayette tarried, while here two days in 1825—their home when in Concord; and these chief magistrates were associated in their boarding places with other gentlemen in high social and political position. Hon. John Bradley, him-

self once a member of the Senate, and Hon. Thomas W. Thompson, Speaker of the House in the years 1813 and 1814, and Senator in Congress from 1814 to 1817, entertained members of the "Great and General Court;" and at a later period, Hon. Isaac Hill, John George, William and Joseph Low, entertained Governors and prospective Congressmen. Jeremiah Mason, Daniel and Ezekiel Webster, and other lights of the early part of the present century, made domestic dwellings their abiding place when in Concord. Such was the custom of the times; and there yet remain people amongst us who relate with much satisfaction the agreeable occurrences in their parent's houses, when politicians, wits, clergymen, lawyers and others, of a now long gone period, were inmates of those habitations. The drift into the public houses of Concord is of comparatively modern date; utterly unknown during the period here under consideration. In early days, members of the Legislature came to town in their own vehicles or upon the backs of their own horses; put those animals out to pasture, and the owners, in many instances, did not return to the towns they represented until the close of the session.

THE ELECTION SERMON.

From 1784 to 1831—both years included—sessions of the Legislature were preceded by public religious services in some meeting-house, where the session was held; a discourse being delivered by a clergyman appointed by the Governor. Those were occasions of the utmost "pomp and circumstance," and such of them as took place in Concord are in distinct remembrance by people who still live. The Governor and Council, the Senate and House of Representatives, many clergymen, walking by themselves, two and two, gentlemen in the various positions of life, preceded by martial music and a military corps, all on foot, with a miscellaneous crowd on the sides of the street as spectators, proceeded to the ancient and then only meeting-house in Concord. The number of people in that ancient, spacious and well remembered house during those religious services was very great; and when all had become composed for the exercises of the day, the spectacle was of very impressive character.

PREACHERS OF THE ELECTION SERMON.

The following are the names of preachers of the "Election Sermon:" Rev. Messrs. McClintock of Greenland, (1784), Belknap of Dover, Haven of Portsmouth, Langdon of Portsmouth, Noble of New Castle, Ogden of Portsmouth, Evans of Concord, Morrison of Londonderry, Wood of Weare, Rowland of Exeter, Peabody of Atkinson, Gay of Dover, Payson of Rindge, Burnap of Merrrimack, Woodman of Sanbornton, Hall of Keene, Porter of Conway, Paige of Hancock, Miltimore of Stratham, Bradstreet of Chester, McFarland of Concord, Rowland of Exeter, Shurtleff of Hanover, Beede of Wilton, Bradford of Francestown, Holt of Epping, Sutherland of Bath, Dickinson of Walpole, Merrill of Nottingham West, [now Hudson], Allen of Hanover, Howe of Claremont, Bradford of New Boston, French of North-Hampton, Tyler of Hanover, Cooke of Acworth, Ellis of Exeter, Williams of Concord, Bouton of Concord, Moore of Milford, Crosby of Charlestown, and Lord of Hanover, [1831.]

DISCONTINUANCE OF RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

In the House of Representatives, June, 1831, Benjamin M. Farley, Esq., of Hollis moved that a committee be appointed on the part of the House to select some person to preach the Election Sermon. Charles F. Gove, Esq., of Goffstown, moved that the resolve of Mr. Farley, be indefinitely postponed; which motion prevailed, 107 to 81; and so the ancient custom was abolished, after its observance for forty eight years. Thenceforth, the assembling of the Legislature has been of less remarkable character than under the old order of affairs. Only in exceptional cases has there been a military parade, and in some instances, Governors elect have passed, with no other escort than the committee of the two houses, from their boarding place to the Representatives' hall, and been quietly inaugurated.

THE SPEAKERSHIP.

The Speakership of the House of Representatives, under the State, as under the Federal Government, is a position of much responsibility, of delicate and arduous duties, and no inconsiderable power and influence. Especially when we consider the fact that the New Hampshire House of Representatives is the largest legislative body in the country, and that it is made up, each year, of a large proportion of members entirely without experience in legislative business, yet fully conscious, and even jealous of their rights as representatives of the sovereign people, it is apparent that in order to the satisfactory discharge of the duties of this office the Speaker must be a man of keen discernment and rare tact, as well as sound judgment and decision of character. Yet, of the numerous individuals who have occupied this position in the past, there have been few, if any, who have failed to give general satisfaction, both on the score of ability and in impartiality, (except, perhaps, in times of intense partisan excitement) while many have distinguished themselves in a high degree for the able, judicious and popular manner in which they have performed their duties.

Since the adoption of the Constitution of 1792, forty-nine persons have held the office of Speaker of the House of Representatives in this State. These, with the years for which they served, are as follows: 1793, Nathaniel Peabody; 1794, John Prentice; 1795 and 1796, Russell Freeman; 1797, William Plummer; 1798 to 1804, inclusive, John Prentice; 1805 and 1806, Samuel Bell; 1807 and 1808 Charles Cutts; 1809, George B. Upham; 1810, Charles Cutts; 1811 and 1812, Clement Storer; 1813 and 1814, Thomas W. Thompson; 1815, George B. Upham; 1816, David L. Morrill: 1817, Henry B. Chase; 1818 to 1820, inclusive, Matthew Harvey; 1821, Ichabod Bartlett; 1822, Charles Woodman; 1823, Andrew Pierce; 1824, Andrew Pierce and Edmund Parker; 1825, Levi Woodbury, Henry Hubbard; 1826 and 1827, Henry Hubbard; 1828, James Wilson, Jr.; 1829, James B. Thornton; 1830, Samuel C. Webster; 1831 and 1832, Franklin Pierce; 1833 to to 1836, inclusive, Charles G. Atherton; 1837 and 1838, Ira A. Eastman; 1839 and 1840, Moses Norris, Jr.; 1841, John S. Wells; 1842 and 1843, Samuel Swazey; 1844 and 1845, Harry Hibbard; 1846, John P. Hale; 1847, Moses Norris, Jr.; 1848 and 1849, Samuel H. Ayer; 1850 and 1851, Nathaniel B. Baker; 1852, George W. Kittredge; 1853, J. Everett Sargent; 1854, Francis R. Chase; 1855, John J. Prentiss; 1856 and 1857, Edward H. Rollins; 1858 and 1859, Napoleon B. Bryant; 1860, Charles H. Bell; 1861 and 1862, Edward A. Rollins; 1863 and 1864, William E. Chandler; 1865 and 1866, Austin F. Pike; 1867 and 1868, Simon G. Griffin; 1869 and 1870, Samuel M. Wheeler; 1871, William H. Gove; 1872, Asa Fowler; 1873, James W. Emery; 1874, Albert R. Hatch; 1875 and 1876, Charles P. Sanborn; 1877, Augustus A. Woolson.

Those at all familiar with the political history of the State and nation will recognize in this list of names, not a few that have become illustrious. It may, in fact, well be doubted if the roll of Speakers in any other State furnishes an equal number of names of distinguished reputation. Of the forty nine men enumerated, twenty two—nearly one half—occupied seats in the Congress of the United States, thirteen having been members of the Senate. Seven were Governors of the State, eleven Presidents of the State Senate and five Justices of the Supreme Court. One was a member of the Cabinet and a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, one a Minister to Spain, and one President of the United States. Many of them have occupied the

highest rank in the legal profession in our State, and several secured a national reputation as orators, jurists and statesmen. The names of Bartlett, Woodbury, Pierce, Hale and Atherton, indeed form a brilliant consellation, while those of Plumer, Bell, Harvey, Hubbard, Norris, Wells and Hibbard, not to mention many scarcely less distinguished, will be remembered and honored for generations to come.

Of all the men who have held the Speaker's office, but seventeen are now living. Of these, the eldest, as well in years as in time of service, is Gen. James Wilson of Keene, who presided in the house forty nine years ago, being at that time thirty one years of age. Gen. Wilson, although subsequently for a time a resident of Iowa and afterward of California, is now living at Keene, in the full enjoyment of his mental powers and as high a degree of bodily vigor as is usual for men of fourscore. He has held a seat in the Legislature more years than any other man now living, sixteen in all, his first year being in 1825 and his last 1870. He was elected a member of the Thirtieth Congress, succeeding Hon. Edmund Burke of Newport, and re-elected to the Thirty-First, from which he subsequently resigned to go to California.

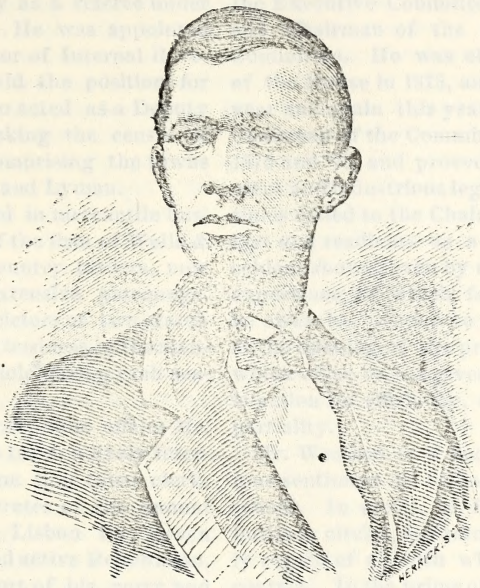
Second in order among the Speakers now living is the Hon. Ira A. Eastman, now resident in Manchester, formerly of Gilmanton, who held the office forty years ago, being then about thirty years of age. He was chosen a member of Congress in 1839, serving four years in that body, and was subsequently for ten years, from 1849 to 1859, an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the State. Judge Eastman is still in excellent health, active and vigorous as most men of fifty, and manifests a lively interest in public affairs.

Dr. George W. Kittredge of Newmarket, the third in order of our living ex-Speakers, occupied the chair just twenty-five years ago this summer. He was then in middle life, but is now in feeble bodily health, though his mind is yet clear and active. Dr. Kittredge represented the First District in the Thirty-Third Congress, being the last member of the medical profession to occupy a seat in the national legislature from this State, although many of our ablest representatives in former years, including Bartlett and Thornton of the Continental Congress, had been members of that profession.

The immediate predecessor of Dr. Kittredge in the Speakership, Nathaniel B. Baker, who subsequently became Governor, died last year in Iowa, where he had resided for about twenty years, and had been largely in public life, rendering important services to the State as Adjutant General during the war of the Rebellion. His immediate successor, J. Everett Sargent, who was subsequently President of the Senate, an Associate and afterwards Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, still remains upon the stage of active life, and is a prominent member of the present Legislature. Mr. Sargent's successor, Francis R. Chase, died last year.

Of the fourteen incumbents of the Speakership since 1856 all are living, with the single exception of Wm. H. Gove, all in active life, and all still residents of New Hampshire, except Napoleon P. Bryant, who is now practicing his profession of the law in the city of Boston.

Augustus A. Woolson, the present Speaker of the House of Representatives, is a native of the town of Lisbon, which he now represents, born June 15, 1835, being now, therefore, just forty-two years of age. The Woolsons are not a numerous family in this country. The name, in fact, is a very rare one, having, we believe, but a single representative in the Boston Directory, James A. Woolson, an active partner in the well-known firm of William Claflin & Co. All the Woolsons in America are the direct descendants of three brothers who came from Wales, and were among the early settlers of the town of Lunenburg, Mass., from whence their descendants have scattered over the country. Among the more prominent members of the family in New England are Amasa Woolson, of the enterprising and wealthy firm of Parks & Woolson, of Springfield, Vt., manufacturers of woolen machinery, and Prof. Moses



HON. AUGUSTUS A. WOOLSON.

Woolson of Concord, a successful educator of many years experience, and husband of the celebrated authoress and public lecturer, Mrs. Abby Goold Woolson.

Elijah Woolson was among the early settlers of Lisbon. His son Amos, father of the Speaker, has resided most of his life in that town, following the occupation of a tailor. Another son, E. S. Woolson, engaged in the same business at Littleton, where he became a prominent citizen and died a few years since. Still another, Theron Woolson, went West and settled at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, where he became distinguished in public life, was Mayor of the city and a member of the State Senate. His son, John S. Woolson, who was engaged in the Naval service during the late war, and was upon the Housatonic when blown up in Charleston Harbor, is now a leading lawyer of Iowa, and has been offered, but declined, an election to Congress.

Speaker Woolson's educational advantages were not extensive, his father's circumstances not being sufficiently easy to admit of his bestowing a liberal education upon his children, and even requiring their assistance in his work to some extent. He attended the district school until fourteen years of age, after which he worked in his father's shop for some time, but secured the advantage of a few terms' attendance at the Academies at Newbury, Vt., and at Meriden in this State. At the age of twenty-one he went to Minnesota, where he remained about two years, engaged in teaching school, as clerk in a store, and such other employment as he was able to secure. In two years, however, he had enough of Western life to satisfy him that the old Granite State was preferable as a residence, and he returned to his native town, where he has ever since resided.

Mr. Woolson has been engaged for many years in a general office business at Lisbon, as a notary public, conveyancer, pension and claim agent, etc., acting generally as a trial justice, when the services of such an officer are needed in town, and frequently as a referee under order of the Court. He was appointed an Assistant Assessor of Internal Revenue in 1862, and held the position for eight years. He also acted as a Deputy U. S. Marshal in taking the census of 1870, his district comprising the towns of Lisbon, Littleton and Lyman.

In 1872, he engaged in mercantile business as a member of the firm of Wells & Woolson, general country traders, now commanding an extensive patronage. They are also proprietors of two starch mills, and do a large business in the manufacture of that article during each season.

In town and general public affairs Mr. Woolson has always taken a lively interest. He was for some time town clerk, and has been moderator of the annual town meetings in Lisbon for eleven years. A decided and active Republican, earnest in his support of his party and prompt in the use of all legitimate means to insure its success, he has not, however, engaged in the unscrupulous and dishonest measures which frequently disgrace the politics of these latter days. For several years past, the recognized leader of his party in his town, he has naturally come to be active in conventions and general party management. He has served for some time as a member of the Republican State Committee, and was in the last campaign a member of the Executive Committee of that body, and Chairman of the Grafton County Committee. He was elected a member of the House in 1875, and re-elected last year and again this year. He served as Chairman of the Committee on Claims in 1875 and '76, and proved himself an efficient and industrious legislator. Several times called to the Chair, he developed a tact and readiness as a presiding officer seldom shown, even by members of long experience, to which fact, in the main, he owes his election to the Speakership at the opening of the present session, in which office he has given the highest satisfaction for efficiency, courtesy and impartiality.

Mr. Woolson is a bachelor. In religious sentiment he belongs to the liberal school. In social, as in public life and business circles, he commands the friendly regard of all with whom he comes in contact. In the prime of early manhood, with an active temperament, clear perceptions, a good practical judgment, laudable ambition, and enviable distinction already attained, he may well look forward to an honorable and successful future.

THE GOLDEN HOUR.

Society, like every organization, passes through various phases of development. In the first, or savage period, it is wedded to physical force. The man is right who has the strongest arm. Brawn and muscle are the only "weight of evidence," the only judge or jury. Horatius proves himself superior in physical strength to the Alban champions and is esteemed a hero forever after.

Thus it was in the beginning. The moral force had little or no recognition. Hence it came that woman in those ages was looked upon as an inferior or a slave. She was not created for the purpose of self-culture and self-development; she was made to serve man and to perpetuate the race; for this and this only. Such is the verdict of the barbarian,—a verdict which every stride of the moral force leaves farther behind.

Those who fear that any innovation in woman's present position will destroy the peace of home, should have lived in those old days when there was the most perfect unity between the sexes. Then every man had this one theory of woman's sphere, and every woman accepted

this sphere without question or demurrer. But civilization has passed that plane where strength of limb is looked upon as the only mark of honor. The giant is a myth; the pugilist has fallen into contempt. The hero of the past beheaded the enemy, tortured the infidel, exterminated the weak. The hero of the present time does not oppress the lowly, but uplifts him; does not burn the heretic but converts him; does not slay his adversary, but dies for him.

The grand promise of the present age is its determination to recognize principle. The rights of the individual are being every day more accurately defined, more extensively granted.

Every soul shall be its own guardian; shall decide its own wants, relation and mission, with only such restrictions as shall insure no infringement on the rights of others. Such is unmistakably the verdict of our times.

This, therefore, is the Golden Hour for woman. Man has spoken for her in the past; she may now be permitted to speak for herself. Man has spoken for her. What he said as a barbarian, we have seen. In the ages succeeding, one might expect to find grander words. Let us come up nearer the present, to Teutonic literature, which is recent, and what does he say here? Search the record and you will find him appealing to nothing higher than her love of his approbation.

I speak not in bitterness or anger. It were as wise to rail that the plant was once beneath the soil. Sunlight has caused it to leave and flower, and simple growth likewise has carried the race through the unconsciousness of its embryonic state. Truly, no woman has reason to murmur that the savage and the half-civilized held her sex as of little worth.

"Ah! but here is the humiliation," some one may argue, "that she has been dumb through all the ages. She has neither made history nor written it. She can boast of nothing but her obedience to man; she therefore has proved herself worthy of no better place than the one he has assigned her."

I warn you not to impeach God's methods. You remember that the organism destined for the highest uses is slowest in developing. Woman has remained longest in the obscurity of childhood. This promises well for her future. It surely is not to be regretted that as a child she held the state of tutelage to be normal and proper.

Let her therefore no longer bewail her infancy. It was a necessary phase in her development; an experience required to secure to her ultimately the greatest perfection. But time has increased her stature. The days of her childhood have gone by. She is of age. She no longer needs man's protection, only as he needs hers. The relation is mutual now. Equality, not subordination, is the word she delights to utter. But the influences of the past are around her. What has long been common usage cannot be put away entirely and at once. Habit causes her to doubt her insight. Man, too, would bind her to old customs. But the die is cast; there is no turning back. Old dogmas are denied; any theory of her status which may be presented is stormed with the batteries of criticism. The old is losing ground and passing away, while there is augury on every lip as to what will take its place.

At the present time there are as many different theories as to woman's relations and needs as there are different heads. It is always thus when society is in a transition state. The unity characterizing the old order of things is succeeded by that diversity which attends every reform.

The strife is actual and earnest. There is crimination and recrimination; there is charge and countercharge. The stagnant conservatism of the past and the progressive aspiration of the present are fairly met. Let us count the chances. Let us consider on which side stand the probable victors.

The conservative affirms that woman must keep silence in the church, but already she is ordained of man to preach the gospel. He says she must not heal the sick, but in all our great cities we find her in successful medical practice. He thinks she would debase her womanhood should she attempt to expound the

law; but already she is admitted to the bar. He tells her that eloquence belongs only to his sex, but she has arrayed a multitude of facts against this assumption. He believes she can find proper occupation only in the kitchen and the nursery; but to-day we see her winning an honest competence in many of the arts and trades. He contends she must not hold office, but even now she is engaged in government service. He argues that suffrage would unsex her, but she has been known to cast a ballot without loss to her womanhood. He grants that she has a heart, but deplores her want of logic, while she interprets for him the Declaration of Independence, a document lately perplexing.

He is of little faith. Though he sees he will not believe. He will say to you: "I know there are women outside the ordinary sphere of their sex, but these are exceptional. The mission of the whole can in no particular be decided by these isolated cases. Every age has had its pre-eminent women, whom some great event or some unusual circumstance has called to act a part in the drama of public life. Their course, therefore, was legitimate and proper, though they can by no means be held up as the representative of their sex."

Such are the words of our conservative friend, but the world moves on. The "exceptions" of which he speaks are fast becoming as numerous as the sands of the seashore.

The times are full of hope. They prophecy grand things for the coming woman. Indeed, they prove she is already among us and in the unmistakable language of action is affirming her sphere to be world-wide. She has opened the doors of culture. She has taken the keys of the workshops. She has donned the badges of labor. Within the memory of my readers what changes has she wrought for her sex. Within the last decade even more women have sought occupation outside the kitchen and the nursery than within any preceding century. One hundred have already begun the study of the law; one hundred more are on the platform; ten times that number have learned to feel the pulse; some are in the pulpit; some in the government service; while those in the trades and in other employment unusual to their sex, are too numerous to mention. A new census will be required to give their number.

These may be "isolated cases," but assuredly there are enough of them to set all womanhood aflame with ambition!

Parents cannot give their daughters generous culture and expect them to have no aspiration but to do housework and dream of a future husband. Husbands can no longer expect educated and talented wives to sit down by the nursery fire with every purpose of their girlhood absorbed in bibs and shirt buttons. Women have done great things whether married or single. What has been can be again.

"But the children will be neglected," cries the irrepressible fossil. Facts are against him. Approved usage contradicts his words. It will soon render them obsolete. A mother has been known to earn bread for the household and thereby save the children from neglect. Nay, sometimes she has brought to her very hearthstone the work which our opponent has claimed should be done only by his sex, and with the compensation for this "unwomanly" employment secured to her family comfort and culture. She has won laurels, too, and their shadow has been a benediction falling on the baby's forehead.

Indeed, it would seem that woman is in no danger of being unsexed so long as she is true to herself. When she acted the part of sea captain, she has not been held the less feminine; when she has rescued men from the ocean, the world has applauded with eyes moist with sympathy. Whatever she has done in the spirit of self-trust, she has done well. Whenever she has acted from self impulse, she has acted the genuine woman. Whether this be a woman after the approved masculine pattern we cannot say, nor does it matter.

She was made first for God; therefore should she obey Him as He speaks to her through her wants and her aspirations.

AFTER AWHILE.

BY HELEN M. RUSSELL.

A little white cottage enclosed by a neat picket fence, and half concealed from view behind tall maples, the walk leading to it from the narrow gateway, bordered on either side with lovely flowers, and standing near the front-door, on the left as you approach the house, a large white rose bush now in full bloom, is the scene to which I wish to present you, kind reader. The door stands wide open to admit the cool, summer breeze, and near the door are seated two ladies, one apparently somewhere in the vicinity of forty years of age, the other not yet twenty.

The elder lady is dressed in a suit of gray, made very plainly, with snow white linen collar, fastened with a small gold pin. The nut brown hair, with here and there a thread of silver, is combed smoothly back from the high forehead, and coiled at the back of the head. The blue eyes look mournfully away toward the distant hills, which arise on all sides as far as the eye can reach.

Those dear old New Hampshire hills! There is nothing on earth so dear to my heart, as those same old hills, amid which I have watched the sun rise in the east, and go out of sight behind lofty mountains in the west, so many, many times. The beautiful forest of maples interspersed with hemlock, spruce or poplar, or the tall, majestic pines, which send forth their melancholy, dirge-like music, are to be seen on either hand, while afar off in the distant pastures can be heard the occasional lowing of cattle or bleating of lambs.

Everything is very quiet just now—so quiet that the younger lady growing weary of the monotony, rests her golden head against the back of the arm chair in which she is seated, and closing her blue eyes, settles herself for a quiet nap.

She is very lovely, perhaps not what one would style beautiful, but sweet and modest, reminding one of some wayside flower.

Her hair I have already said, was of the color of gold, and it was drawn back from the child-like face as plainly as possible, which was not very plainly, it must be confessed, for it would curl and wave about the forehead, in spite of comb or brush, and it was confined at the back of the head by a blue ribbon, where it fell, a golden shower of ringlets, down over her shoulders. Her dress is of pure white, with a knot of blue here and there, and she looks very lovely as she sits there, all unconscious of the pretty picture she is making.

Alice Merton is the name of the little lady, and the sad-faced woman by her side is her aunt Lizzie Merton, a maiden lady and owner of the pretty cottage. Two years previous, Alice's mother had died and her father soon afterward took his only child, Alice, or as she was usually called, Allie, to his sister Lizzie's snug little home, and leaving her, had set out on a journey to Europe where he still remained.

Although Allie had always lived in a large city, she was very happy here, and had no desire to leave the quiet country home where we now find her.

Through the trees you can see the spires of two churches, and also the academy, which Allie had attended the greater portion of the time since her arrival in L———. It is vacation now, and she is prepared to enjoy it in earnest, for the young people of the village have planned picnics, parties and rides innumerable.

After a time, with a yawn, she rises from her seat, and says to her aunt:

"Aunt Lizzie, what are you dreaming about? I believe I have been sound asleep for I don't know how long, and

wake up to find you in the same position you have been in for the last hour, at least. Do please wake up and tell me a story."

With a smile the lady turns to her niece and replies—

"What shall it be, Allie! I don't think I know any stories."

"Let it be a story of your younger days, auntie. Ah, I have it, tell me why you never married."

Into the blue eyes of the lady there came a sudden rush of tears; but Allie intent upon getting a hassock and placing it by her aunt's side, does not notice them until she has seated herself and rested her head on the lady's lap, when a single tear falling upon her face causes her to exclaim in astonishment—

"Why, Aunt Lizzie, what is it? I did not mean to hurt your feelings. I am so sorry," she said, caressing the little hand which she held in her own.

"Nay, Allie, you have not wounded my feelings, but I am feeling sad to-day and your words only brought back to my mind more forcibly the cause of my sadness. I have been thinking for several weeks of telling you the little story of my life, for I fear you need a little lecture on flirtation, and the simple reason why I never married will answer for a lecture, I think."

Allie's face flushed slightly as she replied—"

"I don't see the harm in flirting just a little, auntie. I enjoy the company of the young men, and I do not *mean* any harm. Of course, I must go to walks or rides as the case may be, but I do not see any harm in that. If I were always to remain at home I should not enjoy life at all. I am not so very bad, am I auntie?"

A loving smile chased away for a moment, the shadows resting on the lady's face as she answered fondly—"

"No, Allie, dear, I do not think you mean any harm, but for all that much harm may be the result; but listen to my story and then you can judge whether it be right for you to flirt at all. As you well know, Allie, my father died when I was quite young, leaving mother and Austin—your father—and myself in comfortable circumstances. The large farm was all paid for, and money in the bank beside, so although we missed him greatly and mourned for him sincerely, we were not wanting for any thing which money could purchase. Mother hired the work done, and we lived thus for several years, until my seventeenth year, when she sold the farm and bought this cottage.

I attended school and enjoyed life thoroughly, sometimes teaching in the summer season for the pleasure of it, for teaching seemed to be my particular forte, until my twenty-second year.

Your father, I have neglected to say, left home soon after our removal to this place, and after two or three years, during which time he attended school, he entered the store in which he afterwards became partner, after a time married and settled nicely in life.

I had always been called very good-looking, and received a great deal of attention, so much, in fact, that my silly head was completely turned. I did not stop to think that my wealth had any thing to do with the homage I received, but supposed my good looks and agreeable manners, were the attractions. I was a decided flirt, Allie. I cared for none of the beaus that hovered around me, and I have since had cause to be very thankful that my wealth was the great attraction with most of them, for less harm was done than if it had been otherwise. At length, I reached my twenty-second year. The academy was built the following summer and made ready for the Fall term, which opened in September. In July preceding, I received an invitation from your father to visit him, and in company with himself and your mother, take a journey to Saratoga, returning by the way of the White Mountains. I accepted the invitation with much pleasure, and after a few weeks of enjoyment, reached home again in fine health and spirits. What was my surprise to learn that mother had taken the principal of Maplewood academy to board.

My uncle, Winslow Austin—mother's only brother—had been living with us a great portion of the time for three years, and it was principally on his account

that mother had consented to receive the gentleman into the family. I was almost vexed at first, but soon I grew to admire him more than any one I had ever met. Somehow, I could not flirt with him. I had no desire to, in fact, and often when in his company I would find myself completely at a loss for words in which to carry on a conversation. It was something very strange, for I had always before found myself equal to all emergencies. I will try and describe him to you, Allie.

He was quite tall and rather slender, but not so much so as to mar the beauty of his form, which I then thought to be almost perfect. His eyes were black and his hair a very dark brown, and as curly as your own sunny locks, Allie. He was always rather sad and I often used to wonder if he had ever experienced any serious trouble. You ask me his name, Allie, but it has not passed my lips in many years. I will call him George Town, for that will answer as well as his true name, for you never saw him and probably never will. I will not dwell upon the many happy hours we passed together, when busy with my worsteds and he reading aloud from some favorite book of poems, I would lose my strange reticence and discuss with him the beauties of style and sentiment, until uncle Winslow or mother would enter the room and bring me back to the realities of life again.

I had not even thought that school must soon close, until one morning at breakfast, George addressed mother saying—

"Mrs. Merton, after this week I shall not be permitted to sit at your pleasant table, as my duties as teacher end in L——— next Friday."

I cannot describe to you my feelings, Allie. I paused in the act of raising a glass to my lips and turned my eyes toward his face, only to find him intently watching me. The knowledge that I loved him, suddenly burst upon me with an almost overwhelming force. I arose from the table with the rest, and somehow managed to talk and laugh even more than usual, but the dread feeling was at my heart all the time, and the words, "he is going away," ever ringing in my ears. All through the day I could hear them, and toward the close of the afternoon I threw a shawl over my shoulders and took a stroll off to the woods where we went the other day.

The trees were all bare, and as I entered the wood, the leaves rustled beneath my feet and the November wind sighed through the leafless branches over my head so mournfully, that at last overcome by my trouble and the gloominess around, I sank down among the rustling leaves and wept bitterly. I felt so humiliated that I had given my love away —unasked and unsought—that, that in itself was enough to cause me bitter pain, while the thought "he is going away," would return ever and anon, causing me to weep faster than ever.

At length I grew calm, and arising to my feet, I sought for and soon found a little rivulet, where I bathed my flushed face, and then walked slowly toward home. It was nearly dark when I arrived, and George himself met me at the door.

"Lizzie, I was just going in search of you, for your mother was becoming alarmed at your absence," said he taking my hands in his, with a tenderness peculiar to himself.

I laughed gaily, for he had never called me Lizzie before, and my spirits had revived wonderfully as I replied, that I had been bidding good bye to the grand old woods, had taken my last walk in them for that season, and was not aware it was so late until I had started for home, which was all true enough so far as it went.

"I fear you have taken cold, Lizzie," said he, tenderly, as he opened the door for me, which led to the cosy dining room, where tea was awaiting me.

Half an hour later, I entered the sitting room and seated myself on the sofa, listening to George, who was playing on the piano. He was a fine musician and I never wearied listening to him. After awhile, he arose and approaching me, said—

"Lizzie, will you allow me to sit beside you and tell you a story?"

Of course I assented, and drawing a

chair near me—the very one you vacated a few moments ago, Allie—he sat down and told me the story I was so longing to hear.

He had spoken to my mother, won her consent, and now awaited my own, which, of course, I did not withhold, and when at last I sought my room I was perfectly happy as his affianced. One thing had troubled me, at first, which was this—

He had loved before, and the sweet, young girl had died on the day that was to have been her bridal. I say this had troubled me at first, but I was assured that George truly loved me, so I made up my mind never to think of that matter again, but to be as happy as if it had never been. The week passed as all weeks will, and when he left us, he made me very happy with the knowledge that when spring came, he would return as principal for the Spring term at the academy.

I will not weary you with details, Allie. The spring came and passed, and when he left me it was decided that in the fall he would return and make me his wife and assistant teacher, and so it would have been, had I not ruthlessly thrown away my own happiness.

In July, Dr. Hugh Ellis came to L—— and commenced practice. Mother, whose health had been failing for some time, was taken suddenly ill one day, and I went hurriedly for our family physician, Dr. Lane, but to my sorrow, found him absent. I was returning sick at heart, when I met Dr. Ellis. I asked him to return with me to see my mother. He did so, and although he soon relieved her, it was weeks ere she was able to be about the house again, and so every day the Doctor's horse and carriage could have been seen at the gate, and at length I discovered it was not altogether to see mother that he came, but it was rather on my own account. Then, all my old love for a flirtation came back to me, Allie—

I should be married in the fall and this was my last opportunity, so why not improve it, I questioned. I supposed he knew of my engagement, however, so I let matters take their own course until I was awakened to my true position by a proposal from the young physician.

I see you are astonished, Allie, and no wonder you are so. I had not intended matters to go so far as that, and I asked him if he did not know I was engaged. He knew nothing of it, and his anguish was terrible. I wept bitterly over my misdoings, but could do nothing to right the great wrong that had been wrought.

Meanwhile, letters came to me every week from George, and I was beginning to count the weeks that must elapse ere I should see him, when I one day received a very heavy letter, which I hastened to open, expecting a greater treat than usual, for his letters were always very interesting, not silly love letters, merely, but always full of good sound sense and manly sentiment. I can repeat his letter, word for word, for it seemed scorched on my brain with the first reading. It ran thus:—

"LIZZIE MERTON:

When I asked you to be my wife, I thought I was asking a good, true woman. I find I was mistaken, and although finding you out has caused me bitter suffering, I rejoice that I have not been permitted to marry a coquette. If you do not know to what *particular* flirtation I refer, the letter enclosed from my dearest friend, Hugh Ellis, who will explain all to your satisfaction.

Not even respectfully, yours,

GEORGE TOWN.

I read the long letter which Dr. Ellis had sent him, through, and with my heart all torn and bleeding as it was I could not help pitying him. He was not to blame, for he never knew George Town cared for me, for, for some reason I never understood, George had never mentioned my name to him, although they corresponded regularly. I had no recollection of ever hearing George mention Dr. Ellis' name, but mother said she knew they were acquainted.

A brain fever followed, and in my ravings, Dr. Ellis learned the truth. Dr. Lane called him in as counsel, and seeing his face must have brought back to mind the terrible anguish I endured ere I lost my reason, for mother said I had never referred to it before. However that may be he discerned all and like the true and noble young man he was, he tried to effect

a reconciliation, but George was firm, and I have never seen or heard from him since. I can not enquire for him, and although Dr. Ellis and I are very good friends and have been for years, his name is never mentioned between us.

And now, Allie, do you think you ever wish to flirt with Dr. Ellis or any one else again? You have known him for years, for your father and he have long been warm friends, and as you know, he often visited at your old home. I have seen the affection he felt for you as a child gradually assuming a different form. If you can return his love, I shall be very glad, but I do not wish to urge you. Do you think you ever can, Allie?"

There was no response but a subdued sob, and looking down, Miss Merton found Allie weeping bitterly.

"Do not weep, Allie, but let me tell you this. Unless you care for Dr. Ellis do not encourage him. He is now nearly forty-five years of age and I hardly suppose you can care for a man so much older than yourself. It has been very hard for me to tell you this little story, but I was resolved to do it. Dr. Ellis cares for you more than you think for, so be very careful.

Now go and bathe your face, and we will go to walk and try and throw off these gloomy thoughts my story has called up," continued the good lady as she raised the flushed face from its resting place.

The days passed rapidly away. Picnics, parties, rides, etc., followed each other in rapid succession. Nearly every day, if pleasant, was passed by the young people in pursuit after pleasure. As has already been seen, Dr. Ellis admired the pretty Allie, and his admiration was fast verging into love.

It had been a long time since he had called at the cottage, although he had met Allie at the picnics, for no picnic or party was thought complete without him.

At length, as Allie sat reading one afternoon, she heard a rumble of carriage wheels, and looking up from her book, she saw the doctor just driving up to the gate. A flush dyed her face as she arose, and, passing out of the door, walked leisurely down the flower-bordered path to the gate. It had always been her wont to run lightly forth to meet him, for she had always regarded him as an elder brother, and had never thought of him in the light of a suitor. Now, her aunt's words came back to her and she raised her eyes to his face with an eager, questioning gaze, as he came forward with outstretched hands to greet her.

Certainly he did not look his age, for the shining jet-black hair was guiltless of a silver thread, and his long, wavy beard was as black as his hair, while he always wore a pleasant smile, and his brown eyes ever beamed kindly upon all.

"Truly, he is a better-looking middle-aged gentleman than he was a young one" said Lizzie Merton to herself as she glanced through the sitting room window. "I wish Allie might care for him, for he would make her very happy," sighed the lady as her thoughts went back into the past which had been so full of sorrow for her.

"I am going to ride with the Doctor, Auntie," said Allie, as she re-entered the sitting room.

"Very well, my dear," was the reply and then Allie was gone again. A few moments later Miss Merton saw the Doctor assist her to a seat in his carriage, spring in beside her and drive rapidly away. Out through the village and away towards the south he drove. At length checking his horses and turning with a smile to his companion, he said:

"Allie, I would like to know why you look so serious to-day, will you tell me? Several times of late, when you look at me, I have noticed that you seem to be very busily engaged in thought. Do you see that I am growing old and feel sorry that I must soon become an old man, or what is it?" he asked, smiling down into the upturned face by his side.

"You growing old, Dr. Ellis! I have never thought of such a thing. I don't know as I can tell you and it would not interest you if I could," she replied.

He was silent for several moments and then he said softly—

"Allie, if I were not so old, I should ask you a question to-day; can you imagine what it would be?"

The delicate face by his side turned pale for a moment, then flushed rosy red, but she made no reply.

"Allie, I must tell you how dearly I love you," he continued, taking one of the slender hands in his own.

"I never realized until to-day, how dear you are to me. Can you care for me just a little?" he asked eagerly.

To his surprise, she burst into tears and wept as if her heart would break.

"I have frightened you, and I am very sorry—please forget what I have said, my child," he said, tenderly. "I am too old to talk of love to you," he continued, after a pause.

"Oh, Dr. Ellis, I like you, indeed I do, but I never thought you cared for me like this, until the other day, when Aunt Lizzie said I must not flirt so much, and then she told me all about her own trouble and that is why I have looked and acted so differently, I suppose. And —and—she told me I must not encourage you, unless I cared for you, and I don't know whether I do or not, and that is the truth," said the frightened little creature, not daring to raise her eyes to her companion's face.

"Thank you for being so frank with me, Allie, and thanks to your aunt for telling you to avoid the misery she caused herself," said he, gravely. "I want you to think of what I have said and weigh it well in your mind. You may have a month in which to make your decision and in the meantime, I want you to remember, that although I once loved your aunt, very dearly, I long since outgrew that love, and that I never cared for any one as I can care for you, if you will allow it," and he raised the hand he still held to his lips.

With all the innocence of a little child, Allie murmured softly, "I do like you very much indeed" whereupon the gentleman seemed to take courage, for the look of sadness vanished from his face, and a joyous smile took its place.

He then changed the conversation to the objects of interest by the way, and after an hour's ride, turned his horses homeward. Just before they reached the cottage, Allie said slowly, as if half afraid to ask the question—

"Where is the gentleman, that aunt Lizzie was to have married? Is he living?"

"Yes, Allie, and I expect he will visit me in a few weeks," he answered.

"Oh, do you? What is his true name? Aunt would not repeat it."

"It is Walter Montague, and he has never married, but I believe he still loves your aunt. He has been in Europe for several years. A few months ago he met your father and learned, to his astonishment, that Lizzie had never married. When I wrote, asking him to forget the letter I had written, which had caused so much trouble, his answer was that I was never to mention his name again, and of course I never did. I hope that all will come out right in the end. Please do not mention this to your aunt. Your father and Walter will arrive at the same time."

They had reached the gate and the Doctor sprang lightly from the carriage and assisted Allie to alight, murmuring as he did so, something that brought the color to her cheeks and an undefinable look into her blue eyes, as she hastened up the path to the house.

Aunt Lizzie met her at the door with a smile, and saw the flushed face and downcast eyes, but she apparently took no notice of it, for which favor Allie was very grateful. She hurried away to her room, for she desired to be alone, where she could think of all that had occurred and to ask herself if she really cared for the noble man, so much older than herself, who loved her so dearly.

She was very quiet, and not at all like herself, when, in answer to the summons from Susy, the maid, she took her seat at the tea table, and after the meal was over, hesitatingly followed her aunt to the sitting room. Instead of taking her accustomed seat at the piano—for she usually passed an hour or so there after tea—she drew her favorite chair to the window and sat gazing out with the same abstracted look, while her aunt, who sat silently regarding her, thought within herself that her sweet little Allie was no longer a child; that she had suddenly developed into a woman.

At length Allie arose and drawing a hassock to the feet of her aunt, seated

herself and blushingly told her little story.

The lady heard her through, and then said, as she laid her hand caressingly on the golden head—

"Allie, my child, do you think you care for him?"

"Yes, auntie, I know I do, but he is so much older than I, and he cared for you, so many years ago, that, oh auntie, I wish I could have always staid a little girl, and he could be just the same kind friend he has always been to me and no more," she said sadly.

Long and lovingly did her aunt talk to her, and when at last she sought her couch, she sank to sleep to dream that Dr. Hugh had married her aunt Lizzie, and that she herself was a "little girl" again at play with her dolls and kittens.

The days passed on. Dr. Ellis called nearly every day, and Allie found herself very lonely if a day passed and he did not come, and when after a while a whole week passed without his calling, she owned to herself in the snug privacy of her own room that she was almost miserable.

However, when at length he made his appearace with a suitable apology, she grew very cheerful and went with him to the gate, and allowed him to kiss her hand and call her "dear Allie," when, after an hour's stay, he left her to call on his numerous patients. It was very sickly just then, and he cautioned her gently to keep away from the village, where the typhus fever was raging so fearfully

She was making up her mind to say "yes," when he should come for his answer at the end of the month, and she was gradually becoming very happy in the knowledge that her old friend was to become her husband.

One day, she accidentally learned that a poor family in the village were suffering for want of nourishment to restore them to health and strength again, and so she stole away, when her aunt was busy in her own room, and with her basket laden with delicate food, suitable for the sufferers, she hastened on her errand of mercy.

It was true that they were all getting better, but somehow she caught the infection, and when the day came that she was to have given her answer to the doctor, he was bending over her unconscious form, together with Lizzie and the distracted father, who had arrived to find his daughter ill, "nigh unto death." The days passed slowly. At times it seemed to the anxious watchers that she had almost passed through the dark valley, but the best of care, and the many fervent prayers that were offered in her behalf, won her back to life once more, and on a lovely morning in October, we see her again resting in her favorite arm chair, in the cosy sitting room, looking like a ghost of her former self, but watching with a happy, contented face, the two gentlemen who are approaching the house with her father. One, the Doctor, the other, Walter Montague, who upon entering, came directly to her side and spoke so cheerfully and pleasantly to her, and who turned so eagerly to Aunt Lizzie when she entered the room looking so young and happy, in spite of the anxious, weary hours passed by the sick bed of her niece.

Perfect happiness, reader,—if there really be such a thing this side of Heaven —will do much toward bringing back to us our lost youth, and certainly Lizzie Merton looks ten years younger than when we last saw her. She had at last met the reward her many years of patient waiting had merited.

I say patient waiting, for although she had never realized that she was watching and waiting for him, she did not seem at all surprised when Hugh Ellis had brought him to the house on the morning when they had become assured that Allie would live, and had taken her hand and placed it in Walter's, saying as he did so—

"I parted you two, years ago, though not intentionally. Thank God, I have lived to see the day, Lizzie, when I can give you back your lost lover, who has always been true to you, as you have been in your heart to him."

And now they were happy once more and were only awaiting the time when Allie's health would admit of the bustle nearly always attending weddings, to be made one for the remainder of their lives.

After a few moments passed in general conversation, Hugh Ellis approached Allie and taking one of the slender, wasted hands in his own, he said tenderly—

"Allie, are you going to make me as happy as your good aunt is making Montague?"

For answer, Allie raised her blue eyes swimming in tears to her lover's face and aswered softly—

"Hugh, papa says you brought me back to life when all the rest thought me dead. I loved you very dearly before, and I am so glad to know that it is to you, under God, I owe my life, that I will give it into your keeping and try to make you happy, if I can."

Reader, shall I say more? I might tell how Allie grew stronger each day, and how on New Year's morning, there was a double wedding at the cottage, but my story is altogether too long and I will close.

There is a great deal of happiness in this world, after all, reader, and we should be very thankful that it is so, though, perchance, you and I do not find what seems to be our share, but let us hope that whether in this world or the world to come, we may find it "After Awhile."

POET'S CORNER IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

BY PROF. E. D. SANBORN.

[This article is given in place of the regular historical article by Prof. Sanborn, which, on account of the pressure upon his time of duties in connection with Commencement exercises at Dartmouth, he was unable to prepare.]

Scott, in Marmion, speaking of Westminster Abbey, says:

"Here, where the end of earthly things
Lays heroes, patriots, bards and kings,
Where, stiff the hand and still the tongue
Of those who fought and spoke and sung;
Here, where the fretted aisles prolong
The distant notes of holy song,
As if some angel spake again,
'All peace on earth good will to men.'"

England's "sea-girt isle" contains no monuments more precious than these. The Southern Transept is known as "Poet's Corner," the most sacred and venerated spot in the whole abbey. Chaucer, the first great poet of England, died in 1400 in London, where, in old age, he came to arrange his affairs and set his house in order for his approaching end. He is said to have uttered on his deathbed, in great anguish, the "good counsel," which closes in these words:

"Here is no home—here is but wilderness.
Forth, pilgrim; forth, O beast, out of thy stall!
Look up on high and thank thy God of all.
Control thy lust; and let thy spirit thee lead;
And truth shall thee deliver; 'Tis no dread."

Irving, in the Sketch Book, says that "visitors remain longest about the simple memorials in Poet's Corner." The immortal bards there commemorated are the friends, teachers and companions of all cultured men of all ages and climes. Chaucer leads the sleeping host. His ashes have been once removed; but have never been dishonored. He remained alone, in his glory, for more than a century and a half. Spenser was the next poet, buried near to Chaucer. He died in 1599. Beaumont, Fletcher, Jonson and, probably, Shakespeare, were among his mourners in the funeral procession. Beaumont was next buried in the same place; and it was intended to lay the remains of Shakespeare near his friends; but the plan was frustrated, possibly, by the anathema contained in his epitaph, written by himself, against any one who should "move his bones, or dig his dust." His dust remains in his original tomb in Stratford upon Avon. Ben Jonson objected to placing Shakespeare by the side of Chaucer and others, saying:

"Thou art a monument without a tomb
And art alive still, while thy book shall live,
And we have wits to read and praise to give."

Drayton was next honored by a burial in Poet's Corner. He was renowned in his days for a poem called "Polyolbion," which was then regarded as a divine work. Not a century elapsed before he was forgotten. When Goldsmith read his name, he exclaimed: "Drayton! I never heard of him before." The lines on his monument, ascribed to both Jonson and Quarles, show how his contemporaries esteemed him:

"Ruin shall disclaim
To be the treasurer of thy fame,
His name that can not fade, shall be
An everlasting monument to thee."

Ben Jonson soon followed the man he so generously eulogized. Before his death he asked King Charles I, for "eighteen inches of square ground in Westminster Abbey." He is thought to have been buried in a standing posture, and this request is adduced to prove his purpose. The inscription—

"O, rare Ben Jonson"

is said to have been cut for eighteen pence, at the charge of a friend of the poet named Jack Young. As late as 1849, when the grave of Sir Robert Wilson was opened near the monument of Jonson, the superintendent of the work affirmed that the loose sand of Jonson's grave, rippled in like a quicksand; and that the bones of the legs were standing upright and the head with some red hair upon it, fell down from above to the bottom of the new grave.

Several other poets, some of them distinguished in their day, others having no claim to the immortal honor conferred upon them by their tombs, followed Jonson and preceded Dryden. Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, reared his monument. Many inscriptions were prepared, but a very simple one was finally adopted. Pope suggested this:

"This Sheffield raised: the sacred dust below
Was Dryden's once—the rest who does not know?"

John Phillips, an ordinary poet, was buried in Poet's Corner in 1708. He was an admirer of Milton, and the patron who composed his epitaph, pronounced him second only to Milton:

"Uni Miltono secundus, primoque pœne par."

Bishop Sprat, then Dean of Westminster, had the offensive allusion erased, because he would not allow the name of the regicide Milton to be engraved on the walls of Westminster Abbey. Bishop Atterbury, his successor, though a Tory, four years later, restored the line. After the lapse of four more years, the criticisms of Addison, in the Spectator, made Milton so dear to the English people, that his bust was set up in the abbey. How fickle is public opinion. One day, hosannas rend the air, another, the cry of "Away with him." In the case of the blind old bard, the order was reversed and the insult came first in time. Addison sleeps near his beloved Milton's bust. His monument was not erected till 1808. Pope choose to be interred in Twickenham. He resembled nobody else in body, mind or estate. He was always unique in all that he said or wrote or did. Of the proposal to lay his body in Westminster Abbey, he wrote:

"Heroes and kings your distance keep,
In peace, let one poor poet sleep,
Who never flattered folks like you:
Let Horace blush and Virgil too."

He took more pleasure in this repulse of the proffered honor than others enjoyed in the anticipation of it. When old Sam Johnson, a few days before his decease, was asked where he would choose to be buried, he replied with conscious dignity: "Doubtless, in Westminster Abbey."

The three greatest geniuses of the generation that preceded ours, Burns, Scott and Byron were buried in other places. The last named poet was excluded by the guardians of the abbey, and public opinion sustained their verdict. The same English people are now rearing a public monument to his memory. His vices are already forgotten and his surpassing genius alone remembered. Envy is sometimes extinguished by death and time. "Extinctus amabitur."

A long list of men of letters lengthens the catalogue of those buried in Poet's Corner. Macaulay, Thackeray and Dickens close the records of the men ennobled by genius.

WRECKED.

BY WILL E. WALKER.

Alone, the last of all his crew,
The captain stands upon the deck
Of his staunch ship that hides, within
Her hold, the treasure which has been
The goal and prize he sought; at last
Through months of danger, toil, and care,
Had reached and won. Yet well he knew
How much 'twas still exposed to wreck,
From ocean's hidden caverns, vast,
From Death's foul minions, yet unpassed,
Around him in the poisonous air.

A gleaming sunset throws its rays
Aslant the ship, so long becalmed;
Unruffled, lies the treacherous sea,
As if upon its breast, unharmed,
The smallest boat might pass its days,
Nor dream that storms might ever be.
The heaven above is cloudless, bright
With splendor of a tropic sky,
As to her palace in the West,
Fair Vesper leads the day to rest,
While from the East the shades of night
Steal o'er the waters silently.

Alone, with stern and haggard face,
The captain stands, and ponders well
His fate: if Death may yet be braved,
If he may yet his story tell
To those who wait him; and if, saved,
His treasure shall make glad their life.
Or must he in the resting-place
Where lies his crew, give up the strife?
Or find that all the wealth he grasped,
Was soon to be as worthless dust;
And Hope, a phantom—sought, and clasped,
And gone? Could such a doom be just?

Oft', dreaming in his toil, he seemed
Again within his far-off home,
He felt the land-breeze on his cheek,
He saw the ocean break in foam
Upon the pleasant well-known beach,
And held those dear ones in his arms,
Who now were far beyond his reach,
And who, perchance, in vain must seek
For him who thus had toiled and dreamed.

For here an evil, cruel fate
Had taken from him wind and tide,
Deprived him of his needful crew;
Far better with them to have died,
Than live beneath this sky so blue,
Despairing, helpless, desolate.

List! what was that? Was it a breeze
That rustled yonder drooping sail?
Again!—and now with eager hands,
The captain works, and Hope commands.
All sails are spread, nor does he fail
To place a signal, mast-head high,
For help, should others passing by,
See him afloat upon the seas.
From out the sepulchre of death—
Which, greedy of the lives of men,
Devoured with pestilential breath
His comrades—slowly o'er the waves
The good ship moves, and at the wheel
The captain seems to see again,
Kind Hope, to guide his vessel's keel,
Where aid, both man and ship, shall save.

But see! the western sky reveals
Swift clouds, which toward the zenith fly
In masses, purple, black and gray,
As if to shut the light of day
Forevermore, from earth and sky.
The breeze increases, and its might,
The ship with dauntless vigor feels;
Faster she speeds upon her way,
Behind, the storm; before, the night.

A roar, a peal, and, from the clouds,
The tempest pours its fury down;
The leaping waves the fierce winds lash,
'Mid thunder-bolts which flash and crash,
Then darkness, like Jove's wrathful frown,
The fated, storm-tossed ship enshrouds.
Her sails are scattered far and near,
But on she leaps from wave to wave,
While at the wheel, with desperate grasp,
Stands one, unmoved by hope or fear,
Who waits until an icy clasp
Shall bear him to a sailor's grave.

He looks straight onward; on and on
The ship is driving, and the surge
Of mighty billows mocks the strength
Put forth in vain, till Fate, at length,
Decides the struggle and their doom.
O'erwhelmed, engulphed, enwrapped in gloom,
Down to the depths the ship has gone,
The roar of winds and waves its dirge.

In yonder harbor there is calm,
A golden sunset o'er the hills
Illumes the sky with changeful glow,
Which shines on land and sea below,
With wondrous beauty; quiet fills
The little sea-port, save the flow
Of wavelets on the beach, and rills
Whose murmurs are its evening psalm.
And one looks out upon the sea,
And wonders when a ship will come,—
So long expected; then with fright,
Recalls the dream of yester-night;
The sinking ship, the haggard face,
And ghostly eyes that haunt her still,
And cries to Heaven, "Can it be true?
Shall love and hope thus have their due?"
But years must answer; Heaven is dumb,
And works its own almighty will,
In ways that mortals cannot trace.
Thus one is waiting by the sea,
While fades the golden, sunset light,
While from the East, the shades of night
Steal o'er the waters silently.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.

BY REV. SILAS KETCHUM, PRESIDENT.

This Society was the out-growth of a previous organization, of a strictly private character, called THE PHILOMATHIC CLUB, formed at Hopkinton, Nov. 19, 1859, for social enjoyment and literary improvement; and whose membership was limited to seven. In the lapse of years these members became dispersed into five different states. Once at least, each year a meeting was held, at which so many as could be were present. Nearly all were men of liberal education and of literary pursuits. Common proclivities of mind and taste induced them to collect whatever fell in their way that was unusual and curious. Without any design, but by common consent, these articles were brought to the meetings and deposited in the club-room at Hopkinton. This process went on for fourteen years. In 1872, the head-quarters of the Club were established at Contoocook. The collection of curiosities began to attract attention. Visitors to examine it were frequent. Most of these thought of something they could add to it, and thus it was constantly increased. Without attempting a speciality of any kind, gradually Indian implements and remains, and the obsolete appliances of a historic past in New England life and industry, began to assume the more important place. Many samples of the clumsy tools and rude contrivances of our ancestors, the uses of which were known to the present generation only by history and tradition, began to appear in the collection. The donation also of some curious books and papers had formed the nucleus of a library.

By the end of 1872, it became apparent that the Club must either cease this kind of work, or enlarge its membership, in order to meet the expense of accommodations for its growing collections. But these had already become of interest and of some value. Besides, "use doth breed a habit in us." With the prosecution of

the work had grown the love of it. Moreover, the beginning made had tended to enlarged and confirmed ideas of what could be accomplished by diligence in this direction. It was seen that much might be done to preserve the knowledge of things long out of use, and of methods once prevalent and necessary, but now superseded and abandoned. The experiences and situation of this generation are peculiar. So rapid have been the changes "within the memory of men still living," that the "time can not be measured by the flight of years." We have lived in the transition period of American affairs. Probably in no other age of history will a single life connect periods that are so remote from each other. Persons not very aged can remember a condition of society, in which methods of industry and commerce, and domestic habits obtained, as foreign to our present almost, as those of Sweden and Russia. "Old things have passed away; behold, all things are become new." Reckoned according to the average of progression in former times, the aged men of to-day in New England, have lived five hundred years.

It is certain that in dress, fashion repeats itself, approximately. Garments out of style are liable to be in style again. But this can not be said of the implements of toil. They are never laid aside until supplanted by better. Once laid aside, they will never be taken up. Economy of time, material and muscle forbids it; and our avarice and our ease induce obedience. Out of use once, out of use always. Our farmers will never again break flax or swingle tow. Our girls will never turn the wheel or beat the loom. It will never pay, and so it will never be. Almost numberless things employed by our fathers in the shop, in the field and in the home, will be matters of curious interest to our children's children, and their fathers will with difficulty explain to them their use.

And our American habits are peculiarly favorable to the rapid destruction of all useless things. Reverence for the past is not a conspicuous national virtue. The "associations which no gold can buy," must be a very unmerchantable commodity. Every farm is in the market. Every man is ready to "move." Continuity and locality seem to be no part of the American idea of home. And every removal greatly reduces the number of useless things. In the third generation only a few samples remain of articles found in every home in the first. Whoever then shall gather, classify, describe and render accessible a collection of the domestic appliances and inventions of the early generations of a State, will not be thought at the end of a hundred years to have rendered a useless service to history.

In our own State no other effort had been made toward such an object. The field seemed large, fruitful, unoccupied and inviting. To cultivate it profitably, seemed to demand only diligence, perseverance and discretion, with the funds requisite to carry on the work. Accordingly, at the annual meeting of the Club, July 22, 1873, a committee was appointed to consult with men of prominence and skill in similar pursuits; and to frame a constitution suitable to the new form and position contemplated by the society. On the 19th of November following, this committee reported in favor of the change; presented a draught for a new constitution; and thus, on the Fourteenth Anniversary of its formation, the Philomathic Club was dissolved "by unanimous consent," and the New Hampshire Antiquarian Society organized in its stead. The disadvantage of locating a State society in a village ten miles distant from the capital was not overlooked. But its location is not fixed by law, and is subject to the will of the majority. On the 2d of July, 1875, the society was incorporated by act of the Legislature.

At the time it was dissolved, the Philomathic Club had on its catalogue 1200 numbers. Besides these, which formed the basis of a museum, it had a few hundred volumes of books, about an equal number of pamphlets, about 3000 newspapers and several hundred engravings. The objects of the Society were cordially endorsed by gentlemen of culture and prominence in various parts of the State, and its endeavors have been seconded by all classes of citizens. Additions are

made almost daily. Contributions are frequently received from remote parts of the State, and from New Hampshire men living in other States, of whose existence the managers were before unaware, and people often address the Society, describing articles, curious and time-honored, which they wish to have preserved by the Society.

The Antiquarian department proper of the Society's collections embraces pieces of rare old furniture, table, culinary and kitchen implements, agricultural and mechanical tools and contrivances of ancient make, articles of costume and personal ornament of "ye olden tyme," Indian relics and implements, the arms, accoutrements and uniforms used in the old wars, coins of every kind, and depreciated paper currency, and family heirlooms that have become venerable and precious by age. The Society does not undervalue that peculiar interest which attaches to whatever has been owned or used by persons or families of historic renown. But its primary purpose and design is to collect, arrange and exhibit whatever will best illustrate the methods, implements and products of the industrial life of our ancestors, without regard to the social standing of the original or subsequent owners. In other words, to group together in our collection whatever seems likely to afford interest or assistance in the study of comparative archæology. To this was added a department of Natural History, including geology and mineralogy; and a Historical department, embracing the collection of books, pamphlets, newspapers and manuscripts. Of this latter division of the Society's work, and of the scope and method of its procedure in the prosecution of it, an account will be given in the next number of this magazine.

Altogether, the success of the enterprise has far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of its founders. Aid and contributions have come from most unexpected sources, and an interest manifested in its work, that demonstrates more clearly than any hypothesis, the existence of that public want which the institution was intended to meet. The number of visitors has been upwards of 500 annually, since the collection was opened. The Society occupies four rooms, with a floor area of 918 square feet and with 863 linear feet of shelf-room, and these are already so crowded as to demand an enlargement of accommodations at once. The Society hopes to be able to secure or erect a building suited to its wants, at no very distant day. The necessity is clearly seen by the members, and its accomplishment will be undertaken as soon as a reasonable expectation of success will warrant it.

The past year has been one of unusual fruitfulness to the Society, particularly its library; owing to the receipt of books, pamphlets and manuscripts from the library of the late Hon. Horace Chase, who was an honorary member, and took a deep interest in the Society's affairs; and from the estates of several other deceased friends of the Society. By a statement of the Treasurer, made on the 4th of July, 1877, the additions made since the 16th of July, 1876, were: Books 738; Pamphlets 3038; Manuscripts 306; Pictures 81; Newspapers in files or volumes 3140; Maps 12; Autographs 82; Natural History 70; Geology 190; Antiquities 184; Indian Implements 34; Coins and Currency 428; Military 11; Foreign 38; Total 8352.

The whole number of articles in the Society's collections at the present time, (July 5, 1877,) is as follows: Books 3195; Pamphlets 6700; Newspapers 10,087; Manuscripts 1932; Autographs 613; Pictures 588; Natural History 2199; Geology 1439; Antiquities and Relics 782; Indian Implements 258; Coins and Currency 1413; Military 172; Foreign 395; Total 29,773.

The regular meetings of the Society are on the third Tuesday each, in January, April, July and October. The annual meeting has thus far been the regular meeting in July, but will probably hereafter be in October. The Society is very democratic in its spirit, and invites correspondence and co-operation from persons interested, everywhere; and especially from natives and residents of New Hampshire.

LOUISA'S DELUSION.

BY ELLEN M. MASON.

"Please talk to me no more about it; I have thought of it, dreamed of it, cried and prayed over it, till I am nearly wild —and I have made up my mind that I cannot and will not be married."

They had left the dusty highway on their way home from church, that pleasant June morning, and were coming down the cool wood road, ornamented with three parallel strips of green carpet, over which the maple limbs interlaced. An occasional breeze shook off millions of water drops, left by the afternoon shower, and they fell, tinkling musically through the leaves, down into the masses of trailing wintergreen and soft moss. The moist Spring odor of ferns was heavy in the air, and here and there the white starry sprays of wild cherry blossoms appeared through the green twilight of the wood.

The youthful figures, moving slowly, arm in arm, down the darkening vista, fitted harmoniously into the scene. They were a fine looking couple, though John Andrews, with his erect, sinewy frame, fresh, open countenance, and thick, curling hair, was thought by most people at Andrews' Mills to be much the handsomer of the two. But, though not beautiful, there was a fascination about the girl's thin, dark face. With much of beauty about the broad, low brow, the delicate cheeks and slender round throat, it was the ever-changing expression in the large eyes and about the sensitive, mobile lips, that was so much more attractive than mere bright coloring or pretty features. She was excited now; her face bright and eager, and voice trembling, while her companion's usually calm face looked pale and troubled.

"Of course if you do not wish to be married, I shall not insist on it; you say you want to put it off; but, Louisa, I have a foreboding that if we postpone it now, we never shall be married," said the young man.

"If you really cared about ever being married, you would do as I wish, John, and not settle down so contentedly here."

"But, Louisa, I do not wish to go away. I like Andrews' Mills better than any other place I have ever seen. I was all ready to commence building our house, and I thought we should soon be so happy in it. Louisa, why can't you be contented?"

"I'm sorry you care anything about me," the girl cried passionately. "I was happy thinking over our plans at first, but as the time draws near, I am miserable; I dread the thought of being bound, and worse than all of settling down here." They were leaving the wood now, and the young man stopped where the lane joined the white sandy road, and sitting down upon a flat, mossy stone, drew his companion to a place beside him.

"Louisa, let us be fair and honest with each other; you are as tired of me as you are of everything else at Andrews' Mills. If you go away for two or three years as you say you want to do, you will be less willing to live here then, than you are now. You say I ought to go away too; but I do not wish to leave my home. I have done a good many foolish things for you, Louisa, but that would be the most foolish of all, and you would like me none the better for it. Tell the truth, dear, don't you want our marriage put off forever?"

"O, forgive me, John, but it is so, I do; I like you very much and respect you more than any one else in the world, for I know you are right not to be pulled about by me, but I don't want to marry you, and I want you to take back your ring and all you have given me, but, O, please do not hate me, nor think I have

treated you shamefully;" she pleaded, half frightened at the words she was saying, "I have wanted to tell you how I felt for a long time, but it seemed so cruel I could not say it, and I kept hoping the prospect would seem different to me, but now I know it never will."

"I have seen how it would be for a long time," he said, a half sullen look overshadowing the genuine pain in his face." "I wish now that we had been married two years ago, before you had ever been away from here."

"Sometimes I wish so, too, for that would have ended all the doubt and uncertainty; but still how unhappy we should both have been if I had regretted it. No, it is better as it is, and by and by you will marry some good girl who will be happy living at the Mills, and who will be very fond of you, and that will be much pleasanter than trying to please such an uncomfortable, unstable being as I am," said Louisa, trying to speak lightly, though tears stood in her eyes and choked her voice.

"You don't know how much you have been to me all these years, Louisa, else you could never speak like that. I have nothing to live for now, and I don't care what becomes of me. I mean to lead a reckless life, gamble or do anything I please, and enjoy myself the best I can."

Despite her sorrrow, Louisa could not resist a smile at the idea of phlegmatic John Andrews plunging into dissipation, but she only said gently, "O, no, you will make matters worse by doing any such foolish thing as that; but it is getting late, so I will say good bye. I did not tell you that I have answered an advertisement for waiters at Golden Beach; all the arrangements are made and I am going next week. Let us part friends; you are not angry with me?"

"No," he said, slowly rising to his feet, and taking the slender brown hand she held out to him, "and until you marry some one else I shall think you will some time marry me. You won't take that hope away from me. There is no one else in my way, is there?"

"No one, John." And then they said good by, with tears on both the young faces, and went their separate ways home.

That night, and for many subsequent nights, Louisa's pillow was wet with tears. Since she was thirteen, it had been considered settled in the two families that she should marry John Andrews on her twentieth birthday. He was a great favorite with her parents, both on account of his father's wealth and his steady, industrious habits. To them, it seemed a grand triumph that the only son of the richest man in the county, who might have his choice of a wife for miles around, should choose their daughter, who could bring him nothing but her own bright self. If they had known what Louisa was suffering and had suffered for months past, they would have considered her a fit inmate for an insane asylum. They could not understand the utter dissimilarity of temperament between the two; and she dreaded the upbraidings that would be showered upon her when they learned the course she had taken. But still harder to bear than that was the feeling of uncertainty as to the right of her conduct. Her mother had assured her that her doubts and fears were only natural and that once married, she would laugh at her foolish fancies. She had tried to believe this at first, but the feeling of repugnance at her marriage had grown stronger, till, in her passionate moods, death even would have seemed a relief. She pitied John, for she knew he loved her truly and well, but his threat of future wickedness did not trouble her. With keen perception of his character, she felt sure his grief would be of shorter duration than her own. She felt shame and mortification as she thought of the sneers and ill-natured remarks of which she would be the recipient, and clamoring conscience tormented her till she felt herself a very criminal. One drop of comfort she found, however. Her sister Elizabeth talked sensibly and encouragingly to her. "Not many girls would have had the courage to do as you have done. You know how people will talk, and father and mother will be furious. Of course, I should be glad to have you marry such a good man as John is, but you could never be happy with him feeling as you do, and you have alone right to break it off."

"It does me good to hear you say that. You must break the news after I am gone."

"Well, I'll try, but keep up good courage,and remember that 'every back is fitted to its burden.'"

"I wish the burdens could be fitted to the backs once in a while, I know I'd have mine lighter," and Louisa kissed her sister and went away, leaving a troubled rememberance of her sad face to haunt her for many a day.

The novelty of her life at the "Beach House" roused her out of her gloomy reflections. She worked hard, but was much interested in the glimpses of fashionable life she caught in the dining room. She had read of such existence in books, had often dreamed of it when she was a child, but the reality fascinated her. The darkened dining hall was beautiful, she thought, with the long regular lines of snowy tables, glittering with glass and silver, blushing with ripe berries, and cool with fresh, dewy lettuce, the slender goblets holding fancifully folded napkins that looked like calla lilies or white roses, or anything but common place, badly hemmed, square pieces of linen. The silk dresses, the flashing jewels and subtle perfumes, the subdued hum of low, refined voices, floating among and above the jingling of the knives and forks and the splashing of ice water—the sounds that somebody has called "discordant dining-room accoustics,"—these things gave her a keen sense of delight. She found it hard to concentrate her attention upon details at first, but persistent observation taught her when leaning back signified a wish of the languid belle to have her dishes removed, and when she merely needed rest after the exhausting process of eating, and by unyielding perseverance she succeeded in getting her gouty old gentleman's tea to a satisfactory degree of strength and weakness.

One evening when she had been at the Beach House about three weeks, she saw the curled and scented head-waiter conducting a new group to her table. There was a sweet-faced woman with abundant silver hair, a stately grave man of about thirty-five and a lovely little girl perhaps twelve years old. Louisa knew from the grand flourish with which her superior drew out the chairs and filled the goblets, and, indeed, from his condescension in performing these offices himself instead of entrusting them to her, that the party were "first class," and she overheard snatches of their conversation as she passed in or out.

"I feel so sorry that Miss Hawkes had to leave us just now," the lady said. "Alice was getting interested in her lessons, and I am afraid it will be a long time before we can find as good a teacher as she was."

Louisa kept thinking of the remark all day and the thought that first occurred to her became a purpose. Why couldn't she teach the little girl? She knew she was a very good scholar, having supplemented her three terms' instruction at Hilton Academy by hard study at home. That afternoon she learned their location, and having donned her best dress, a modest black alapaca, she tapped with a beating heart at the door of the "first corner room up one flight." They were all in, and Louisa, somewhat confused, stammered out that she had noticed their remarks at dinner and had come to apply for the situation "as governess to the little girl."

The lady looked surprised, but the gentleman remarking that it would be a "regular godsend if she could teach Alice," at once began questioning her.

Louisa was delighted with herself for her readiness in answering, and mentally returned thanks for her excellent memory that had proved a faithful servant this time.

By and by the gentleman said, "I think you will do. I wish Alice to have a sure foundation of rudimentary knowledge before she tries her hand at accomplishments. She will not learn music for two years yet, and she knows French enough for the present."

"But I thought you wished her to get an idea of German," his mother interposed.

"O, to be sure, do you understand German, Miss?" ———

"Gibson," supplied Louisa. "I know something of it," she continued, her face

flushing crimson, for his tone implied, "of course you do not." "I studied it at Hilton Academy and a German neighbor helped me about the pronunciation."

"Read something here," he said, handing her Heine's "Buch der Lieder."

Louisa opened the book and read the little poem,—

"Mein Herz, mein Herz ist traurig,
Doch lustig leuchtet der Mai;"—

She appreciated the tender description and read with expression, but at the closing line, "Ich wollt', er schusse mich todt," her voice trembled and her eyes filled with tears, the words expressed so aptly her own hopelessness.

Mrs. Endicott looked searchingly at her, and her son said, "you understand what you read, I can see that, but your accent might be improved. I suppose your neighbor spoke Platt Deutsch?"

"I think not, Mr. Bauer was from Hamburg, I believe," she answered innocently.

"Probably, he was a Bauer by *birth* as well as in name," said Mr. Endicott sarcastically, "but you can teach Alice to read and correct your pronunciation in the Fatherland if you stay with us."

He then told her that in a few weeks they were to sail for Europe to remain three years, and he offered her a liberal salary to go with them. Mrs. Endicott was not strong, and she would be expected to take entire charge of Alice, teaching her the English branches, and superintending her education generally.

Louisa's head was in a whirl. Go to Europe, see strange countries and beautiful sights, study French, German, Italian perhaps, in the countries where they were spoken, maybe learn music from the great masters, it was a glimpse of Heaven! But she tried to conceal her joy and excitement and told them she would soon let them know her decision and then hurried off to shed happy, thankful tears and to say her prayers.

"Well, what do you think of it, mother?" asked Mr. Endicott.

"I think you have been very business-like," said his mother, with a quiet sarcasm, "you *did* find out her name."

"Upon my word, I never thought of a "character," but her face is enough. She looks as fresh and innocent as one of the daisies on her father's farm."

"Yes, but I fancy from the way she read Heine, that she has known more of sorrow than her charming face implies."

"I do hope she has some fun in her," said Alice. "Miss Hawkes always walked so stiff and talked so slow and solemn, that it made me feel lonesome just to look at her."

Louisa had received a piteous appeal from her parents since she had been at the beach. They implored her to beg pardon of John for her fickleness, and not bring sorrow on them by throwing away the best chance she would ever have.

This letter had driven her into a despairing mood for a time. It seemed they would force her into this wretched marriage in spite of all she could do, but now she was going far away, far from the temptation to yield for the sake of ending the struggle. It was like a bright, sweet day after a long, weary sleepless night.

She wrote to her mother, telling her of the situation she could have, and dwelling with emphasis on the salary—"more than they pay the minister at Andrews' Mills," she reminded her. She knew the logic of this argument would be unanswerable, and she asked their consent to her going. "The Endicotts are well known here, they live at a beautiful place on the Hudson River, and they are wealthy and respected. So you see I have been prudent in finding out about them."

Then Louisa did a strange thing. She wrote a long, friendly letter to John Andrews, telling him her plans and begging him not to spend the time of her absence at home. "Go to California and earn lots of money," she wrote, "something tells me we shall be happy together yet. Rouse up and make yourself worthy of me," she concluded with superb egotism, and signed herself "Yours as ever."

She received, as she expected, a favorable answer from home. Her father and mother were apparently elated at her promotion from waitress to governess. "Emily Jones says you always looke

higher than John Andrews or Andrews' Mills, but she says, 'sometimes folks fly high and light low.' I told her *you* would never light low, for you'd rather not light at all," her mother wrote. "Emily is dead set after John since you went away, but I don't believe he'll ever marry her in the world. He seems sort of down hearted all the time and I pity him dreadfully."

Louisa travelled with the Endicotts, not three but four years. They visited the gray ruins and gay vine-clad hills of Italy; they passed leisurely through France, stopping nine months in bright, beautiful Paris; they explored the cultured cities of the Fatherland, and gazed with delight on the wild grandeur of Switzerland. England was left till the last, and Louisa liked it best of all, the home-like English landscape of rich woods and glowing pastures, and picturesque ancient villages, contrasting so pleasantly with the wildness she had just left and the rough aspect of her own country.

Mrs. Endicott had been ill much of the time during their absence, and Louisa, by her kind care and bright companionship, had become very dear to the gentle woman who ardently approved of her son's choice, for one evening when the dear shores of home were dimly seen, Howard Endicott asked Louisa to be his wife. "I thought when Alice died that no one should ever take her place," he said, "but now I know that I should be very happy to have you always with me, Louisa, so what have you to say to me?"

During all the years of her absence, there had been in Louisa's mind the thought of going back to Andrews' Mills and finding John Andrews grown into a realization of her wishes. As the converted heathen reverts to his abandoned idols, so amid her pleasant congenial surroundings, she had thought of the "Mills," and had almost grown to believe she could marry John and be happy there. The thought of atonement to him had had much to do with this, for she fancied his heart must still be aching as when they parted that night in the darkening, fern-scented wood.

So now, feeling keenly how hard it was to push the brimming cup of happiness from her lips, Louisa told the story of her early sorrow, told it in such a manner that her companion understood far more than the mere words implied. "I have always felt that I had no right to marry as long as he remains unmarried. I have outgrown many of my ambitious fancies, and I am still partly pledged to him," she said, feeling the sunset glory of the sky and sea grow pale as she spoke.

"Louisa, tell me, if this had never happened, would you say yes to me?"

She turned her head and let him look in her earnest eyes. There was no need to ask more.

"And have you never heard from him all these years?"

"Only through mother," she answered.

"He did not go away as you wished?"

"No, but he is a good, an honorable man, and mother thinks he is unhappy all the time about me."

Her companion smiled quietly. "We will talk no more of this now. You are going home when you leave us at New York, and perhaps by and by you will change your mind. When I come down to fish in June, I shall expect my final answer."

In a few days Louisa said good bye to her friends, Alice, now a tall, handsome young lady, weeping profusely, and turned her feet towards home—"Home, dearest and sweetest place in the world after all," she thought.

Every thing seemed unchanged. Her parents, robust as ever, were overjoyed at her return, and very proud of the daughter grown from an angular girl into a graceful and exceedingly beautiful woman.

"How is John Andrews?" she asked the first evening.

"O, John is well, but somehow he isn't so smart as we all thought he'd be. Your father is dreadful disappointed in him; he goes looking kind of slack, and they say he's going to marry Emily Jones after all. I'm thankful you didn't have him."

Poor Louisa; how glad she would have been if her mother had held similar opinions years ago, but now, her con-

demnation roused Louisa's resentment. "I can not think John is slovenly," she said.

"Well, you can judge for yourself," returned her mother, indifferently, "I told him you were coming home, and of course, he'll call."

But three weeks passed and he did not call. He had stayed away from church Sundays and from the weekly prayer meetings since her return. Could it be that he would not open his wounds afresh by the sight of his old love, or was he avoiding her because his heart had turned traitor to the old time?

At last, she proposed to accompany her mother on her weekly trip to his store. There she would be sure to see him and she would learn the truth. As they drove through the familiar woods, Louisa was unusually silent, she was thinking of her boy lover, and plainly there arose a sad, handsome face, with large honest eyes full of love for her. She should soon see him and her heart beat fast at the thought.

He stood outside the door lifting a huge sack from the farm wagon that stood there. "A modern Samson," she thought sadly, noting his great strength.

"John," she called softly.

He stopped short, his face flushing scarlet at sight of her, and, looking more inclined to run, he came forward with a slow, heavy gait, holding out his hand.

Poor Louisa! The handsome, boyish face had grown stolid and fleshy, the good humored, happy look had subsided into an expression of contented dullness. There was no sentiment there, no lingering thought of the old time; she knew that before one word had been spoken.

They conversed on orthodox subjects a few moments, Louisa realizing all the time that the John of her memory and of her hopes was forever dead to her, and then with more alacrity than he had yet shown, he turned to help a new comer from her wagon.

It was Emily Jones, who, casting a suspicious look at Louisa, and determined to show her "'twas too late for her now," forthwith proceeded to whisper long and lovingly with John, according to local custom among young people who "were paying attention" to each other.

Pitying his embarrassment, Louisa hurried her mother in her bargaining and "beating down," and they soon took their leave, to the evident relief of the triumphant Emily.

"Now, don't he look slack?" her mother asked. "He always has that old Cardigan jacket on, and he never wears a collar from one year's end to another."

"I did not notice his clothes, but he has changed a great deal," was the sad reply.

When Howard Endicott visited her in June, she told him of the delusion she had been under.

"I knew it all the time," he said quietly, "but I wished you to find it out for yourself."

But Louisa wished she had said yes, to him at first, and lived under the delusion all her life, for if the dream was foolish, the awakening was cruel.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE REV. ELIJAH FLETCHER.

BY ALONZO J. FOGG.

The Rev. Elijah Fletcher, the second settled minister of the Orthodox Church in Hopkinton, was born in Westford, Mass., in 1748. He was a son of Timothy Fletcher, a descendant of William Fletcher, who settled in Chlemsford, Mass., in 1653, one of the first settlers of that town. The mother of the Rev. Elijah Fletcher was Bridget Richardson, who was born in Chlemsford in 1726. Her father was Capt.

Zachariah Richardson, who died in Chlemsford in 1776, aged 80 years.

Mr. Fletcher was a graduate of Harvard College of the class of 1769, being twenty-one years of age at graduation, and was ordained as pastor of the church in Hopkinton, January 27, 1773. He was very popular with the people of his church, and exerted a great influence in the town, and was elected as a Representative to attend the Provincial Congress, which met at Exeter, May 17, 1775. He was one of a committee of three to prepare a draft to send to the several towns in the State respecting disputes about tories. He was also appointed on a committee with Col. Timothy Walker of Concord and Col. William Whipple of Portsmouth, to see what sum of money would be sufficient to answer the demands of the Province. Col. Whipple was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Mr. Fletcher took a great interest in the Revolutionary struggle, and had much to do in influencing the town to do its part in both men and money.

In the days in which Mr. Fletcher lived, it was thought quite as necessary in order to keep life in the church to consult *spiritual* things here below, as well as above, and it was a common practice for Parson Fletcher, after a three hours' service in the morning, to step over to the inn across the street, with a few laymen of the church, and take a glass of brandy or a mug of "flip." One of the leaves of the account book of Deacon Abel Kimball, who kept a store near Mr. Fletcher's house, has the account of Parson Fletcher for groceries, &c.; but if the pastors of the present day had similar accounts against them, it might lead to an investigation and perhaps a dismissal. This account runs from June 29, 1782, to January 22, 1783. There are twenty-four charges for rum or toddy, by the glass or mug, varying from three to eight pence each; and fifteen charges for rum and brandy by the pint or gallon, amounting in the aggregate to £1, 10s, 6d. The receipt of settlement was written at the bottom of the page in Mr. Fletcher's own hand. and reads as follows:

"Rec'd and Settled all accounts from the beginning of the world to this day, and nothing due on either side."

ELIJAH FLETCHER,
ABEL KIMBALL.

Hopkinton, Jan'y, 22, 1783."

There is little doubt but the Parson and the Deacon took one glass of toddy before that receipt was written.

Mr. Fletcher, after a short illness, died April 8, 1786, in the 39th year of his age, having been a pastor of the church over thirteen years. He was a man of no ordinary talent, and, if he had lived to mature old age, would have left a bright and shining record in the ecclesiastical history of the State. As it was, he was considered a peer of his contemporaries, and greatly esteemed and beloved by the venerable Rev. Timothy Walker, first pastor of the church in Concord.

An anecdote is related of Mr. Fletcher and his church, in connection with Mr. Walker. At one time in Mr. Fletcher's ministry in Hopkinton, (about 100 years ago), he found that his parishioners were seriously afflicted with the delusions of witchcraft. He patiently listened to all their complaints and charges against each other, and found, if all told the truth, he had but very few members in his church, but were either witches or wizards. He entreated and expostulated with them concerning this fallacious doctrine of witchcraft, but to no effect. Many of his older members came from that section of Massachusetts where at one time witchcraft flourished, and they had not forgotten the fireside stories told by their grandmothers of the wonderful doings of witches who lived in those days, and were eventually hanged on trees or horizontal poles, like dogs.

At length, Mr. Fletcher applied to Mr. Walker for assistance, and proposed to him to exchange and preach to his people in Hopkinton on this subject, telling Mr. Walker all the facts which caused the trouble. Mr. Walker prepared a sermon expressly for the occasion. He told his hearers, in substance, that the most they had to fear from witches, was from talking about them—that witches were very sensitive about that, and generally made their appearance to such persons

in some form. The hearers took the hint, ceased their gossip about each other and the desired result was attained. The excitement about witches was never revived in Hopkinton after that day.

Mr. Fletcher was greatly beloved and respected both by the members of his church and the people of the town. The town paid his funeral expenses, and purchased a set of stones to mark his grave, which still point out the spot where his ashes are mingled with the mother dust.

His children, as far we know, were Bridget, born about 1774; Timothy, 1775; Rebecca, 1776, and Gratia, 1781. Rebecca married the Hon. Israel Kelly, about 1801. He was a son of Moses Kelly of Amherst and afterward of Hopkinton, who was sheriff of Hillsborough county from 1785 to 1809. Israel Kelly removed to Salisbury prior to 1802. He was sheriff of Hillsborough county from 1813 to 1818, and Judge of the Court of Sessions for Merrimack county from 1823 to 1825, when that court was abolished. Two daughters of Judge Kelly are now living in Concord at advanced age.

Gratia Fletcher (called "Grace,") was educated at the old academy in Atkinson, finishing her studies at that venerable institution late in the fall of 1800. Rebecca, the widow of Mr. Fletcher, married the Rev. Christopher Paige, January 29, 1788. Mr. Paige was the first minister of Pittsfield, being settled there in 1789. There was never a very pleasant feeling existing between the two daughters and their step-father after they arrived at years of understanding, and when Judge Kelly moved to Salisbury in 1802, Gratia made her home with her sister Rebecca. It was here she first saw Daniel Webster, then a young man, just from college, studying law with Thomas W. Thompson, near his father's house, and in the neighborhood of Judge Kelly's.

An acquaintance sprang up between them, which in time became a strong attachment; but Webster was too busily engaged in perfecting his legal studies to pay much attention to love affairs. After his admission to the Suffolk Bar in 1805, however, he returned and practiced law in his native town nearly two years, where his opportunities were better to learn the true character of Grace, which he used to say, "improved by studying it." Twice the marriage day had been appointed, but its arrival found them unprepared. At length Webster settled in Portsmouth for a permanent home, and returning to Salisbury, was married at the house of Judge Kelly in 1808.

Tradition says, that when he went to Salisbury, he first saw Grace looking out of the chamber window, and addressed her as follows: "Grace,what do you say? It is to-day or never!" She replied: "Then I say, to-day!" They were married that afternoon, and soon went to their new home in Portsmouth.

Mr. Webster's great talent soon led him into public notice, his grand political career commencing with his election to Congress from this State in 1812. Removing to Massachusetts in 1816, he was sent to Congress from that State in 1822, and in 1827 was made U. S. Senator. It was when on his way to Washington to take his seat in the Senate, accompanied by his wife, that she became ill and he was obliged to leave her in New York. Growing no better, she returned home to Marshfield, where she died, January 21, 1828.

Grace Fletcher Webster was a lady of superior culture and refinement, and would well grace any circle. Through her husband's national position she was often brought into social intercourse with the great men of the day—Clay, Benton, Calhoun, Adams, Jackson and others—and was greatly esteemed and respected by all who knew her. She was the idol of Webster, who cherished for her, through life, a reverential love. She left a son named Fletcher Webster and he a daughter named "Grace."

The house in which Mr. Fletcher lived and Grace was born, stands on the main road leading to Concord, about one mile east of Hopkinton Village, and, up to the spring of 1875, was in its primitive state. A portion of a limb from an elm in front of the house was sent to the Centennial Exhibition last season.

THE

GRANITE MONTHLY.

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, HISTORY AND STATE PROGRESS.

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COL. HENRY O. KENT.

Among the best known of the representative men of New Hampshire, at the present time, from his connection with politics, as well as business affairs, Col. Henry O. Kent of Lancaster may well be conceded a prominent position. In presenting the readers of the GRANITE MONTHLY with a brief sketch of Col. Kent's career, some allusion to his ancestral history may not come amiss.

As the name indicates, the Kent family is of English origin. There is no direct record antedating John Kent, who died in 1780 at Cape Ann, Mass., at the age of eighty years. His son Jacob, born at Chebacco, (now Essex), Mass., in 1726, settled in the town of Plaistow, in this State. In 1760, a regiment of eight hundred men was raised in New Hampshire, commanded by Col. John Goffe of Londonderry, for the invasion of Canada. Of this regiment, one company was officered by John Hazen, Captain, Jacob Kent—above named—1st Lieut., and Timothy Beadle 2d Lieut. The regiment rendezvoued at Litchfield, and marched by Peterborough and Keene to Number 4, (Charlestown), thence cut a road through the wilderness 26 miles to the Green Mountains, and thence to Crown Point on Lake Champlain, where they took water transportation. After a successful campaign, they returned through the wilderness via the Newbury meadows, or the Cohos country, undoubtedly following the old Indian path up the Oliverian and down Baker River to the Pemigewasset. While returning, Lt. Col. Jacob Bayley, Captain Hazen, and Lieutenants Kent and Beadle, were so favorably impressed with the fertility of the Cohos meadows that they determined to return and found a settlement. This project was speedily carried out, Bayley and Kent locating on the western, and Hazen and Beadle on the eastern side of the river, from which settlements sprang the towns of Newbury, then in the "New Hampshire Grants,"—now in Vermont—and Haverhill, N. H. Gen. Jacob Bayley was a prominent man in Newbury, through a long and useful life. Many of his descendants still reside in the town. Timothy Beadle, or Bedel, as the name is now spelled, was an officer of distinction in the subsequent war of the Revolution, father of Gen. Moody Bedel of the war of 1812, and grand-father of the late Gen. John Bedel of Bath and Col. Hazen Bedel of Colebrook.

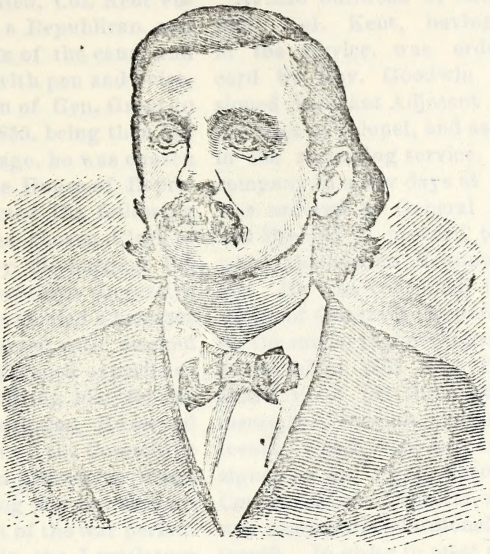
Jacob Kent, here referred to, died at Newbury in 1812, aged 86 years. He was a noted man in his section, commander of the first company of militia raised in the towns of Newbury and Haverhill "in our Province of New Hampshire"—as says his old commission, signed in 1764, by Benning Wentworth, and which is now in Col. Kent's possession. He was a leader in church matters, was for years Town Clerk, and County Clerk of Orange County—and subsequently and for a long period a Judge of the Vermont Judiciary. In the Revolution, while burdened with the cares of the infant settlement, he was an earnest actor in those scenes which gave us our independence. He was Colonel of the forces in his vicinity, and on the advance of Burgoyne, started with his regiment for the field, and was present with it at the capitulation at Saratoga.

This Jacob Kent left three sons, Jacob, John and Joseph. John Kent, grandfather of the subject of this sketch, sold his share of the patrimony and purchased a farm on Parker Hill, in the town of Lyman, where he died in 1842, leaving four sons and one daughter. The father of Col. Kent was one of these sons—Richard Peabody Kent—(his mother Tabitha Peabody, a daughter of Lt. Richard Peabody, of the Revolutionary army, who lies buried in the old cemetery in Littleton, near the Connecticut), who was born at Newbury, Vt., Dec, 21, 1805, and is now in active business as a merchant, at Lancaster, being doubtless the senior in point of service of any business man in the region. He attended in boyhood, for a time, the Academy at Haverhill, but at an early age went into a country store, on Parker Hill, as a clerk, thence to Wells River and Bath, and in 1825, went to Lancaster with Royal Joslyn, where, in 1828, he engaged in mercantile pursuits for himself, and has steadily followed his vocation. During this long career his affairs have been transacted with scrupulous integrity, exactitude and honor. He has never been in public life, but has always been interested in the development of the region and the improvement of the town—witnessing its growth and prosperity. He was formerly Cashier of Lancaster Bank, and is now President of the Corporation of Lancaster Academy.

On the maternal side the ancestry of Col. Kent is traced to Richard Mann, "a planter in the family of Elder Brewster," who was one of the colony of the Mayflower. From him descended that John Mann, born Dec. 25, 1743, who was the first permanent settler of the town of Orford, October, 1765. To him were born fifteen children, of whom Solomon Mann was well known in the State, as for many years the proprietor of "The old Mann Tavern," at the upper end of Main street, Concord, (the place now or recently occupied by Mrs. Smart, on the east side, under the great elms, just above Maj. Lang's.) To him were born eight children, one of whom, Phebe, married Geo. Hough, a printer of Concord, who subsequently, with his wife, went with Dr. Judson as missionaries to Burmah, British India. The descendants of this daughter married with the British residents of India, and are now resident in England, their children being married and settled around them. Emily, the second daughter of Solomon Mann, married Henry Oakes, a merchant, who for many years was an active and well known business man at Waterford and Thetford, Vt. To Henry and Emily (Mann) Oakes were born three daughters and a son, who died in infancy. Of the daughters, Emily Mann Oakes was married to Richard P. Kent, June 5, 1832, at Littleton, among the friends present on the occasion being the late Chief Justice Henry A. Bellows and the Hon. Edmund Burke, then young lawyers just commencing practice.

To this union there have been born three children, sons. Henry Oakes, Edward Richard, and Charles Nelson. The second son, Edward Richard, is now associated in business with his father at Lancaster, and the youngest, Charles Nelson, who graduated at Norwich University and Harvard Law School and was subsequently admitted to the Suffolk Bar, is now in business in the city of New York.

HENRY OAKES KENT was born in Lancaster, Feb. 7, 1834. He attended the district school and Lancaster Academy.



COL. HENRY O. KENT.

and graduated from Norwich University in the class of 1854. Entering the office of Hon. Jacob Benton as a student of law, he pursued his studies until 1858, when he was admitted to the bar at the May Term of Court at Lancaster. Shortly after, he became the proprietor of the *Coos Republican*, and assumed the editorial and business management of that paper, his strong interest in political affairs and the fortunes of the Republican party, with which he was actively identified, impelling him to this step, in taking which he relinquished the prospect of a distinguished and successful career at the bar. In the management of the *Republican*, both financial and editorial, he displayed rare skill and ability. His leading articles were always strong, vigorous, earnest, and secured for his paper, notwithstanding its remote location from the capital, an influential position among the party journals of the State, and considerate recognition by the press of other States. It is safe to say that from the time when he assumed its management until 1870, when he sold it to its present managers,—a period of twelve years,—no paper in the State rendered more efficient support to the party with which it was allied, or advocated more heartily all measures tending to advance the material prosperity of the section in which it was located, than did the *Coos Republican* under the direction of Col. Kent.

Since 1870, Col. Kent has attended to a large and growing general office business, to which he had formerly given more or less attention; and also to the interests of the Savings Bank of the County of Coos, for which institution he secured a charter in 1868, and of which he is and has been Treasurer. He is also an owner and the present manager of the Lancaster Paper Co., an industry furnishing a market for much of the straw and wood of the surrounding region, and employment for quite a number of people. The Pleasant Valley Starch Mill is also an enterprise with which he is connected and of which he is Treasurer. The encouragement of local enterprise and industry has always been one of his char-

acteristics, and such means as have been at his disposal have been placed in that direction.

As has been indicated, Col. Kent entered political life as a Republican, and was an active advocate of the cause and policy of that party, with pen and voice, until after the election of Gen. Grant to the Presidency. In 1855, being then but twenty-one years of age, he was chosen Assistant Clerk of the House of Representatives, and re-elected the following year. In 1857 he was chosen Clerk of the House, efficiently discharging the duties of the office for three successive years. In 1862 he was elected a member of the House, and served with marked ability, his previous extended experience as Clerk admirably fitting him for the discharge of legislative duties. He served that year as Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs,—a position of much importance, considering the fact that we were then in the midst of the war period. His next appearance in the Legislature was in 1868, when he served as Chairman of the Committee on Railroads, and again in 1869, when he was at the head of the Finance Committee, During each year of his legislative service he occupied a prominent position among the leaders of his party in the House, displaying marked ability in debate, and energy and industry in the Committee room.

In 1858 a Commission was appointed by the States of Maine and New Hampshire "to ascertain, survey and mark" the boundary between them. The line had been established in 1784, and revised in 1820, when Hon. Ichabod Bartlett and Hon. John W. Weeks were the Commissioners on the part of New Hampshire. The duty of representing this State upon the Commission of 1858 was assigned to Col. Kent, and the work was performed during the autumn of that year, through the wilderness, from the Crown monument, on the divide, "separating the waters that flow north into the Gulf of St. Lawrence from those that flow south into the Atlantic Ocean," by the marking of permanent lines in the forests and the erection of stone posts in the clearings, as far south as the towns of Fryeburg and Conway. In 1864 Col. Kent was one of the Presidential electors of this State, and from 1866 to 1868, inclusive, was a member of the Board of Bank Commissioners.

At the outbreak of the rebellion, in 1861, Col. Kent, having volunteered in the service, was ordered to Concord by Gov. Goodwin and commissioned Assistant Adjutant General, with the rank of Colonel, and assigned to duty in the recruiting service. Recruiting a company in a few days at Lancaster, he was ordered to General Headquarters, and directed to proceed to Portsmouth, where the Second Regiment was forming. He was continued in duty in the Adjutant General's Department until after the earlier regiments had left the state. In the fall of 1862 New Hampshire was called upon for three additional regiments, the Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth, which were for convenience, assigned to the First, Second and Third Congressional Districts, and Col. Kent was commissioned Colonel of the Seventeenth. In order to meet the exigency of the time, it was determined to fill the regiments in their numerical order as fast as men enlisted, from whatever locality in the State, thus taking all the earlier enlistments in Col. Kent's district to fill the other regiments and leaving the Seventeenth to be filled by the more dilatory from all the districts, an arrangement which, while perhaps calculated to best promote the general interest, must have been anything but agreeable to the personal feelings of Col. Kent, largely upon the strength of whose name men enough for an entire regiment had been raised, the town of Lancaster furnishing nearly a full company. Nevertheless, the organization of the regiment was perfected, and drill, discipline and instruction commenced and carried forward. It having been determined to postpone the State draft, and few more volunteers appearing, in February, 1863, the officers and men of the regiment were furloughed till April 1, when the command again reported in camp, with the official assurance that the regiment would be promptly filled and participate in the approaching campaign. But as is stated in Waite's history of New Hampshire in the Rebellion:

"About this time orders were received

by Gov. Berry, from the Secretary of War, to consolidate the Seventeenth and Second Regiments, under such regulations as he might prescribe. On the 16th of April, 1863, this order was carried into effect, the officers and non-commissioned officers of the regiment mustered out, and the enlisted men transferred. The order effecting this expressed in emphatic terms the approbation of the civil and military authorities of the soldierly deportment of the regiment from the time of its organization, and the excellent discipline and deportment that had uniformly characterized the command, was remarked on every hand. The failure to fill and forward the Seventeenth Regiment was in no way attributable to its officers, and the circumstances which seemed to make the consolidation advisable were regretted alike by officers and men."

Though not brought by the fortunes of war into active duty at the front, few if any men in the State did more than Col. Kent to promote the efficiency of the service, and to maintain the reputation of New Hampshire for prompt and patriotic effort in the Union cause.

Col. Kent was an active member of the organization known as the "Governor's Horse Guards," which was formed for parade on the occasion of the annual inauguration of the Governor, and for social enjoyment. He held the office of Major in this organization in 1860, and rode as Colonel in the same in 1863–4–5. He has long been prominent in the Masonic order, having been made a Mason in North Star Lodge, No 8. of Lancaster in 1855, in which he passed the chair, and has frequently been District Deputy Grand Master. In 1868 and 1869 he was Grand Commander of the order of Knights Templar, and appendant orders for the jurisdiction of New Hampshire.

In his association with, and labor for the success of the Republican party, Col. Kent was actuated by his opposition to slavery, which institution and its extension he regarded as prejudicial to the republic. He maintained his convictions in his paper and on the stump, earnestly and yet candidly. After the war, his connection with which has been alluded to, and the downfall of slavery, he favored the burial of past issues and sectional bitterness, believing that a restored Union in the full sense of the word, renewed fraternal relations and a general revival of business, were absolutely essential to our prosperity, if not to our existence as a people. Regarding the policy of President Grant and the supporters of his administration, as inimical to such results, he found himself unable to sustain the measures of the administration party. He therefore disposed of his paper, which, as a party organ he could not conscientiously turn over to the other side, and engaged in the development and organization of the Liberal movement, which resulted in the Cincinnati Convention and the nomination of Horace Greeley for the Presidency in 1872. He participated in that Convention, and was a member of the National and Chairman of the State Liberal Republican Committee in 1872 and 1873, acting in conjunction with Hon. John G. Sinclair, Chairman of the Democratic State Committee, in the management of the Presidential campaign of 1872, in this State. In 1873 the Liberal Republicans ran an independent State ticket, but in 1874 coalesced and formally united with the Democratic party. The resolutions of the Liberal Committee, announcing such purpose of the organization, were presented in the Democratic State Convention by Col. Kent, whose appearance and announcement elicited vociferous and prolonged demonstrations of enthusiasm in that body.

The campaign thus opened ended in the election of a Democratic Governor and Legislature, a result to which the earnest labors of Col. Kent contributed in no small degree. In recognition of his efficient services, as well as acknowledged ability, the Democracy of the upper portion of the Third District, with some in other sections, presented his name in the Convention at Charlestown in January, 1875, for the Congressional nomination in that District. Two other able and popular candidates, George F. Putnam, of Warren, and Horatio Colony, of Keene, were also before the Convention. Three ballotings were had, the third resulting in the nomination of Col. Kent. The

campaign which followed was close and exciting, but resulted in the election of Col. Blair, the Republican candidate, by a plurality of 209 votes. While Col. Kent ran ahead of his ticket in some localities, receiving support which would not have been accorded another candidate of the same party, there were a few Democrats in the District, who, remembering his antagonism to their party in former years, could not overcome their prejudices sufficiently to give him their support. In the Presidential campaign of 1876, he was early in the field, as a champion of the election of Samuel J. Tilden. Commencing upon the stump in Vermont in August, he addressed several large audiences in that state. Returning to New Hampshire, he was actively engaged for several weeks previous to the election, speaking in all sections, and everywhere to large and enthusiastic audiences, but was entirely unable to respond to all the calls made for his services on the stump. In the Democratic Convention in his district last winter he was heartily and unanimously accorded a second nomination and in the canvass that followed, although the odds from the start were strongly against the Democracy, he made a most brilliant run, the plurality of his opponent, Col. Blair, being nearly 400 less than that of Gov. Prescott, in the district.

Col. Kent is now fully engaged in the direction of his business affairs, which altogether, furnish an ample field for all his energies and talent. Yet he has abated in no degree his interest in politics, and will undoubtedly respond to any call which the party with which he is associated may hereafter make for his services in its cause.

As has been said, he has always given earnest encouragement to all enterprises calculated to promote the material welfare and prosperity of his section. Not the least of these is the Agricultural Society of the Counties of Coos and Essex, in securing whose organization he was especially active. He was for several years Treasurer of this Society, and contributed largely by his efforts toward establishing it upon its present flourishing basis. He has of late declined re-election, but is still Treasurer of the Association owning the grounds upon which the annual fairs of the society are held.

In the advancement of educational interests Col. Kent has always been earnestly engaged, and he is at the present time a Trustee and Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Corporation of Lancaster Academy, a flourishing educational institution. He is also a Trustee of Norwich University, and President of the "Associated Alumni and Past Cadets" of that institution. In 1875 he addressed the associated Alumni at their reunion, and in 1876, by request, delivered an address at commencement before the Trustees and assembled audience, which for its eloquence and patriotic sentiments, secured hearty and general commendation.

Col. Kent was married in Boston, January 11, 1857, by the Rev. Dr. Edward N. Kirk, to Berenice A. Rowell, daughter of Samuel Rowell, a Lancaster farmer, and a sister of George P. Rowell, the well known advertising agent of New York city. They have two children, a daughter—Berenice Emily—born October 30, 1866, and a son—Henry Percy—born March 8, 1870. Their house is a neat and cosy cottage, without pretension to elegance, yet the abode of domestic happiness, comfort and content. Col. Kent's religious associations are with the Episcopal worship, and, although not a church member, he is, with his family, a regular attendant upon the service of St. Paul's Church at Lancaster.

Of fine presence, with genial and courteous manners, and strong personal magnetism, public spirited, generous and obliging, his popularity in his section is great, as is evidenced by the large vote which he always receives when his name is upon the ticket at the elections in his own town. Still young, endowed with strong mental and physical powers, ambitious and courageous, it is fair to presume that he will yet attain still greater prominence in political and public affairs.

ROYAL GOVERNORS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BY PROF. E. D. SANBORN.

The union of New Hampshire and Massachusetts lasted thirty-nine years. Both States were benefitted by it. One government could be more economically and efficiently administered than two. Its strength was greater, and its mandates were better obeyed. The two provinces, to all intents, were one, and peace and harmony prevailed between them throughout the entire period of union. In 1680 the King of England severed the political connection of the two States, and appointed for the first time a royal governor over New Hampshire. The entire population, which then amounted to about 4000 souls, were sorely grieved at this tyrannical decree. Its only object seemed to be the robbery of the people by royal favorites and territorial proprietors. From this date to the close of the Revolutionary war the people had little rest. Kings, royal governors, landlords, savages and Frenchmen continually assailed them. In the seventeenth century kings and priests still claimed to rule by divine right. In England that claim had been sorely crippled by the execution of Charles I., yet his successor, when he donned the royal robes, began to utter "great swelling words of vanity," like his ancestors. He left to the legal voters of the Province, who then numbered only two hundred and nine, the privilege of electing the representatives to the legislature, but assumed the right to *veto* all their enactments, and retained the power of appointing the President, Council and all the executive officers of the State.

The first legislature under the royal government met at Portsmouth in March, 1680. The meeting was opened by prayer and an election sermon by Rev. Mr. Moodey. Their first act was an acknowledgement of their obligations to Massachusetts. They say: "We acknowledge your care of us,"—it was thus that the feeble colony addressed its more powerful neighbor,—"we thankfully acknowledge your kindness while we dwelt under your shadow, owning ourselves deeply obliged that, on our earnest request, you took us under your government and ruled us well. If there be opportunity for us to be any wise serviceable to you, we shall show how ready we are to embrace it. Wishing the presence of God to be with you, we crave the benefit of your prayers on us, who are separated from our brethren." In this resolution we see how much of the Puritan spirit had been imbibed by them while under the protection of the old Bay State. A love of liberty was equally prominent. Their first recorded decree was in these words: "No act, imposition, law or ordinance shall be valid unless made by the assembly and approved by the people." In this brief enactment are contained the Declaration of Independence, the causes of the Revolutionary war, and the fundamental principles of the Constitution of the United States. When the code of this infant government was transmitted to England it was condemned for its style and matter; its provisions were rejected as "incongruous and absurd." The first President, John Cutt, was a wealthy merchant of Portsmouth. He lived about one year after his appointment. The Councillors were natives of the Province. They accepted the offices conferred upon them by the king, hoping to serve as mediators between the king's prerogative and the people's rights. But they had an accuser of his brethren among them. As it was in ancient days, when the sons of God assembled, "Satan came also among them." The king had adopted the claim of Robert Mason, the successor of John Mason, the proprietor of New Hampshire. John Mason died in 1635, leaving a daughter, who married John Tufton. Her son, Robert Tufton, took the surname of Mason, and, as heir

to his grandfather, came, armed with the king's writ, to claim both the soil of the Province and a seat in the Council. He did not succeed in establishing his claim to the soil. The colonial government protected the citizens and resisted his exactions. After the death of President Cutt, Mason found in England a fit agent for his purposes in Edward Cranfield, who was needy, greedy and ambitious. The king gave to Mason power to select and appoint the governor of the Province. This unscrupulous adventurer was chosen to wrest, by a legal fiction, their hardly-gotten earnings from the farmers, mechanics and lumbermen of New Hampshire. With unblushing effrontery Cranfield avowed his purpose. Mason bribed the king by a promise of one-fifth of all quit-rents for the support of the government, and mortgaged the whole Province to Cranfield for twenty-one years, as collateral security for his salary. Armed with these frightfully inquisitorial powers, with a liberal salary and the expectation of exorbitant fines and numerous forfeitures, this political cormorant stooped to his prey. At first, the assembly attempted to gain him by a gratuity of two hundred and fifty pounds toward his salary. The greedy adventurer received the boon without gratitude, and remorselessly "asked for more." The "rugged" law-makers of the Province resisted his demand, and he dissolved the assembly *in anger*. The claims of Mason were resisted both by law and force. The "lord Proprietor" threatened to sell the houses and lands of the people for rent. They appealed to the President and Council for an injunction. It was granted. Mason then summoned these officers to appear before the king within three months to make answer to his charges. They retaliated by a counter summons to him, and he returned to England to prosecute his claims in that country. Cranfield, in his rage, threw "firebrands, arrows and death" in every direction. He called upon the people, by proclamation, to take new leases of Mason within one month; and in case of refusal threatened to bring a ship of war into the harbor of Portsmouth and quarter soldiers in their houses. He filled all the offices of state with the friends of Mason. He brought writs of ejectment against the principal land owners. The subservient courts brought in verdicts in favor of Mason. The people sent Nathaniel Weare of Hampton to England to present their case at Court and ask for the recall of Cranfield. The governor and proprietor became more oppressive. The ministers of the Congregational Churches were prosecuted for not administering the sacrament according to the rites of the English Church. Mr. Moodey of Portsmouth was deposed and imprisoned for non-compliance with the governor's order. The war waxed hotter and hotter, and the governor left the Province in 1685. Walter Barefoot, a rash and unprincipled intriguer, as deputy governor, reigned and robbed in Cranfield's stead. The suits of Mason were still prosecuted. In 1685 Charles II. died. James II. appointed Joseph Dudley President of the New England Colonies. He retained his office but a few months, and was succeeded by Sir Edmund Andros as Governor-in-chief over all New England. He was empowered by the king, "with advice of Council, to make laws, impose taxes and grant lands." Andros was the most selfish and tyrannical of all the royal governors. He declared the charter of Massachusetts forfeited, annulled land titles granted under it, and affirmed that the Indian deeds were "no better than the scratch of a bear's paw." His rapacity spared neither friend nor foe. Not even Mason was passed by. He only escaped his exactions by death at Albany in 1688. An Indian war was added to other calamities. The English Revolution came at this darkest hour of colonial history to relieve the people. Hearing that James II. was expelled, and that William III. and Mary were raised to the throne, in April, 1689, the people of Boston and the adjacent towns rebelled, imprisoned Andros and sent him to England for trial. New Hampshire, left without responsible government, as a temporary expedient, resorted to a second union with Massachusetts.

AN OCEAN CABLE.

BY G. H. JENNESS.

The laying of the Direct United States Cable to the coast of New Hampshire has been the means of calling the attention of many of our citizens to the mysterious process of ocean telegraphy. The subject is one not familiar to most people, and comparatively few have any intelligent idea of its *modus operandi*. We have become so familiarized to the "click" of the telegraph at all our depots, offices and hotels that it is difficult to conceive of reading a message that gives no sound. It must be borne in mind, however, that the means, methods and instruments of land and ocean telegraphy are radically and totally dissimilar. In order to comprehend the difference, it will be necessary to consider briefly the Morse or land telegraph, and also the nature of its motive power—electricity. Of the latter, it is sufficient to say that nobody knows *what* it is—we can only deal with its phenomena as witnessed under varying conditions. In its terrific form, we see it in the passing shower of the midsummer afternoon, when the descending bolts of lightning shiver houses and trees, and instantaneously annihilate animal life. In gentler moods, it appears in the rustle of a silk dress or the stroking of a cat's back. It seems to pervade nearly everything, but from whence it cometh or whither it goeth is alike a mystery to prince and plebeian. For the purposes of telegraphy and experiment electricity is usually generated by chemical action. The "battery" used in telegraph offices is made by placing zinc or copper in glass or earthen jars partly filled with water, into which is dropped common blue vitriol or sulphite of copper. The vitriol dissolves and "precipitates" upon the metals, and in some unknown way generates the mysterious agent we call electricity. This is the motive power that is used in all telegraphs and cables, of whatever name or nature. Now for the methods of conveyance! In the land telegraph the "click" is made by a bar of steel that is attracted to and let go by an electro-magnet. An electro-magnet is a rod of soft iron, bent in horse-shoe form, and closely wound with copper wire. When connected with a "battery" it is instantly endowed with the power of attraction, and as instantly loses it when the connection with the battery is severed. It will attract a bar of steel just as a common "horse-shoe" magnet will pick up a needle or a steel pen. With the common magnet there is a little bar of steel which we call an "armature." When the magnet is placed near it, it is drawn to the ends of the bent iron and held there by the power of magnetic attraction. The natural magnet will attract, but *it won't let go!* The electro-magnet, or a magnet by electricity, will attract or *let go* at the will of the operator. Put the electro-magnet on one end of your table, and the bottle or jar containing the battery on the other, connect and disconnect it with the wires, and you can see at a glance how a rod of iron wound with copper wire is a magnet one moment and not a magnet the next. Put the battery in Portland and the electro-magnet in New Orleans, connect them with a wire, and the result is all the same. Put a pin on the end of the steel armature, and some clock-work to regulate the passage of a strip of paper over it, and you have substantially the Morse or common land telegraph. The knob or "key" which the operator presses down with the finger is the means used to connect and disconnect the magnet with the battery, or, as the electricians term it, to "break the circuit." Thus every touch of the key produces a correspond-

ing motion of the armature at the other end, whether a foot or ten thousand miles apart. An ocean cable differs from a land telegraph: 1—in its construction, 2—in the medium through which it passes, 3—in its operation. Its construction is similar in only one respect, and that is that in both cases a single wire conveys the message. On land the wire is hung up on poles and run through glass "insulators" to prevent the current from passing down the poles into the earth. The cable wire must be "insulated" the whole length, for if it comes in contact with the water it is entirely worthless. Water is the best known conductor of electricity, and its presence is fatal to the passage of the current. How, then, to lay a wire through three thousand miles of water and not touch it is the first problem to be solved in ocean telegraphy. A glass tube would answer the purpose, but is out of the question. A more pliable substance (gutta percha) has been found, which is a non-conductor of electricity, and in which the conducting wire is embedded. Other wires are wound around to strengthen it, and more gutta percha added, to make assurance doubly sure that no treacherous drop of water shall penetrate and destroy the cable. The thrusting into the central wire of a penknife blade, or the scraping off a piece of the gutta percha as large as a pea, would be as effectual in destroying its working power as to cut out a hundred miles of cable and carry it ashore. Absolute perfection, and nothing less, ensures the transmission of a current of electricity through any submarine cable.

A single wire thoroughly covered with only a very thin coating of any non-conducting substance would answer every purpose for the transmission of messages, but it would soon be broken in the uneven depths of the ocean. The additional wires are put on to lessen its chances of injury, as well as to render it impervious to water. In deep water, where the surface action caused by wind and tides is not felt, the cable is about an inch and a quarter in diameter, while the twenty miles of shore end, which is exposed to the heavy seas and ground swell, is as large as a man's wrist, and completely encased in a net-work of heavy wires—the whole weighing some twenty tons to the mile.

The cable having been laid, and everything in working order between Rye Beach and Torbay, let us enter the room where the operator sits, and observe the method by which he communicates with the operator at the other end of the cable. The first glance dispels all ideas of ponderous machinery. All the instruments used in telegraphing and testing are placed upon a table five feet long and two feet wide. The instruments used in merely sending and receiving messages could all be put in a little box and carried in one hand by a child five years old. All are specimens of the most magnificent and delicate workmanship, and are very costly. The room is darkened, and as you enter you see a small lamp so screened as to throw the light in a certain direction. All being in readiness, the operator sits down to send a message. He taps the "key" as in the land telegraph, only it is a double key. It has two levers and knobs instead of one. The alphabet is substantially like the Morse alphabet; that is, the letters are represented by dashes and dots. For instance: Suppose you wish to write the word "Boy." It would read like this: — · · · — — — — · — —. B is one dash and three dots. O is three dashes. Y is one dash, one dot and two dashes. Now in the land telegraph the dots and dashes would appear on the strip of paper which is perforated by a pin at the end of the bar connected with the armature.

If the operator could read by sound, he would dispense with the strip of paper, and read the message by the "click" of the armature as it is pulled down and let go by the electro-magnet. But the cable operator has neither of these advantages. There is no paper to perforate, no click of the armature, no armature to click. The message is read by means of a moving flash of light upon a polished mirror, produced by the "deflection" of a very small mirror which is placed within a "galvanometer."

I must here digress again and explain what is meant by a "mirror galvanometer." It is a small brass cylinder, two

or three inches in diameter, shaped like a spool or bobbin, and wound with several thousand turns of small wire, which is wound with fine silk to keep the metal from coming in contact. It is wound or coiled exactly like a bundle of new rope. a small hole being left in the middle a little larger than a common wooden pencil. In the centre of this is suspended a very thin, delicate mirror, about as large over as a kernel of corn, with a corresponding small magnet rigidly attached to the back of it. The whole weighs but little more than a grain, and is suspended by a single fibre of silk much smaller than a human hair, and almost invisible. A scale is placed two or three feet from the mirror, a narrow slit being cut in the centre of the scale to allow a ray of light to shine upon the mirror from a lamp placed behind said scale, the little mirror, in turn, reflecting the light upon the scale. This spot of light upon the scale is the index by which all the messages are read. The angle through which the ray moves is double that traversed by the mirror itself, and it is, therefore, really equivalent to an index four or six feet in length without weight. To give an idea of the extreme delicacy of this apparatus, I may state that messages have actually been sent by means of a common percussion gun-cap fitted with a very small piece of zinc, excited to electrical action by a drop of acidulated water of the simple bulk of a tear.

When the operator at Rye Beach sends a message, each word is spelled out in full, in the ordinary way, by tapping the double "key" before mentioned. The right hand strokes correspond to the dashes, and the left hand strokes to the dots of the ordinary land telegraph. [The cable code varies a little from the Morse code.] When the operator at Rye Beach presses down the right hand "key," he causes a current of electricity to flow, feeble though it is, in a certain direction, which passes through the coil of the galvanometer at Torbay (600 miles distant), which affects the magnetism of the little magnet attached to the mirror and causes it to "deflect" or turn to the right. When the left hand "key" is pressed down, the current circulates in the opposite direction, and, obviously, causes the little mirror to move in the opposite direction. Of course, when the mirror moves, the ray of light moves with it. By this means the right and left hand strokes—which represent the dashes and dots—are obtained, thus enabling the operator to read the message.

To the casual spectator, there is nothing but a thin ray of light darting about with irregular rapidity; but to the trained eye of the operator every flash is replete with intelligence. Thus the word "boy," already alluded to, would be read in this way; One flash to the right and three to the left is B. Three flashes to the right is O. One to the right, one to the left and two more to the right is Y, and so on. Long and constant practice makes the operators expert in their profession, and enables them to read from the mirror as readily and as accurately as from a book or a newspaper. The galvanometer used is the invention of Sir William Thomson of Scotland, who is also the inventor of several other splendid instruments used in telegraphy, principally for "testing" purposes, and consequently of the most delicate kind.

The "testing" of the cable is a wonderful and mysterious process, by which the electrician can sit at a table on either side of the ocean and in an hour "locate" the exact spot where the conducting power of the cable may be in the slightest degree impaired. It does not always follow that the cable is broken, or even very badly fractured, when the electric current is interrupted. It may be that the "insulation" is imperfect; for the conducting power of a cable depends upon the perfection of its "insulation"—that is, its ability to retain the whole of the current sent over the conducting wire, by being completely imbedded in a gutta percha covering, which is a non-conductor of electricity. Perhaps the gutta percha may have been scraped off by chafing on a rock. It may have been cracked by receiving some unusual tension. It may have been ruptured, if near the shore, by the grapnel of some boat or vessel. Possibly some prying fish may have tried his teeth upon it. Any of these or similar causes would be suffi-

cient to injure the insulation and allow the electricity to escape into the water, which is a natural conductor of it. It would be precisely the same as if a large hole were bored in the under side of a lead pipe conveying water to a tank.

Supposing, however, that the fracture is complete, or at least serious enough to destroy the usual communication between the operators at the two ends. It is obvious that the cable must be grappled up and repaired, or it is entirely worthless. A single inch of defective wire renders the whole of no account. Before it can be used again a ship is sent out, furnished with the necessary grappling apparatus, to the vicinity where the trouble exists. The "fault" is cut out a new splice made, and the cable is dropped again upon the bottom of the ocean.

One of the principal instruments used in "testing" is known as Thomson's reflecting galvanometer, and is the invention of Sir William Thomson of Glasgow University, Scotland. It is a small instrument, of elegant workmanship and extreme delicacy, consisting of a very small magnetic needle about three-eighths of an inch long, fixed to the back of a small circular mirror, whose diameter is about equal to the length of the magnet. In this respect it is similar to the mirror used in reading messages. The mirror is sometimes a plano-convex lens of about six feet focus, and is suspended from the circumference by a single cocoon fiber without torsion—the magnetic needle being at right angles with the fiber. The cocoon fiber is silk in its raw state, infinitely finer than the finest manufactured thread, and of course susceptible to the slightest movement in any direction. The mirror is placed in the axle of a coil of wire, some four or five inches across, which completely surrounds it, so that the needle is always under the influence of the coil at whatever angle it is deflected to. A beam of light from a lamp placed behind a screen about three feet distant from the coil falls on the little mirror, the bottom of which is slightly in advance of the top, and is reflected back on to a graduated scale placed just above the point where the beam of light emerges from the lamp. The screen is, as we have before said, straight, and is graduated to 360 divisions on either side of the zero point. This scale being placed about three feet distant from the mirror, it is obvious that a very small angular movement of the little mirror will cause the spot of light reflected on the scale to move a considerable distance across it.

A very good illustration of how this operation may be accomplished, is to take a common looking-glass, hold it in front of you, place a lighted lamp or candle in front, and notice the spot of light that will be reflected upon the wall of the room behind the lamp. Turn the glass from side to side, and of course the spot of light upon the wall moves in a corresponding manner. A similar phenomenon may sometimes be observed in the school-room, when some roguish youth directs the light of his little pocket mirror to the opposite side of the house and causes the concentrated rays of the sun to illuminate the optics of some juvenile sweetheart.

The needle of the galvanometer being very small, and being placed in the center of the coil of wire previously alluded to, every current of electricity deflects it, and deflects it to a degree directly proportional to the strength of the current. This being a known fact, the next step is to know how much electricity is sent out from a given battery, and where it goes to. Also to know if it meets with any resistance on its passage, and if so, how much, and where. The solution of these problems covers the whole ground of "testing." First of all, then, the materials of which the cable is composed must be known, and the exact amount of resistance that the metal offers to the passage of the electrical current. No two metals have the same power of conductivity, and a wire composed of pure copper will offer less resistance than one composed of the baser metals. The weight of the central or conducting wire of the direct cable is between 300 and 400 pounds to the mile, and is made of pure copper. The exact amount of resistance that it offers is known by the thousands of tests made during its manufacture and

its subsequent immersion beneath the waters of the ocean.

In order to measure the strength of the current, it is plain that some fixed standard of measurement must be adopted; hence the electricians use "Siemen's Unit" and the "Ohm," which are convertible terms, and are called the "units of resistance," in the same manner that an inch, a foot, a mile, are standard measurements of length. For convenience, a very small wire of pure copper, weighing but a pound to the nautical mile, is assumed as a standard, and is found to offer to the passage of the electric current a resistance of 1091.22 ohms, when the wire is at a temperature of 32 degrees, or the freezing point of Fahrenheit. It must be borne in mind right here that the temperature of the wire has a marked effect upon the transmission of the current, and adds another important factor to the complication of the problem. The resistance increases directly with the length of a cable, and decreases inversely with its weight; that is to say, a large wire will offer less resistance to the current than a small one, because it contains a greater amount of conducting surface.

A very curious thing about the increased resistance, coincident with the rise in temperature, is that the resistance increases in exactly the same manner as a sum of money put out at compound interest. The resistance compounds itself with every degree of increasing heat. For instance, it has been found that each degree increases the resistance eight thousand nine hundred and fifty ten-millionths of an ohm (.0008950). Now the resistance at 32 degrees being 1091.22 ohms, the resistance at 33 degrees will be 1091.22 plus .0008950=1091.2208950, and the resistance for 34 degrees will be the latter sum plus the .0008950, and so on. This law enables the electrician to construct tables for the reduction of readings of resistance to the standard of 75 degrees Fahrenheit, and for a calculation for the reading at any temperature, from a test made at any other. Knowing these and other minor facts, whenever a cable ceases to work, the electrician has his tables of resistance and other mathematical computations at hand to aid him in his work, just as the bank accountant consults his interest tables, or the surveyor his table of logarithms.

The process of testing is materially shortened by the use of the table of logarithms, as it enables the electrician to avoid the long and tedious processes of multiplication, division, and extraction of roots. The exact resistance of a perfect cable of a given length being known, the electrician constructs a perfect artificial one of any required length, and compares the defective one with it. This statement may seem improbable, and the natural inference would be that it would not be very convenient to have anywhere from 500 to 3000 miles of cable piled up in an office. But it is quite convenient—in fact, absolutely indispensable—and a thousand or two miles of ocean cable may be piled up in a box on a common table. This seeming paradox is explained by the fact already alluded to, that the resistance to the electric current decreases inversely with the weight of the wire. Consequently a coil of very small wire will represent the same amount of resistance as a much greater length of larger wire—exactly upon the same principle that an architect can represent the immense centennial buildings upon a card, or the artist a vast extent of landscape upon a small strip of canvas. For the purpose of testing, "resisting coils" are prepared, consisting of wire drawn out exceedingly fine and wound upon reels like a fish-line. They are placed in different sections of a box made for the purpose, and thoroughly tested, and graduated to represent so many hundred or thousand units of resistance (ohms). Metallic pins, connecting with the battery, are so adjusted as to connect or disconnect the coil with the battery, at the pleasure of the operator. Thus the electrician can construct in a minute, right before him, a perfect cable of any required length.

His real cable, which lies at the bottom of the ocean, having ceased to work, he has only to compare it with the artificial one before him to find out where the trouble is. He hitches up the wire of the defunct cable to the reflecting galvan-

ometer, and sends through it a current of electricity. The amount of resistance that the current meets upon its passage is instantly recorded before his eyes by the spot of light moving out upon the scale a certain number of degrees. This, as already explained, is caused by the "deflection" of the little mirror, whose magnetic needle is influenced by the strength of the current. Suppose, for instance, that the spot of light is deflected 40 degrees upon the scale. The electrician then disconnects the cable, and in its place hitches on some of the resistance coils, which is simply another cable. Suppose he hitches on enough of them to represent 200 miles of real cable. He then turns on the same electric current as before, and finds that the spot of light moves out upon the scale only 30 degrees. What is the inference? Why, simply that the interruption in the real cable is more than 200 miles from the shore, because 200 miles of the artificial cable does not produce the requisite deflection. Well, suppose he hitches on another hundred miles of resistance coils, and then finds the light deflected exactly 40 degrees upon the scale—what then? Why, he has found the break. It is the fourth term of the proportion; the equality of ratios. It is thus, after taking numerous and repeated tests (the mean of the whole being taken) that the exact spot of the break is "located," and final directions given to the company's officers sent out to repair it. Every test requires the utmost exactness and nicety of manipulation, and the greatest care in the mathematical calculations.

Various methods of "testing" are employed, but the one described includes the general principles of the science, and the materials used. The direct company's electricians use, in addition to the mirror, what is known as the "Wheatstone bridge," by which it is claimed a greater degree of accuracy can be obtained, but the process is too complicated for an ordinary magazine article. Whenever a ship has been sent out to repair a break in the cable, the electricians and operators sit night and day and watch for the first movement of the little mirror by which messages are read; until finally the long-expected flash indicates intelligence at the other end. Messages are sent and received, tests made, the broken ends reunited, and finally the delighted operator finds it will again respond to his magic touch.

The "picking up" of the cable from the bottom of the ocean is attended with immense expense, inasmuch as it requires a ship specially adapted for the business. The direct cable was laid and repaired by the "Farraday," which is one of the largest ships in the world, and was built expressly for laying ocean cables, by the Siemens Brothers, contractors, and is owned by the firm. She cost a million and a half dollars, measures over five thousand tons, carries a crew of three hundred men, and is let to repair defunct cables for the modest sum of *five thousand dollars per day!*

She is supplied with all the appliances that modern science and ingenuity can invent, and is a marvel of machinery from end to end. The "hunting for a needle in a hay-mow," which was the traditional impossibility of a quarter century ago, is thrown completely in the shade by this five thousand ton monster of marine architecture that gropes amid the tempests of the North Atlantic, hunting for—and finding—a rope of wire no larger than a whip-stock, and that, too, in water *two and a half miles deep!* That a wire can be laid across the ocean completely impervious to the element in which it is submerged, and become a vehicle of thought, is a triumph of man's ingenuity that must forever remain as one of the foremost wonders of the nineteenth century.

WINNIPESAUKEE LAKE.

BY EVERETT SMYTH.

Noiselessly skimming o'er the brimming
Lake, down past the silvery edge
Of wav'ring shadows fleeing;
Steering straight for sandy landing, ledge-
Bound, hedge-bound, swimming birds and trimming
Herds fearing at our appearing,
Glided we so light and airy,
Startled we no timid fairy.

Aground, skiff rocking, bubbles knocking
Wildly round the foaming surf
It made, we spring, enchanted, haunted
By strange fancies, on the turf;
No thought unlocking,—Nature talking,
Smiling at our courage daunted:
There would we the world's care banish,
Cause all weary thoughts to vanish.

Far from the gnashing jaws of clashing
Toil, to man before unknown,
That shore was ours for singing, ringing
Laughter; after, dreaming lone
By bright waves dashing, ever flashing
In the clinging sunlight, bringing
Back to thought some spoken sentence,
Spoken ere we thought repentance.

Clear springs were calling, crystals falling,
Sparkling, laughing, as they ran
Adown the valley winding, finding
Quietude away from man.
Away from crawling, soul-appalling,
Human grinding, by ever minding
Conscience, Nature, Laws of Heaven,
Could we there the whole lump leaven?

Thro' the entrancing glen advancing,
Gleeful as the witching day;
O'er the bright green moss tripping, sipping
Joys not dreamed of yesterday;
Not backward glancing; prancing, dancing,
To fount slipping, dipping, dripping,
We the hours chased, benighted—
Glided back by moonbeams lighted.

Weirs, N. H., July 31, 1877.

THE SYMBOLIZED WEDDING-DAY.

BY MRS. AMARETT GLEASON.

It was Harry Lettredge's wedding day. He was to lead to the altar sweet Kittie Mordant, the fairest daughter of all the land. The fashionable circles of the little city had been jubilant these past weeks in anticipation of the coming event, in laying out flowery paths and overhanging cloudless skies for the happy pair; for every body declared it not only *the* wedding of the season, but the uniting of soul-lit hearts by spiritual bands of adaptation.

Harry Lettredge was just the man to reach forward and secure the prize which for so long had stood in its bewitching beauty far above the reach of those who had revolved like money-sheathed satellites around its parental pedestal. Just above the medium height, he bore a form erect and symmetrical; and yet, while he swayed his body with a graceful bearing, you would know by the way he set his foot upon the pavement that a purpose lay buried within which would some day arouse and show itself with marked distinction. Although not proud and haughty, in the sense the world defines those elements, yet there was enough of the French Corsican blood from which he descended to give him an air of pride and gallantry; while his broad high forehead and keen, though pleasant, black eye acted as tell-tales of an intellect both strong and brilliant; at the same time his fine moral and religious principle, his upright and gentlemanly deportment, his cordial and genial greeting during his daily business intercourse had won for him a reputation and friendship of which he might well feel proud; while sweet Kittie Mordant, with her innocent loveliness, seemed just the counterpart of his other self. Although reared in a luxurious home, beneath the protecting care of indulgent parents, yet those finer elements which interlace themselves in the formation of a beautiful wife and loving mother had not been neglected, or buried beneath a mass of fashionable accomplishments, but instead had been brought to the surface and cultivated by the good sense and foresight of her most worthy parents. Although her lips were wreathed with a sweet, happy smile, yet when you saw the flashing of her deep blue eye, you felt that something powerful lay hidden beyond, and your very heart stood still while you listened to her outgushings of thought and feeling;— therefore, their approaching union was like the coming together of two opposite clouds, blending and forming one beautiful whole; or the tones of two voices, the one a sweet soprano, the other a smooth basso, uniting and sending forth strains of perfect harmony.

Never a more lovely morning dawned. It seemed as if the day-queen had donned her most brilliant array, that she might be accepted as an honored guest to the wedding. But towards the approaching hour for the confirmation of those vows so sacredly given, a heavy cloud had gathered, and already the rain-drops began to patter against the window-pane. The wedding party had breakfasted at the home of the bride, and now most of them were busy arranging their wedding garments. In the parlor, in an easy chair, and just within the folds of the drapery which festooned the bay window, half reclined a middle-aged lady, her handsome face resting upon one hand, while the other hung listless by her side,—so lost in her own meditations that she did not hear the approaching footsteps upon the soft carpet, or realize the loving presence on a cushion at her feet, until a tender arm encircled her waist, and the pressing of two lips upon the disengaged hand at her side.

"Ah, my mother, alone? A penny for your thoughts! What," he said, as she turned her love-lit eyes upon him, glistening like sun-rays through the drops of a clearing up shower, "what, sad, and a tear upon your blessed cheek? Do you not think I have chosen wisely, my darling mother?"

"Aye, wisely, my own Harry!" But do you not see the dark, heavy clouds, and hear the rain drops already falling? You know the old adage—'As your wedding day, so will your life be;" and somehow, as I listen to the tiny drops patting on the window-pane, they seem to whisper to my heart of coming shadows; and their sad echoes seem permeating my whole being with a threatening fear! I can but feel that the beautiful sunshine and the gathering clouds are but symbols of your own future life!"

"Ah! let me kiss away these tears," he said, bending over her chair. "I can not endure a shadow on *your* face my wedding day! Cheer up, and bind our nuptials by your smiles, precious mother! I hope, my beautiful mother" (as he was wont to call her) "will not harbor any suspicious intruders at our wedding!" and he cast a loving smile upon her. "We must not lose our trust in the Father, if we do, our anchor of hope sinks to the bottom. But here comes Kittie—do not cloud her sky—rather let me introduce her as your youngest daughter!" he said, while a merry laugh followed his words.

In a moment the great strength of her nature had subdued every trace of sadness, and, rising, she pressed the rosy lips of the lovely being before her; and then, placing their right hands together, she held them within her own, while, with her beautiful eyes lifted heavenward, she asked God "to bless and keep them."

The church looked very lovely in its festive dress of many-colored bloom. Trailing little vines and lovely bouquets peeped from every nook and corner; while in front of the chancel stood up proudly, arches of evergreens, dotted here and there with half-laughing rosebuds. Long before the appointed hour every seat and standing place had been filled with anxious hearts and eager eyes to witness the marriage of her whose winning ways and sunny smiles had endeared her to the many in the church she was wont to worship.

The ushers had been busy the last hour in seating the invited guests—*her* friends to the right, *his* to the left; and everybody seemed brimful of happiness, as their smiling faces attested,—but one little shadow, and that rested upon the serene face of his "beautiful mother!" But no one took note of this, for scarce a true mother who does not feel a sharp pang in giving away her son, to whom she has been all the world, and who knows in her heart of hearts that she can never be quite the same to him again, as *this other* must needs fill the dearest nook in his existence. However, the shadows reached no farther than her own sweet face, and everything went on as "merry as a marriage bell," spite the drizzling rain outside.

By and by the organ began to peal forth the marriage march, announcing that the bridal party were waiting in the vestibule. Hushed as midnight air was the vast assembly, whose very heart-beatings you could hear as the bridal party entered. First, the bridemaids, looking like fairy queens in their floating airy dresses, scattering, as they came, tiny flowers to be crushed by the feet of the bride as she approached the altar to seal her troth-plight; then the blushing bride, pure as a lily, with no color to mar its sweetness, leaning upon her father's arm; after which the mother, who was seated by the happy bridegroom, who, politely bowing, passed on and knelt before the altar beside her he had chosen, and under the marriage bell, which had been twined and hung by loving hands above them.

During the ceremony the rain drops had ceased their gentle pattings—the dark, heavy clouds, as if half-ashamed of their intrusion, had secreted themselves behind those silvery and floating; while the day-queen came forth from her deep blue hidings, dressed in all her brilliancy. Just as the good rector was pronouncing them "husband and wife," she sent her

bright rays through a western window, where they danced for a moment in thread-like flashes, then dividing themselves, rested, as if in blessing, upon the happy bride and groom.

A more lovely scene could not have been pictured—the church, filled with its halo of joy—the nodding blossoms, sparkling like crystalized beauties in the bright sunlight—the white-robed rector, looking *almost* ethereal—the altar, with its burning tapers in the background; while that youthful couple standing beneath the resting sunbeams, formed a most pleasing foreground.

As the bridal party emerged from the church, it seemed as if the crowning glory of the occasion had risen up to offer her warm congratulations—a most brilliant rainbow hanging like a ribbon of promise from the blue heavens before them. The quick perception of the over-joyed mother caught up the threads of happy circumstances, and her thoughts went on weaving a bright border around her web of mental illusion.

"Dear mother," said Harry, on taking her hand at parting, "I am so glad to see your happy smiles again! This morning my own joy was stayed by your sadness, and I almost feared the step I was about to take—but now I feel strong and can walk forth into this new life with renewed hope and courage, for your smiles, precious mother, will illume my path like a lamp of love at my feet! But tell me what magic power has changed your tears into these happy smiles? Your face seems radiant with the joy your heart is feeling! Was it the beautiful service of our beloved church, dear mother, that quickened them into birth, or this beautiful afternoon sunshine?"

"Aye, my own Harry, both. The service of our church is never rendered without its beautiful meaning thrilling the deepest recesses of my heart; but to-day this clearing up shower, with its veil of bright sunshine and ribbon of rainbow tints, has proved the reviving elixir, sending forth these happy smiles and hanging a bow of promise in my heart. Listen, my son, and mark you well. This day have I symbolized with your life. Your present joy, in connection with your business prospects, is the lovely morning with its happy sunshine; but by and by the sky that now looks so clear and promising will have become murky and foreboding—heavy clouds of adversity gather, sending forth their pelting rains upon you. Whether heart, fortune or both shall be engulfed remaineth only to the Father. Be the call ever so great, give answer, never for a moment losing your trust that He will, in His own good time, bring you forth into the sunshine again, purified and made better by His refining process. Promise me, dear Harry, that when these clouds shall gather, *as they surely will*, you will be brave and meet them manfully, remembering that the brightest sunshine and most brilliant rainbow are more often an answering smile to storms most threatening and fearful!"

"Yes, my own beautiful mother, I will promise; for with Kittie's loving influence and your precious love and counsel, I can be brave and manfully meet whate'er betide!"

"Then go, and a mother's blessing shall follow you!"

Five years of matrimonial sunshine—five years of business prosperity, had been gathered up by the hand of Time and tossed "among the things that were." The financial sky, which but yesterday looked so bright and promising, had suddenly, *very* suddenly, become dark and threatening—clouds, heavy and foreboding, were driving with maddening fury those light and floating—lightning flashes, sharp and repeating, seemed rending the darkness, and already the rain drops of fear were beating against the hearts of anxious men! But one peal from the leading houses of business, and those subordinate and weaker must needs fall beneath the rushing torrents which follow!—and it came with such sudden fury that poor Harry Lettredge had not time to raise even a slight protection above him!

For the moment he seemed unmanned by the great calamity which had befallen him,—not so much for himself as for the dear ones who must suffer with him,

and bowing his head upon his office table he groaned aloud:

"Poor, dear Kate and the children!"

So, lost in his own sad meditations, he heard not the soft footsteps of a loving presence—knew not that an earthly angel was kneeling beside him, overshadowing him with her wings of love and sympathy, until a well-known voice, sweeter than flute notes in that hour of his great need, fell upon his ear, and a tender hand parted back the locks from his cold, damp brow.

"What, dear Harry, troubles you? Have you fallen asleep and dreaming?"

"Would to God it were a dream, precious Kittie! But oh! it is a reality that has nearly killed me! To-day I am a ruined man—all, all is gone!"

With that keen conception which formed a striking feature in her character, she seemed to gather in at a glance the fearful meaning of his words; while those stronger elements which had so long lain dormant for want of a proper stimulus aroused themselves, rushing to the rescue and saving her from that sloth of despondency into which those of a weaker nature must inevitably have fallen.

"I know it is hard, dear Harry," she said, "to have your bright prospects swept away by a breath of misfortune, yet if we do not lose our trust in the Father we may see something, even in the darkness of this hour, to give us consolation,—it may be an angel's visit, although we can not behold her sweet face from the thick veil of mystery which covers it! Let us peep beyond the dark, gloomy cloud which overshadows us, and perchance we may catch a glimpse of the Father's goodness written upon its silver lining! Is it not a comfort to you to know that it is not a work of your own hands that is crumbling at your feet; and that it was beyond your power to stay the tide which has seemingly engulfed you, sweeping away your all? And yet it is not *all* gone, my husband, have you not me and little Bessie and baby left to love and live for?"

"Oh, yes, for which, God knows, I am thankful! But how can I care for you, when every dollar has been swept from my grasp?"

"Have we not strong hearts and willing hands, dear Harry? We must not falter by the wayside—let us work together!"

"You, Kittie, who was reared in such wealth and luxury? You work to help gain a livelihood, with a husband strong and capable? God forbid! Oh, no, no!" and again he bowed his head and groaned aloud.

"You do not know me, dear Harry, if you think I would falter in any duty in life's pathway. It is praiseworthy to labor when our own circumstances demand it. If we accept the mission our Heavenly Father giveth, performing cheerfully its every duty, we shall, in His own blessed time, receive as our reward a crown sparkling with many jewels! Then oh, do not, for your great hope of heaven and your love for wife and children, let this blow, however heavy it may rest upon you, crush out all that is good and noble! Rise up, my husband," she said, tenderly lifting his head from its resting place and carefully smoothing out the wrinkles from his troubled brow, "rise up, dear Harry, and promise me that you will be brave and meet it manfully!"

Brave and manfully! How those words thrilled his very being! Like a shock from an electric battery, they sent the blood whirling through his veins—every nerve dancing with new life, while his lips gathered up the cherries which had fallen off, and his eyes grew bright and sparkling again.

"You have saved me, precious wife!" he answered, springing up from his seat and clasping her to his bosom, "those were the words of my beautiful mother on my wedding day! I had forgotten my sacred promise to her—I will renew it to you, my own dear Kittie! I can see it all, now—I have passed by the lovely morning with its happy sunshine, and now the clouds have lowered and the destructive rains are upon me! Yet I will not forget that I am a *man*, a husband and a father, bravely struggling to stem the tide of adversity, trusting if I am but faithful in answering the Master's call,

that He will eventually bring me out into the happy sunshine again, hanging in His heaven of love a bright rainbow of promise!"

"God bless you, my own Harry! My cup runneth over with joy! This hour let us consecrate ourselves anew to the work of the Master, promising our hearts to be faithful workers in the vineyard wherein He hath placed us!"

A wealthy uncle, in a distant Southern State, hearing of Harry's misfortune, immediately wrote him, inviting himself and family to share the bounties of his own luxurious home. Somewhat advanced in years, he had often felt the need of a younger hand to help turn the great wheels of his extensive business—an active, energetic mind to alleviate, in a measure, his burden of thought; while his plantation home (he having led a bachelor life) needed the loving influence of woman to brighten up and sweeten its languishing atmosphere—the marks of her deft fingers upon its pertainings, that they might become more home-like and attractive.

Fully confident that the ability, strength of character and sound judgment of his nephew would meet every demand of the position, he had more than once made the proposition, assuring him that he should share his property like an own son. But Harry always answered him with true manly dignity:

"Thanks, dear uncle; yet, much as I love you and appreciate the kind intentions of your offer, I cannot accept it. I should feel that I was but a pauper living in high life! I had rather make my own mark in the world, and then, if I win the laurels I now so much covet, their beauty will not be dimmed by the thought that older and more experienced hands hung them for me—but I can accept them with becoming pride as the merit of my own untiring exertions."

Lest the same old will-power of self-reliance might still influence and keep from him his nephew, he had very thoughtfully and kindly added a postscript to his letter, saying:

"Dear Harry, do not let a foolish whim of dependence keep you from me. I so much need you! My business matters have become somewhat entangled by my own unavoidable neglect, and it needs a young and careful hand to disengage the matted threads and straighten them out again. To you I can confidently trust the work, which will relieve me of great anxiety and thought; while Kittie's care over the servants and household duties—her happy voice and cheerful smiles—the bird-like chirpings of the little ones, will not only add a charm to the home but a joy to the heart of

Your Bachelor Uncle."

At first, Harry Lettredge felt that he could not accept the invitation, but when he came to consider it more fully and to realize that a duty lay hidden within its acceptance, then he cheerfully decided, subsequently moving hither with his family.

For a while they were very happy in their new home in the sunny South. Kittie, by her own skillful hands and judicious management of the servants, soon transformed the somewhat neglected mansion into one of much beauty and many pleasing attractions. The children became pets for the plantation hands, who considered it an honor of high degree to tolt the little ones over the grounds and entertain them with their plantation melodies; while Harry became more cheerful and contented when he saw the pleasure it gave his uncle to have them with him.

But by and by, after his business matters were straightened and in fine working order, and he began to feel that his presence was no longer a necessity, then his ambitious spirit began to grow restless, and he sighed for an independent life in fields of activity and labor.

It was a great disappointment to his uncle when he made his proposition to leave him; yet, feeling that true and noble motives actuated his nephew, he reluctantly consented, granting him such assistance as was needed to further his plans.

Having an opportunity to associate himself with a man of fine business ability in the wool exportation business, he gladly accepted, returned East, and took

an office in our own proud Boston, while his partner remained among the wool-growers of Texas. Here, by his strict attention to business, his moral character and gentlemanly bearing, he is slowly, *but surely*, working his steps up the promising ladder of fortune and fame—for, not only his business capabilities have been strengthened and stimulated by his bitter experience, but his mental powers have been aroused to greater activity, and to-day the minds of the literary world are feasting on his high-toned productions.

Some twelve miles out of Boston, in one of her adjoining cities, stands a neat French-roofed cottage—nothing in its pretensions to wealth or display—yet your eye rests with pleasure upon its pleasant surroundings, and, as in imagination you step within, an air of sweet contentment greets your senses as you cross the threshold, while you feast your admiration upon the charming aspect which everywhere meets your gazing eyes. Light feet keep step to the tune of a happy voice, and busy fingers send back their answering echoes to the promptings of a loving heart!

I need not tell you that this is the cozy little home of Harry Lettredge, for you can but recognize the lovely face of Kittie Mordant, as the little housewife turns to answer your morning greeting—somewhat changed by the maternal cares which have left their traces, yet more beautiful and charming by the womanly graces she has gathered from the hands of experience—the same sweet smile nestles upon her lips—the same loving glances steal from her clear blue eye!

A happy home indeed! for while Harry is busy with the business world, his lovely wife is reigning supreme in *her* little world at home—for aside from a scrub-woman who comes to perform the heavier work, she masters her own domestic duties—her own delicate hands preparing her husband's early breakfast, and at evening hour, when he returns weary and faint from the over-exertions of the day, cheerful smiles revive his languishing spirits, and dainties of her own manufacturing prove a resting balm to his inner man. Care-filled moments leave no room for vain regrets—therefore the past with its dark shadows is swallowed up in the happy sunshine of the present and the bright bow of promise which spans their future sky!

In their home there is a vacant little chair, for baby has been called to join the little immortals beyond the Pearly Gates! It was a heavy cross for their young hearts to bear, but they bowed in loving submission, for the same faith which sustained them in their minor afflictions still upheld them in their hour of great need—the same loving hand still led them! Sweetest memories cling round the little relic, for they have twined it with garlands of never-fading flowers; while in the Heavenly Mansion they fancy they can behold the little jewel which once filled it, and hear a tiny voice calling:

"Baby's waiting—come up Higher!"

EARLY HISTORY OF THE CONGREGATIONALISTS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BY JOSEPH FULLONTON.

Church organizations are according to the good Book, which those that bear the Christian name profess to take as their guide. The modern division of Christians into different sects, or denominations, is an evil, yet in the great harmony that is now being cultivated between them, the evil is much removed. The names that denominations bear are not Scriptural. Some of them were given

by their enemies in derision, as Puritans, Quakers, Shakers, Methodists, etc., yet in the imperfect state of the world, as all cannot see things alike, there can be no great harm in the use of different denominational names. If the world shall have a millenium, or a much better condition than what has yet been, there may then be different denominations, but less importance will be attached to their names than now. Like brothers aad sisters in a well regulated family, although known by different names, they will live with great strength and purity, and the name of the Father and Son will be "high over all."

The Congregationalists are older, as a people, than most of the other sects. In the last part of the sixteenth century, or about three hundred years ago, there were religionists, called Brownists, being followers of Robert Brown. This man was educated at Cambridge, in England, lived in Norwich, and protested against the ceremonies of the established church. Much from these people came those called Independents. And from these came those called Puritans. And from these last came the Congregationalists. A distinguished Puritan minister was Rev. John Robinson, born in Great Britain, in 1575, educated at Cambridge, and in 1602 became pastor of a congregation in Norfolk in the north of England. Not enjoying their rights unmolested, in 1608 they moved to Leyden, in Holland, and rom that place a portion emigrated to New England and commenced settlements in 1620. Mr. Robinson remained, but intended to come over. This was prevented by his sudden death in 1625. He was a learned, able and pious man, of quick wit, great penetration, and great candor. The early settlers of Plymouth and vicinity were known as Puritans, but in process of time their descendants took the name Congregationalists.

One of the cardinal principles of this denomination is the independence of the churches, in that each church is a complete body in itself, having sufficient power to act and perform everything relating to religious government, and the regulation of its affairs, and is in no respect subject or accountable to other churches, or anything in the form of Synods, Presbyteries, Bishops, and the like. Each church has the power to choose its own ministers, and to dismiss them when it sees fit. Yet in these the advice of Councils are to assist. But as a rule, Councils, especially in difficulties, are advisory bodies. In the respects herein named, the Baptists, Free Will Baptists, and some others, have the same views of church government and church independence as the Congregationalists. In doctrine the Congregationalists are Trinitarians. They were formerly Calvinists, latterly not so much so. Baptism was, until lately, by sprinkling; latterly immersion is allowed to be a proper mode, in case that is chosen.

It is worthy of being here remarked, that the persecutions carried on against the Puritans in England in the reigns of Elizabeth and the Princes of the unfortunate House of Stuart, seemed to lay the foundation of what is now our vast Republic in this western world. Hither, into a wilderness, they came, established a free religion, and free political and educational institutions. Perhaps it is not too much to say, that our free government grew out of their independence of church government. In President Jefferson's time there was a church, Congregational in form, near him, in Virginia, and he said it was, as to its government, in almost exact accord with a republican government.

In New Hampshire, the Congregationalists are the oldest, and have all along been the largest Christian denomination in the State. The two towns first settled in what is now the State, were Portsmouth and Dover, in 1623. But Congregationalists were not coeval with these settlements, as those who then came did not come for liberty of conscience, nor for religious purposes, but to gain a livelihood by fishing, and perhaps a few other branches of business. They were not, however, unmindful of moral instruction and religious obligations. At Dover they built a meeting-house, which was the first erected in the State. The settlement was at Dover Neck, four or five miles from the compact part of the city, as it now is. It was afterwards surrounded

by entrenchments and flankers, the remains of which we saw a few years ago, and probably they are still seen. These were for a defence from Indian attacks. We have never been able to learn what kind of a building this was, nor its dimensions. Whether it was of logs or a framed structure we do not know. It was standing in a ruinous condition in 1720, eighty-seven years after its erection. But about twenty years previous to that date, the second house for the Society, (Congregationalists), had been erected at "Pine Hill," on land now a part of "Pine Hill Cemetery." It was nearly north of the tomb of the Cushing family. The church was organized in 1638. Whether it was called Congregational or not, it was so to all intents, and is now 238 years old. There is but one older in the State which will now be noticed. Hampton was settled in 1638. A church had been organized in 1835 or 1836, in Lynn, Mass., separate from the one already there. Some conflict existed between the two, and this second church, with its minister and some other persons, came to Hampton, as the first settlers. The minister was Rev. Stephen Bachiler. (We preserve his spelling of the name.) He was in some sense the father of the town, and was the progenitor of a very large part of the great Bachelder family in our country. Mr. Bachiler continued pastor of the Hampton church about three years, afterwards returned to his native country, England, and died at the age of about one hundred years. There were some shades over his moral character while at Hampton, for which it is trusted he made amends by penitence and a good life. His immediate successors in the pastorate at Hampton were Revs. Timothy Dalton, a native of England, John Wheelwright, a native of Salely, England, and Seaborn Cotton, born at sea while his parents were on the passage to this country.

The meeting-house at Hampton was built of logs, and was not far from where the Academy stands. The log meeting-house was not, however, occupied very long, as not many years later, a larger house was erected. A third, quite large, was built in 1675. After 1710, the fourth house of worship was erected. This had two tiers of galleries, one above the other. All these church buildings stood near the place of the Academy. About 1740, the celebrated Whitefield visited the place, and preached to a very large assembly in the open air near the church, as that would not hold the people.

The next church organization was at Exeter. The place was settled in 1638, the same year as Hampton, and a church was formed, consisting of eight members. The origin of this settlement and of this church will be given in brief. Rev. John Wheelwright came over from England to Boston in 1636, where he and his wife united with the church, which was then the only one in that place. In December following, on the occasion of a Fast, he preached a sermon that gave offence, as it was thought to reflect on ministers and civil officers, and for this he was banished from the Colony. In 1638, with a few of his friends and adherents, he came to what is now Exeter, and commenced settlements. We have the authority of the late Judge and Governor, Jeremiah Smith of Exeter, for saying the party which first came were about four days on the way, not to say road, for the most part of the whole region between Boston and Exeter was an unsettled wilderness. Mr. Wheelwright had purchased lands of the Indians, and Squamscot Falls, where there have been mills perhaps ever since, and near the present Factory, were first settled. The particular seat of the first operations was in the northwest part of the present compact part of the town, and not far from the present jail. There, near or on a small elevation now called "Meeting House Hill," their first house of worship was built. Its dimensions were twenty feet square. Afterwards there was an addition of what was called a "lean-to."

After Mr. Wheelwright had preached about three years, the New Hampshire Colony was united in government to Massachusetts, which brought the pastor of this church under the jurisdiction of that Colony, from which he had been banished; so he left, and went to Wells, Me., from which place he afterwards came to Hampton, as has been named, the sentence of his banishment having been re-

moved. The church at Exeter, left without a minister, lost its visibility. In 1650 Rev. Samuel Dudley came to that place and a new church was formed. This is now what is called the First Church in Exeter, and is 226 years old.

Portsmouth has been named as one of two towns early settled, but a Congregational church was not formed so early as the others in the three towns named. A chapel and parsonage were provided, but we have not the date, though it was before 1640. About that time some effort was made for preaching a portion of the time. In 1657 a better place of worship was built by the town. It stood in what is now the south part of the compact portion of the city. In 1658 Rev. Joshua Moody began to preach, but a church was not organized till thirteen years later, that is, in 1671.

Thus it is seen that forty-eight years, nearly half a century, passed, from the first settlement of what is now our State, and there were four towns, and each had a Congregational church. And it should be said, no church of any other denominational name existed in the Colony, save an Episcopal Society in Portsmouth, which had a church building and a meeting as early as 1638.

The fifth township formed was New-Castle, formerly a part of Portsmouth, in 1693. The early records of the church have been lost, so the date of the organization cannot be given. Probably it was as soon as the town was chartered, if not before, as there was a house of worship, which was taken down in 1706, and a new one erected, which was finished with much elegance.

The sixth town incorporated was Kingston, and a church organized in 1725.

This brings us down two years beyond the first century of operations in what is now New Hampshire. It was in some respects the day of small things in ecclesiastical and civil affairs. Soon after settlements and churches increased more rapidly.

NAMES OF COUNTIES AND TOWNS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BY ASA MCFARLAND.

The early inhabitants of New Hampshire gave to places in which their lot was cast the names of cities and towns in the mother country. This is more obvious in that portion of the State first settled by immigration—the lower sections of Rockingham and Strafford—where nearly all the towns are only the duplicates, in name, of cities and towns in England. Thus we find Portsmouth, Brentwood, Rye, Hampton, Kingston, Exeter, Newmarket, Epping, Hampstead, Gosport, Durham, Newcastle, Madbury, Kensington, Newington, Seabrook, Nottingham, Northwood, Plaistow, Sandown, Dover and Rochester. Elsewhere in our State there is no lack of English names, but they are not found so plentifully as in that portion above spoken of. This list embraces the towns of Alton, Alstead, Andover, Auburn, Chester, Barnstead, Bath, Bedford, Bow, Bradford, Bristol, Cambridge, Canterbury, Chichester, Cornish, Claremont, Chatham, Epsom, Errol, Marlow, Milford, Newport, Northumberland, Lancaster, Tamworth, Wakefield, Westmoreland, Plymouth, Pembroke and Surry.

NAMES OF PERSONS APPLIED TO COUNTIES AND TOWNS.

In not a few instances the counties and towns of New Hampshire derived their names from persons. Until the year 1801 our State consisted of five counties, namely: Rockingham, Strafford, Hillsborough, Cheshire and Grafton. Proba-

bly all these, except Cheshire, were named for distinguished Englishmen. Lord *Rockingham* was a member of the Cabinet of George the Third; was a man of unostentatious integrity, and a safe counsellor, although neither an orator nor a statesman, in the proper signification of the word. It was he through whose influence the stamp act was repealed. Thomas Wentworth *Strafford*, at the commencement of the reign of Charles the First, and during the arbitrary administration of Buckingham, stood up for the rights of the people, and sustained imprisonment, deprivation of his offices and exclusion from Parliament. He was by the king abondoned to his fate, and died upon the scaffold (beheaded) May 12, 1641. The name of the Duke of Grafton occurs with much frequency in the celebrated Letters of Junius, which made a great stir in England about the year 1770, of which Sir Philip Francis was probably the author. The presumption may be reasonably entertained that this nobleman was in the minds of members of the Legislature when the County of Grafton was formed. The County of Cheshire has its namesake in England, which is a county celebrated for its cheese. The word *Coos* is thought to be of Indian origin, although there is an island of that name in the Grecian Archipelago. Since the incorporation of the County of Coos in the year 1801, four others have been constituted, namely: Merrimack, Sullivan, Belknap and Carroll. No intelligent inhabitant of the State need be at a loss for the reasons which induced the Legislature to bestow the names Merrimack, Sullivan, Belknap and Carroll upon these territorial divisions of New Hampshire.

TOWNS NAMED FOR PERSONS.

The towns are many which were named for persons; some, like Gilmanton and Sanbornton, because many of the first settlers were Gilmans and Sanborns. The following are of this class: Atkinson, Fremont, Newton, Windham, Milton, Rollinsford, Strafford, Centre Harbor, Tilton, Bartlett, Conway, Madison, Moultonborough, Sandwich, Tuftonborough, Wolfeborough, Allenstown, Franklin, Webster, Wilmot, Amherst, Goffstown, Hancock, Mason, Temple, Weare, Jaffrey, Jackson, Langdon, Monroe, Marlborough, Nelson, Harrisville, Walpole, Winchester, Washington, Littleton, Thornton, Warren, Wentworth, Jefferson, Carroll, Randolph, Stark and Stratford. Boscawen and Hawke are names borne by admirals in the English navy, we think during the reign of George the Third. In 1836 Hawke was changed to Danville—the inhabitants supposing their town bore the name of a bird, instead of an admiral of the blue or the red.

NAMES CHANGED FOR POLITICAL REASONS.

In a few instances, and but a few, the Legislature changed the names of towns for political considerations. Thus Adams, like Mount Adams, named for John Adams, second President of the United States, was changed in 1829 to Jackson, for Gen. Andrew Jackson, then in the first year of his Presidency. From its incorporation in 1764, to 1841, Benton, in Grafton County, was known as Coventry. Thomas H. Benton, thirty years a Senator from Missouri, was a favorite in the Democratic party at that time. New Chester was changed to Hill in 1856, in compliment to Hon. Isaac Hill, then Governor of New Hampshire.

TOWNS FORMED IN THE LAST SIXTY YEARS.

Rockingham County.— Auburn, 1845; South Newmarket, 1849.

Strafford.—Strafford, 1820; Rollinsford, 1849.

Belknap—Laconia, 1855; Belmont, 1859. Tilton, 1869.

Carroll.— Freedom, 1831; Madison, 1853.

Merrimack.—Hooksett, 1822; Franklin, 1828; Webster, 1860.

Hillsborough.—Bennington and Greenville.

Cheshire.—Harrisville.

Grafton.—Ashland, Bristol, Monroe, Waterville, Easton and Livermore.

Coos.—Berlin. Carroll, Clarksville, Errol, Gorham, Milan, Pittsburg, Randolph and Shelburne.

TOWNS THE NAMES OF WHICH HAVE BEEN CHANGED.

The towns are many which do not re-

tain the names given when their charters were granted. They are found by counties as follows:

Rockingham.—Candia, Charmingfare; Chester, Cheshire; Danville, Hawke; Fremont, Poplin; Londonderry, Nutfield; New Castle, Great Island.

Strafford and Belknap.—No changes.

Carroll.—Albany, Burton; Conway, Pigwackett; Jackson, Adams; Ossipee, New Garden; Wakefield, East Town.

Merrimack.—Andover, Emerisstown; Boscawen, Contoocook; Bradford, New Bradford; Concord, Penacook and Rumford; Dunbarton, Stark's Town; Henniker, Number 6; Hill, New Chester; Hopkinton, New Hopkinton; Newbury, Fishersfield; New London, Dantzic; Salisbury, Baker's Town; Sutton, Perry's Town; Warner, New Amesbury; Wilmot, Kearsarge.

Hillsborough.— Amherst, Souhegan-West; Antrim, Society Land; Bedford, Souhegan-East; Brookline, Raby; Francestown, New Boston Addition; Hudson, Nottingham-West; Litchfield, Brenton's Farm; Lyndeborough, Salem Canada; Milford, Mile Slip; New Ipswich, Ipswich Canada; Sharon, Peterborough Slip; Weare, Hale's Town; Windsor, Campbell's Gore.

Cheshire.—Alstead, Newtown; Dublin, Monadnock, No. 2; Fitzwilliam, Monadnock, No. 4; Gilsum, Boyle; Hinsdale, Fort Dummer; Jaffrey, Monadnock, No. 2; Keene, Upper Ashuelot; Marlborough, Monadnock, No. 5; Nelson, Packersfield; Rindge, Monadnock, No. 1; Stoddard, Limerick; Swanzey, Lower Ashuelot; Walpole, Bellows Town; Westmoreland, Great Meadow; Winchester, Arlington.

Sullivan.—Charlestown, No. 4; Lempster, Dupplin; Springfield, Protectworth; Sunapee, Saville; Washington, Camden.

Grafton.—Benton, Coventry; Ellsworth, Trecothick; Enfield, Belham; Franconia, Morristown; Groton, Cockermouth; Haverhill, Lower Cohos; Lisbon, Concord; Littleton, Chiswick and Apthorp; Orange, Cardigan; Woodstock, Peeling.

Coos.—Berlin, Maynesborough; Carroll, Breton Woods; Colebrook, Coleburne; Columbia, Cockburne; Dalton, Apthorp; Gorham, Shelburne Addition; Jefferson, Dartmouth; Lancaster, Upper Cohos; Milan, Paulsburg; Pittsburg, Indian Stream; Randolph, Durand; Stark, Percy; Stewartstown, Stewart.

NAMES OF INDIAN DERIVATION.

The streams and mountains of New Hampshire, the names of which are of Indian origin, are more numerous than the towns. Merrimack, Nashua and Sunapee are all which come within the latter class, while the hills, mountains and streams with Indian names are many, and distributed throughout the State. Some of these are Ossipee, Contoocook, Soucook, Suncook, Saco, Monadnock, Kearsarge, Coos, Cocheco, Sunapee, Unconoonock, Chocorua, Pemigewassett, Mascomy, Massabesic, Amonoosuck, Piscataquog, Souhegan, Androscoggin and others. Some of these are more euphonious than many of purely English origin, and are in no danger of being changed.

SCOTCH AND IRISH NAMES.

These do not abound in our State. We include in our list only Antrim, Derry, Dublin, Dunbarton and Londonderry. The town of Orange was incorporated as Cardigan, and the change was no improvement. Its mountain is still known as Cardigan, a name, we think, of Scotch origin.

A MORNING IN THE TROPICS.

BY J. B. CONNOR.

In the portrayal of a scene so greatly at variance with the clatter and din which ushers in the new-born day in our own country, I must draw to a certain extent upon your imagination; for no true northerner can ever fully understand or appreciate the southern idea of comfort, which is as far removed from laziness as are the inhabitants of their respective Americas. I may be pardoned, also, for remarking that wealth, position and honorable mention is the good which the ambitious citizen of the north strives to gain, while he whose home is in the land of the southern cross is content to live as his fathers have done before him, and his happy nature and warm heart shine forth resplendent in every lineament of his genial face.

Leave, if you please, your wealth, your position and honorable mention, and come with me to Brazil, to Pernambuco, for I have chosen "the city of bridges" for our morning pilgrimage. See how beautiful she rests upon the bosom of the now placid sea; scarcely above its surface are her shores lifted, but a thoughtful Providence has thrown a coral arm around her, and, thanks to its protection, no harm shall come to the nestling children lying side by side, safely anchored in the blessed haven. The deep-toned bell at Santo Antonio slowly tolls its four beats, and still the cool mist hangs in heavy clouds along the beach. Proud Olinda rises in all the majesty of her former grandeur, and, but for the white tablets that mark the graves of the Count of Nassau's contemporaries, we might even now point to her as the capital of the equatorial colonies of Portugal. The large white building near the summit was once occupied by the law school with its 300 students. They have long since passed away, but buildings in Brazil are made of enduring material, and last for centuries. I fancy that the former inhabitants look down—if it be possible—with intense gratification upon these lasting monuments of the scorn and derision with which they ever treated the denizens of the lower town (Pernambuco). The first puff of the ocean breeze dispels the misty curtain, and reveals in succession Receife, Santo Antonio and Boa Vista—the three districts which form the city. A large portion of the people at Receife obtain a livelihood, either directy or indirectly, from the "briny deep," consequently it is here we see the first signs of awakening life. Fishermen emerge from every conceivable nook and corner affording the slightest apology of a shelter, roll up their mats—which serve as beds—and proceed to put themselves through a course of gymnastics. After a due amount of stretching and yawning, the "catamarans" (rafts of cork-wood logs, with a lateen sail) are launched, and with much jabbering and scolding paddled outside the reef, where the now fresh wind fills the sail and wafts them with the speed of a race horse to the fishing grounds. Anon they will return laden with those deep-sea beauties which never fail to send a thrill of delight through the Brazilian heart.

Five o'clock, and the first flush of morning casts its faint illumination across the blue Atlantic. Now the milkman comes to make his morning rounds, not with a rattling cart, but with the cow herself, and, stopping to milk the desired quantity, he cracks a joke with the housemaid, or extols the beauty of the calf tied to its mother's tail. The mimgao woman is abroad, and it is high time, for already a group of negroes—who have passed the night on the steps of a neighboring church—are getting impatient for their morning porridge. A

fat negress follows with a tempting array of the numerous varieties of bananas, which she cries in a lusty tone. Yonder comes a giggling mulatto girl with a pyramid of red and white capi perched upon her head. There is very little in quantity to be obtained from this fruit, but the few drops that escape upon pressure impart to a glass of water a most agreeable flavor. In the balcony opposite, a senorita is peering out from behind the Venetian blind, watching and listening. She has not long to wait, however, for a lithesome negro girl, balancing upon her head a tray literally loaded with gorgeous flowers, turns the corner—casts an expectant glance at my lady, and in a twinkling stands before her, holding out the floral display for inspection.

All good Catholics must attend mass at least once a week, and at what other time than in the cool morning, ere the cares of the day have intruded upon the quiet mind, can they give thanks and pray for continued blessings? Custom insists that the "dear girls" walk in front of papa and mamma, and although "minha moca" does not like the restraint, she is quite safe; for what black-moustached Don would dare to wink at her, knowing that the stern eye of pater familias would instantly detect any attempt at connivance? It matters not to which church they go, there being but one religious belief in Brazil, and the pews are carried by the servant, in the shape of cushions upon which to kneel. All is hushed within the sacred edifice, the exhalations from burning incense rise to the gilded dome in curly wreaths, a hundred lighted candles illuminate the altar, and before a figure of the Virgin—resplendent in gold and silver spangles—are two golden candlesticks containing wax candles, which are kept continually burning. Along the walls, on each side, are statues of the patron and other saints, while the walls themselves are lined for eight feet up with blue and white Dutch tiles, representing landscapes and mythological characters. Columns, niches, altars and carved work are white and gold, contrasting prettily with the blue pagan scenery on the tiles. The curtain at the door parts to admit alike the master and the slave, and falls noiselessly back. Pensive maidens dreamily count their beads, while at the font stands an aged sinner muttering a prayer and piously crossing himself. The silence of this impressive scene is only broken by the voice of the priest, proclaiming: "Orate, fratres;" and the devotion with which the kneeling multitude respond to his reverential call for prayer gives unmistakable evidence of the sincerity of their hearts.

Now we will go to the palace gardens, for morning and evening they are open to the public, and highly do the people appreciate this invitation to the royal bowery. And they should, for a more delightful spot does not exist in the empire. Rare and beautiful flowers are growing in wild profusion along the walks, climbing over hedges, and even mounting high in the branches of the tamarind. The four-angle cactus is perhaps the ugliest specimen in the floral kingdom, but its large white blossom is rich in all that the stock is so poor. The pin-pillow, winged and snake cactus are all beautiful, and inspired Mrs. Sigourney to write:

"Who hung thy beauty on such a rugged stock?" etc.

Lines of the corrol tree, with its flowers of the deepest crimson, extend from the main gate to the palace, and climbing plants of every hue hang in festoons from branch to branch. Under the shelter of a fan-like palm, and scarcely visible for its density, are the acacias and sensitive-plants; the one with airy foliage trembling at every movement of its elegant golden blossoms, the other timidly shrinking from the slightest touch and vainly striving to hide its pink flowerets from the morning sun. Near the palace is a small square, surrounded and nearly concealed by a circle of mango trees interspersed with Brazillian thorn. Here, when the executive pleases, the government band furnishes music for the visitors, and upon occasions the president (of the province) occupies his private pavilion. On these "presidential evenings" the elite congregate in large numbers to pay their respects; for it is considered quite the thing to be at least ac-

quainted with his excellency. Emerging at the western gate, we come upon a string of mules guided by a mulatto, who is continually shouting—not the kind words suggested by Mr. Bergh—but "ho! devil," "go along, fool," and other expressions equally inelegant. In view, however, of the delicious edibles with which they keep the market supplied, their mode of driving is readily excused. The panniers—one upon each side of the animal—are filled with oranges, plantains, araca, pinha, and, perchance, boxes of guava jelly, one of the greatest delicacies of the country. But only one, for the list is long and includes Mother Benta's cakes, doce de araca, egg-threads, sighs, angels' hair, and baba de moca (the latter could be translated, but it does not sound as well in English) and—I came near forgetting it—"heavenly bacon," a light pudding composed of almond-paste, eggs, sugar, butter and flour. These muleteers are a very peculiar sort of people. Living, as they do, in isolated places among the mountains or on the bank of some river, they are imbued with strange notions. Their everyday affairs are arranged in strict accordance with the superstitions cherished, while all calamities are attributed to some mysterious agency. Each hamlet has its traditions and legends, the truth of which they never question, and their weird tales of ancient people and places strikingly illustrate the extravagances of which the ignorant mind is capable. The monotony of their lives is only varied by the weekly or monthly visits to town, where they remain all day, drinking wine and telling stories—in every sense of the word—at the corner grocery. The journey home through dark and almost trackless forests would be dreary enough were it not for the vampire bats, whose persistent efforts to taste mule blood require constant activity on the part of the drivers.

Some of the finest residences in Pernambuco grace the environs of Boa Vista, homes of the merchant princes and physicians of good repute, the diamond miner, and, possibly, a former slave dealer. Their day is begun, as it should be, luxuriously. At six we shall find them on the verandah in gown and slippers quietly sipping a cup of black coffee as they read the morning news. Now, joined by wife and children, they saunter through the well-kept grounds, where nature, in all her loveliness, spreads out before them in that wild abandon so characteristic of tropical scenery. Myriads of happy songsters merrily flit from branch to branch, sending the dew in crystal showers to startle the modest chameleon and cause his coat to turn from its roseate hue to emerald green. Screaming paroquets fly about in great confusion at the near approach of the tyrant blue macaw, and the timid musk monkey pauses in his morning meal to view with ill-concealed surprise the disturbers of his peace. Down in the glade, where the brook in graceful curves its course pursues, the cattle now their fast are breaking. At times they stop to chew the returning quid, and gaze, sedate and sober, at the white swans gayly sporting on the limpid stream. At every turn prolific nature exhibits some new and pleasing charm, some quiet, peaceful scene to rest the eye and calm the soul. Can we wonder then that with day thus happily begun the man of physic cures his patient by his cheerful manner? Is it strange that politeness and good feeling enter even the musty counting-house, when almost from God's own lips the lesson of "peace on earth, good will toward men" is daily learned?

The water carriers are by no means "early birds," but by seven o'clock we shall see them on their way to the fountain, where a little old man in a sentry-box receives the required penny a jar. Much wrangling—principally in the incomprehensible jargon of the African tongue—occurs inside the railing, and many hands are raised in anger at real or fancied insults, but no one is harmed, which desirable state of circumstances is due to the participants not possessing courage according to their strength. Time is not money with the water venders, and they waste many precious moments—not to say hours—with a nonchalance that is truly refreshing. In the street they adopt a rapid, swinging gate, and cry in a drawling voice: "Aqua de

beber." Scarcely audible now, for the drays have "come to town" to join the busy throng now hurrying to and fro. Almost unheeded is the beggar's "for the love of God," although their appearance bespeaks wretchedness and want. The convict street-sweepers, whose clanking chains their tale of woe unfold, file past in mournful silence, and soon the iron door will shut the sunshine from out their lonely hearts, whose every beat brings back to mind afresh the details of some sanguinary crime. As if to demonstrate to the world that the good fortune of mankind is chiefly attributable to their own diligence, the knife-grinder busily turns his flying wheel and sings to "minha negra." Coffee carriers are trotting along the wharves; the rat tat tat of the patrol drum calls forth the drowsy guard; the day has passed from childhood into youth, and our morning in the tropics is over.

THE CHANGED BURDENS.

BY MARTHA J. NOYES.

Somewhere a story I have seen
Of a goddess brave, or fairy queen,
Who bade her suffering subjects bring
Their trials, cares, and everything
That burdened them with griefs or woes,
And make exchange, such as they chose.
Then every one with glad acclaim
Into the gracious presence came.

All had their burdens. Each his own
Adjudged the heaviest ever known;
And here the sick and suffering came,
The hapless, blind, deformed and lame,
The homeless maid and hopeless swain;
A weary, murmuring, endless train,
To bring their griefs, whate'er they were,
And change them as they might prefer.

A poor man laid his poorness down
And took instead a recreant son,
Whose father, searching all about,
Selected for himself the gout.
The gouty man chose a scolding wife,
Whose tongue created endless strife.
A homely woman changed her face
For an invalid's softer mein and grace.

A hump-back doffed his life-long shame
For a deaf mute's straight and manly frame.
A weary wife brought all her grief
And took the hump-back for relief.
A love-lorn maid laid down her woes
And straight the cast-off husband chose.

A billious man his liver swapped
For a crazy head that near him dropped.

All took their choice, and all believed
Themselves from earthly woes relieved;
Nor knew the yoke would gall the more
That did not fit the neck which bore.
The recreant son, with stronger will,
Wrought his new parent endless ill;
Till he besought, instead of strife,
The poor man's lot and peaceful life.

The man with gout, unused to pain,
Implored his graceless son again;
While he who had the scolding wife,
With joy took back the old gout life.
The homely woman, with changed face,
Entreated health though void of grace.
The hump-back—speechless as a brute,
For his old grief made ardent suit.

With woes untold the love-lorn maid
For freedom from her stern lord prayed;
And all that countless throng returned
For their old life. For they had learned
That of life's woes, all have their share,
And that the burdens mortals bear
Are fitted by a wise behest,
And for each one his own is best.

EDITORIAL MEMORANDA.

Back numbers of the GRANITE MONTHLY will be furnished to all who desire, and subscriptions may commence with No. 1, from which they will be dated in all cases unless otherwise expressly ordered by the subscriber.

The second article upon the work of the New Hampshire Antiquarian Society, by the President, Rev. Silas Ketchum, which was to have appeared this month, has been unavoidably delayed, on account of the severe illness of that gentleman, but will undoubtedly be given in the next number. We are glad to learn that Mr. Ketchum is recovering from his illness, and hopes soon to enter actively upon his duties as pastor of the Congregational Church at Poquonock, Conn., where he has recently been called.

The region of Sunapee Lake is coming to be a popular summer resort. Quite a number of people from the cities are stopping in that vicinity this summer—more than ever before—and the prospect now is that a large increase will be made from year to year, requiring extended boarding and hotel accommodations. A more romantic locality certainly cannot be found in this or any other State. But thirty miles from Concord, via the Concord & Claremont Railroad, which skirts the shore of the Lake for several miles,

it is readily accessible, and those who cannot make a longer stay can there pass a day or two to advantage. Those who have more time at their command, can profitably stop over for a time, either in going or coming, at Warner, and visit Kearsarge Mountain, to the summit of which there is now an excellent carriage road. This is one of the finest mountains in the State, and its summit affords a more extended prospect than any other in New England south of the White Mountain region.

As this number of the GRANITE MONTHLY goes to press the centennial celebration of the battle of Bennington is in full progress. Hundreds—we may even say thousands—of the citizens of New Hampshire are on the ground, participating in the patriotic demonstration, including a large delegation of our citizen soldiery. As the Granite State was well represented upon the same ground a hundred years ago—as the valorous deeds of her sons under their heroic leader, John Stark, then made the field of Bennington immortal—it is indeed most fitting that the State should be well represented upon this centennial occasion, and that a conspicuous part in the exercises should be assigned to her representatives—a part which will be performed with honor, as was the case upon the previous great occasion.

Our enterprise is receiving very general commendation from those of our people to whose notice it has been brought. The utility of a State Magazine seems to be recognized by a considerable portion of our leading citizens, though there are of course a variety of opinions as to the plan upon which it should be conducted, and the ground it should cover. It is our aim to meet, as far as may be, the average demand, and in this we believe we have succeeded as well as could be expected under the circumstances. While expressing our thanks for the encouragement and assistance already received, we would also suggest that it is in the power of our friends to do much toward making our enterprise a success. Contributions of historical, biographical, local or general interest, will be most acceptable, while that substantial encouragement which takes the form of an increase in the subscription list will always be duly appreciated. In this connection we suggest that each subscriber to the MONTHLY call the attention of friends and neighbors, who are not subscribers, to the publication, with a view to inducing them to become such. In this way great assistance can be rendered with very little effort.

In the biographical sketch of Col. Henry O. Kent with which this number of the MONTHLY is opened, in referring to his ancestry it might have been mentioned that the old family homestead in Newbury, settled by Col. Jacob Kent of the French and Revolutionary Wars, has always remained in the family, and is now owned by Capt. Clark Kent. Col. Jacob Kent, well known as a former U. S. Marshal of Vermont, formerly landlord of the Coossuck House at Wells River, and prominent in social and political affairs in that State, now resides with his brother Clark, on the old place.

Gen. Loren Kent, who was Adjutant and Colonel of the Twenty-ninth Illinois Regiment, and distinguished himself at Pittsburg Landing and Mobile, was Provost Marshal of Grant's Western army, was made Brigadier General, and died Collector of the port of Galveston, Texas, of yellow fever, in 1866, was a cousin of Col. Kent, a son of his father's brother Adrial Kent. He was born on Parker Hill, Lyman, but went west with his father when quite young. Another cousin, James S. Kent, son of John C. Kent, a native of Lyman Plain, (now Monroe), served in Berdan's regiment of Sharpshooters, and was killed at Gettysburg.

THE

GRANITE MONTHLY.

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, HISTORY AND STATE PROGRESS.

VOL. 1 SEPTEMBER, 1877. NO. 5.

HON. EDWARD H. ROLLINS.

No man in New Hampshire, during the past twenty years, has been more prominently known in the politics of the State than he whose name appears above. One of the original organizers of the Republican party in the State, Mr. Rollins has been one of the most active, and, in fact, the leading manager of the party organization, down to the present time—commander-in-chief, as it were, of its forces in all the sharp contests with the opposing or Democratic party. A brief outline of the career of one who has been thus prominent in active politics, and who has also attained high official distinction, cannot fail to be of interest to men of all parties.

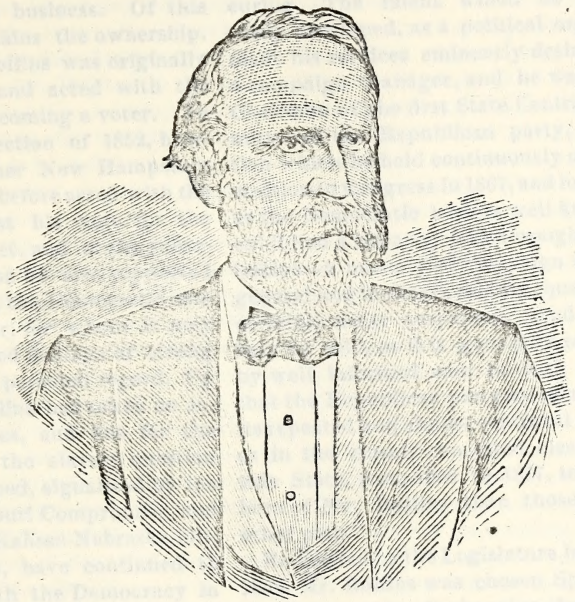
The Rollins family is one of the oldest and most numerous in the State. In southeastern New Hampshire the Rollins name has been prominent in the history of almost every town. Particularly is this the case in the region about Dover, from the seaboard to Lake Winnipiseogee. Most, if not all, the representatives of the name in this region, and among them the subject of our sketch, are the descendants of James Rollins (or *Rawlins*, as the name was then and for a long time subsequently spelled, and is now by some branches of the family), who came to America in 1632, with the first settlers of Ipswich, Mass., and who, ten or twelve years afterward, located in that portion of old Dover known as "Bloody Point," now embraced in the town of Newington, where he died about 1690. From a history of the Rollins family—descendants of this James Rawlins—compiled by John R. Rollins of Lawrence, we find that its representatives suffered their full share in the privations and sacrifices incident to the firm establishment of the colony, and performed generous public service in the early Indian and French wars and the great revolutionary contest. Ichabod, the eldest son of James Rawlins, and from whom Edward H. is a direct descendant, was waylaid and killed by a party of Indians, while on the way from Dover to Oyster River (now Durham), with one John Bunker, May 22, 1707. Thomas, the second son of James, who subsequently became a resident of Exeter, was a member of the famous "dissolved Assembly" of 1683, who took up arms under Edward Gove and endeavored to incite an

insurrection against the tyrannical Cranfield, then Royal Governor. This Edward Gove, who, failing in his object, surrendered at the persuasion of his friends, was the only man in New Hampshire who ever received the sentence of death for high treason, which was pronounced by the renowned Maj. Waldron, Chief Justice of the special court commissioned for the trial. In the bill presented by the grand jury, Gove and eight others, including Thomas Rawlins, were presented for high treason, but we do not learn that any but Gove were tried; certainly he was the only one sentenced, and he was subsequently pardoned and had his estates restored.

Another of the family who fell a victim to Indian malignity was Aaron Rawlins, a son of Thomas above mentioned, who lived on a plantation at the lower falls of the Piscasick (now Newmarket), whose house was attacked by the Indians on the night of August 29, 1723, and he and his eldest daughter were killed, after a valiant defence. His wife and two younger children, a son and daughter, were taken captive and carried to Canada. Mrs. Rawlins was redeemed after a few years. The son was adopted by the Indians and ever after lived with them, while the daughter married a French Canadian.

There were from twenty-five to thirty descendants of James Rawlins, of the fourth and fifth generation, engaged in active service in the patriot cause during the revolutionary war. Some of the more prominent of these were John Rollins of Newmarket, who served at Bunker Hill and throughout the war; Joseph Rollins of Nobleboro, Me., wounded at Bennington, and present at the surrender of Burgoyne; Jotham and Nicholas Rollins of Stratham, the former a Lieutenant at Bunker Hill, and the latter a Captain at Stillwater and Saratoga; and John Rollins of Rochester, who was in the disastrous fight at Hubbardton. This John Rollins settled in Alton, was a prominent citizen, held a Colonel's commission in the militia, and died in 1847, aged 91 years. We find the Rollinses prominent in the early history of Rochester. Edward Rollins, of the third generation from James, settled early in that town, where he built a large garrison house near the lower end of what is now the main street of Rochester village. He was a leading citizen and selectman. His son Edward was one of the founders and first members of the Methodist church in that place. Another son, Samuel, was a soldier in the Revolution and was present at the capture of Ticonderoga.

Among the first settlers of that portion of Dover which subsequently became Somersworth was Jeremiah Rollins, the only son of Ichabod, heretofore mentioned as slain by the Indians. He was one of the petitioners for the incorporation of Somersworth as a separate parish. He died a few years previous to the Revolution, leaving several daughters, but only one son, Ichabod Rollins, who became an active champion of the Revolutionary cause, was a member of the Conventions at Exeter in April, May and December, 1775, and served as a member of the Committee appointed to prepare a plan of providing ways and means for furnishing troops, and also as a member of the Committee of supplies, the principal labor upon which was performed by himself and Timothy Walker of Concord. He was a member of the Convention which resolved itself into an independent State government, Jan. 5, 1776, and served in the Legislature in October following. He was the first Judge of Probate under the new government, holding the office from 1776 to 1784. He was subsequently a member of the Executive Council, and died in 1800. From this eminent citizen the town of Rollinsford, formed from the portion of Somersworth in which he resided, received its name. He stands midway in the direct line of descent from James Rawlins to Edward H.—the great grandfather of Edward H., and the great grandson of James. He had four sons, of whom James, the third, was the grandfather of Edward H. John Rollins, the eldest of the sons, was the grandfather of Hon. Daniel G. Rollins, a prominent citizen, who was Judge of Probate for the County of Strafford from 1857 to 1866, and whose son, Edward Ashton Rollins, was Speaker of the N. H. House of Representatives in 1861



HON. E. H. ROLLINS.

and 1862. Commissioner of Internal Revenue under President Johnson, and is now President of the Centennial Bank at Philadelphia, though still holding his residence in Somersworth.

James Rollins, grandfather of Edward H., settled upon the farm in Rollinsford which has since remained the family homestead. He was the father of thirteen children, seven sons and six daughters. Of these Daniel Rollins, the eighth child, born May 30, 1797, who married Mary, eldest daughter of Ebenezer Plummer of Rollinsford, was the father of Edward H. He succeeded to the homestead, but taking the "Maine fever," which was for a time prevalent in this section, sold out, with a view to making his home in that State. He soon repented his action, and, returning, repurchased that portion of the homestead lying east of the highway, and erected a dwelling opposite the old family mansion, where he lived a life of sturdy industry, rearing a family of six children, four sons and two daughters, and died Jan. 7, 1864.

EDWARD H. ROLLINS was the eldest of the children. He was born Oct. 3, 1824, being now about fifty-three years of age. He lived at home, laboring upon the farm in the summer season, attending the district school in winter, and getting an occasional term's attendance at the South Berwick Academy and Franklin Academy in Dover, until seventeen years of age, when he went to Concord and engaged as druggist's clerk in the well-known apothecary store of John McDaniels. He retained his situation some three or four years, industriously applying himself to the details of the business. He then went to Boston, where he was engaged in similar service until 1847, when, having thoroughly mastered the

business, he returned to Concord and went into trade on his own account, soon building up a large and successful business. After the great fire in 1851, he bought the land and erected what is known as Rollins' Block, north of the Eagle Hotel, one of the stores being occupied by his own business. Of this property he still retains the ownership.

In politics Mr. Rollins was originally a Webster Whig, and acted with the Whig party upon becoming a voter. In the Presidential election of 1852, however, like many other New Hampshire men who had never before acted with the Democracy, he cast his vote for the Pierce electoral ticket, and at the subsequent March election he also supported Nathaniel B. Baker, the Democratic candidate for Governor, for whom it may be said he entertained feelings of strong friendship and high personal regard. Up to this time Mr. Rollins had taken no active part in politics, and but for the sharp contest over the slavery question which soon developed, signalized by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise and the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, he might, perhaps, have continued to this day voting with the Democracy in the elections, and quietly dispensing medicines in the good city of Concord.

Dissatisfied with the course of the Administration, and strongly opposed to the extension of slavery, or any measures rendering its extension possible, (although, by the way, it appears from the family history that his ancestors in colonial times were slave-holders to some extent, even including the Hon. Ichabod Rollins of the Revolutionary era), he acted no farther with the Democratic party, and upon the inception of the American, or so-called Know-Nothing movement, in the winter of 1854-5, he entered into it, attracted somewhat, it may be, by its novelty, and also by the idea that it might be (as it proved) instrumental in the defeat of the Democracy.

From this time Mr. Rollins was an active politician. He labored effectively in perfecting the new party organization, taking therein the liveliest interest. At the March election he was chosen to the Legislature from Ward 4, and served efficiently in that body as a member of the Judiciary Committee. The next year witnessed the fusion of the American or Know Nothing organization with the new Republican party, which object Mr. Rollins was largely instrumental in securing. The talent which he had already developed, as a political organizer made his services eminently desirable as a campaign manager, and he was made Chairman of the first State Central Committee of the Republican party, a position which he held continuously until his election to Congress in 1861, and in which, as the Democratic leaders well know, he exhibited a capacity for thorough organization—a mastery of campaign work, in general and in detail, seldom equaled and certainly never surpassed. And here it may be said, as it is generally conceded by well informed men in both parties, that the Republican party owes more, for its repeated and almost continual successes in the closely contested elections of this State, from 1856 to 1877, to the labors of Mr. Rollins than those of any other man.

Re-elected to the Legislature in March, 1856, Mr. Rollins was chosen Speaker of the House, ably discharging the laborious duties of the office, to which he was again elected the following year.

Mr. Rollins was chairman of the New Hampshire delegation in the Republican National Convention at Chicago in 1860, having been chosen a delegate at large in the State Convention, with but a single vote in opposition. In the close contest between the friends of Lincoln and Seward in that Convention the New Hampshire delegation supported Lincoln from the first, and was strongly instrumental in securing his nomination. Here it may be said that Mr. Rollins had become (as he ever remained), an ardent admirer of Lincoln, and it was through his efforts that the services of the latter were secured upon the stump in this State during the previous winter in the series of memorable campaign speeches which won for him the sincere admiration, and secured him the personal support of the New Hampshire Republicans.

In 1861, Mr. Rollins was nominated by

his party as candidate for Representative in Congress from the Second District, and was elected over the Democratic candidate, the late Chief Justice Samuel D. Bell, by a majority of about one thousand votes. He was re-elected in 1863, and again in 1865, the Democratic candidate the former year being Col. John H. George; and the latter, Hon. Lewis W. Clark, now Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. Mr. Rollins' Congressional career covered the exciting period of the late civil war and subsequent reconstruction, and it is sufficient to say that he was, throughout, a zealous supporter of the most advanced Republican measures. Engaging little in debate, he was an industrious member of the Committees upon whica he was assigned, serving as a member of the Committee on District of Columbia. as Chairman of the Committee on Accounts, and a member of the Committee on Public Expenditures, by which latter Committee, during his service, a vast amount of labor was performed, especially in the investigation of the management of the Boston and New York Custom Houses, involving the operations of the "blockade runners" during the war.

In view of Mr. Rollins' subsequent intimate connection with the Union Pacific Railroad Company, it may be proper to remark, that he was a firm opponent of and voted against the measure adopted July, 1864, doubling the land grant of this Company, and making the government security a first instead of second mortgage upon the road. This fact will ever be remembered to his credit by those who regard the adoption of that measure as the consummation of a gigantic scheme of public robbery.

In 1869 he was chosen Secretary, and Assistant Treasurer of the Union Pacific Railroad, having for some time previous, after the expiration of his Congressional service, acted as agent of the Company at Washington, in the transactton of business with the government, and especially in the reception of the subsidy bonds. In 1871 he was elected Secretary and Treasurer, and remained in the office of the Company at Boston, diligently attending to the duties of his position until March last, though retaining his residence at Concord, and devoting sufficient attention to our State politics to make it extremely disagreeable for the Democracy, as well as some of his rivals in the Republican party.

Mr. Rollins' name was presented by his friends for the nomination for U. S. Senator in the Republican caucus in June, 1866. On the first ballot Mr. Rollins had 36 votes, Gen. Marston 36, Mr. Patterson 62, and Daniel Clark 72. Gradually Mr. Rollins' friends finding his nomination improbable, united with the supporters of Mr. Patterson, diverting others in the same direction, so that on the fourth ballot Mr. Patterson was nominated. On the expiration of Senator Patterson's term Mr. Rollins was the leading candidate in opposition to Mr. Patterson for the succession, and on the first ballot in caucus received 67 votes to 60 for all others except Patterson. But, as is frequently the case in such contests, various influences, personal jealousy and rivalry, not the least, conspired to defeat all the prominent candidates, and the result was the nomination of one whose name had not even been dreamed of by his strongest friends in that connection twenty-four hours before—Mr. Bainbridge Wadleigh, present incumbent of the Senatorial office. This result was, of course, a strong disappointment to Mr. Rollins' friends, and scarcely a fair return for his invaluable party services, but he could afford to "bide his time." On the choice of a successor to Senator Cragin, last year, he was nominated as the Republican candidate, (that party still having the majority,) receiving 109 out of 217 votes cast on the first ballot, the exact number necessary to a choice. The opposition, however, was entirely "scattering," the greatest number of votes received by any other candidate being 21 for Orren C. Moore. Mr. Rollins took his seat in the Senate at the extra session last spring, being assigned to the Committees on District of Columbia, Contingent Expenses and Manufactures, but a revision of the Committees at the approaching session of Congress may perhaps change his assignment.

Mr. Rollins was united in marriage,

HON. EDWARD H. ROLLINS.

February 13, 1849, with Miss Ellen E. West, daughter of John West of Concord. Her mother, Mrs. West, was a daughter of Gen. John Montgomery, a prominent citizen of Haverhill, well known in public affairs. To this union there have been born five children—four sons and one daughter—Edward W., born November 25, 1850; Mary Helen, September 4, 1853; Charles Montgomery, February 27, 1856; Frank West, February 24, 1860; Montgomery, August 25, 1867. The second son, Charles Montgomery, died at the age of five years. The other children survive. The eldest son, Edward W., is a graduate of the Institute of Technology at Boston, and was for five years the engineer and cashier of the Colorado Central Railroad. He is now engaged in business as a broker in Denver, Colorado. Frank W., the second surviving son, now seventeen years of age, has, this month, entered the Institute from which his elder brother graduated. It will thus be seen that Mr. Rollins believes in practical education for his sons. The daughter is unmarried, and remains at home with her parents and younger brother. Retaining his home in Concord, where he owns a residence, and has always lived the greater portion of the year, Mr. Rollins has for some time past had his summer home upon the old place in Rollinsford, where he was reared, and which came into his possession after the death of his father in 1864. Here he has made many improvements, bringing the land into a superior state of cultivation, and thoroughly remodeling and repairing the house a year or two since, making it one of the most attractive summer residences in this region. The place is located but little over a mile from the city of Dover, where Mr. Rollins goes for post office and general business accommodations, so that in the summer time he is almost regarded as a Dover citizen. This season he has established telephonic communication between his house and the office of the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company in Dover. Mr. Rollins' mother is still living in her old home, and her youngest daughter, unmarried, remains with her.

In religious faith Mr. Rollins was reared a Congregationalist, and when in Rollinsford, he attends worship at the First Parish or "Corner" church, in Dover, where Rev. Dr. Spalding officiates. Mrs. Rollins is an Episcopalian, and in Concord the family attend upon the services of St. Paul's Episcopal church. He has long been a member of the Masonic fraternity, of the Blazing Star Lodge, Trinity Chapter, and Mt. Horeb Commandery at Concord, having holden the position of Eminent Commander in the latter.

Mr. Rollins was one of the moving spirits in the organization of the First National Bank at Concord, a large stockholder, and a member of the First Board of Directors, but withdrew, and disposed of his stock some time since. He sold his drug business at Concord to his brother, John F. Rollins, many years ago, when his Congressional and other duties required his entire attention. The latter has also since disposed of the business, and now resides upon Ft. George Island at the mouth of St. John's River on the coast of Florida, of which he and Senator Rollins are the principal owners. This island is a most romantic locality, and is the subject of a very interesting illustrated sketch in a recent number of Scribner's Magazine, by Julia B. Dodge. It embraces about twelve hundred acres of land, and seems to be excellently adapted to orange culture, in which its proprietors have engaged. The climate is delightful, and far superior to that of the mainland, so that Mr. Rollins, (John F.) who went south for the benefit of his health, finds it a most agreeable as well as romantic residence.

From intense and continued application to business, Senator Rollins found himself, last spring, in very poor health. Finding medicines of little avail, by the advice of physicians he has engaged during the present season, in physical labor upon his farm, where he was wont to take similar exercise in his boyhood days, and he finds the change not without the desired result. His health is greatly improved, and he will take his place in the Senate at the coming session with that renewed bodily and mental vigor which will enable him efficiently to discharge the duties of his high position.

ABOUT STEALING.

BY A. J. HOYT.

It may not be generally known, and if known, not fully realized, that we have many penal statutes against *stealing*, while we have only one against lying. The penalty for lying, under an oath, perjury, is imprisonment and hard labor in the state prison. Constructively, the penalty for slander may be for lying. This is so in most if not all the states in the Union; all, undoubtedly. The reason is obvious. The object of this law is simply the protection of the state. The reasoning leading to the enactment of such a statute is equally plain. It is an accepted fact that nearly every man and woman has some religious belief closely inwoven with a code of morals, and that this belief and status of morality recognizes lying as a sin, which sin is punishable in this life or the one to come. The natural fear, premonition or presentiment of punishment, or else that branch of ethics which teaches us to do right for the sake of right, has been utilized by law-givers for the purpose of assisting the state in ferreting out crime. Thus it is seen that lying, so far as legal enactments go, is a lesser crime than theft.

The Bible says, if not in so many words, "all men are liars." The sacred writers knew this; the profane writers knew it; everybody knows it. And why, in the words of Artemas Ward, "is this thus."

To discriminate closely, we shall see that stealing directly relates to something material. The sequel is clear. Although we profess the more highly to esteem what is spiritual, we really do, so far as concerns the present tense, prize the material over the spiritual. Why? Because it is on the material that we live, exist, grow strong, overcome obstacles and subdue the earth and the world. We can live without the æsthetic, but we cannot live without the material—that part of earth which is earthy—that portion of life which is really dross, which moth and rust do corrupt, and which thieves do break in and steal. On this we have subsisted and been sustained since Adam left Paradise, notwithstanding Jesus said "take no thought for the morrow, neither what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink." Such injunction was simply intended to strengthen a faith in the divine beneficence. Assuredly so, for it is the law of the world that the improvident are usually the world's vagabonds unless they inherit a home or means to provide one. Understand us not to say that the spiritual and moral welfare of mankind is unimportant, and that it leads not to a higher ambition and nobler deeds. It does, and without this god-like complement of man's complete nature he is but a clod. Nevertheless, the material comes first, even to the lips of the infant, to the youth, the vigorous man, and to every one with organs for digestion and secretion.

Inasmuch, then, as the material is the cord that binds us to earth, the link that connects the infinities of the past to the future, the laws of nations and states must both protect the material and its uses, or the bandits' law that "might makes right" will be our only law; the strong will overpower the weak and the weak will inevitably die of starvation. The laws prohibiting stealing are society's protection against itself. Without penal statutes for the punishment of theft there could be no society; at least, not without a moral miracle such as would bring the millennium in an hour or a day; for the reason that the animal has not been so far eliminated from man that he will not rob his neighbor.

One of the earliest laws was the Mosaic law, "thou shalt not steal," and this

was doubtless an old Egyptian law. Even the laws in regard to the worship of a God or Gods were intended for the building up of the material prosperity of the state, this law being closely linked with the laws in regard to offerings made with or in religious ceremony; for it must be borne in mind that much of what was offered was for the benefit of the priesthood and the rulers. Jesus had full knowledge of this fact when rebuking the Jews and comparing them to "whited sepulchers." To this day the gifts or offerings to the church of Rome are a part of the priestly perquisites; and in saying this we are not treading upon sectarianism or creed. Any religion that inculcates the payment in coin or goods for the pardon of sins is a monopoly of god-given rights and privileges—a subversion of God's law, and such monopoly is stealing.

It has been held by some philosophers that the amount of property to be accumulated by any one individual should be regulated by a law of the state or nation. Fourier undoubtedly believed this; and, assuming that he considered it futile to attempt such a change in state laws, he was the founder of a society, the underlying principle of which was that all should work for the common weal, and the purse of the society should be open to all, regulated by certain by-laws. It is well known that Horace Greeley was a Fourierite, and that the Tribune was conducted,to a certain extent, on the principles of Fourierism, one of which is that the fruits of toil and the products of the earth should be equally divided in society. Nathaniel Hawthorne and others, once established what was known as "Brook Farm," near Boston, which farm, or farms, were managed somewhat after the method of Fourier. These men, many of them eminent, vainly endeavored to obtain by social laws what could not be hoped for through legislation. The Oneida Community in New York state is based on the same plan, with "free love" thrown in; and for the information of those who may not chance to know, we will state that this Oneida Community is a financial success. There is no marriage or giving in marriage. Two general rules seem to govern all action. One is an equal or just division of the products and profits, and the other is to lead a pure life and entail health rather than disease. Therefore, cohabitation betweeen the sexes is only permitted when the woman requests of the President or executive officer, that she may receive the embraces of the man of her choice. Further than this it is understood that this man and woman shall avoid, if possible, all chances of an increase of the census unless it is clear that both are perfectly healthy, with compatible tempers, and of such complexion and temperament as the laws of physiology require.to ensure healthy offspring. The result is as may be anticipated; very few children are born, and these are taken in charge by the Community. It should be stated in justice to this people that they are strictly temperate, very frugal, and consequently prosperous. Many of them are highly educated, being graduates of colleges.

Since Adam tasted the forbidden fruit, nearly every person has stolen unless checked by moral laws or legal statutes, or both. Society has tried hard, very hard, to convince its members that theft is wrong, and prove it decidedly unhealthy by a punishment no less than hanging; nevertheless, men will steal, and not long since, a century, perhaps, they stole from beside the gallows. Man is prone to steal as the sparks are to fly upwards; and for the simple reason that time and the labors of men with honest intentions, have failed to eradicate this propensity. When speaking of these men of honest intentions and corresponding will power, we should remember that such instances are very few indeed, and the men have been martyrs to the cause. And here we will propound a conundrum. We hear much of what is termed honest government: does anybody know of an honest government, civilized or uncivilized? We will not press an answer. We are willing to wait for it. Our own government was established through and by the purest and noblest of motives. Washington was an honest man, and many who suc-

ceeded him were honest; but a President cannot fully accomplish what he would. Governments are composed of elements, and one of the strongest is the stealing element which is sure to crop out, and sure to be protected by law. This is proved in our own case to-day. Government claims 100 cents for a dollar, and pays to its employes considerably less. About 1854 the silver dollar was shrunk nearly 20 per cent., and it remains at that standard. It is true it answers all the demands of a common medium; but when it is sent abroad it goes by its weight and fineness, and then we learn in sorrow that we have been swindled. Other governments have different methods of robbing the people. All travelers in the east can testify to this. Saying nothing of England and France, two of the most civilized of nations, let us look at Egypt. Tourists state that the country is, or was, divided into departments, upon a basis of abstraction, and under the leadership of a Chief of Thieves. This Chief is responsible to government, and all who steal professionally must give in their names and keep said Chief informed of the "swag" they have pocketed. When a traveler's goods are missed he applies to government; he is turned over to the Chief of Thieves, and a full description of property lost being given him, he is blankly told he can have his property, *less twenty-five per cent.*, for the trouble to the government in stealing and restoring the same to the rightful owner. That is the way fat geese are plucked who go to see the pyramids; the poor ones escape. Not so in France. A man can recover a lead pencil there, if he will but wait for the police to act, and the pencil comes back without cost. But one of the greatest of small curses that afflicts all eastern nations is the support of the church by taxation. Providentially, America is free of such a burden, grievous to be borne.

Setting aside minor thefts of governments, or great thefts on a minor scale, we must not forget that the great, the magnificent game of all governments is to steal from each other. Germany was not satisfied with stealing a couple of provinces from Denmark, but her necessities required Alsace and Lorraine from France. But then, it should be remembered that the first Napoleon stole all of Germany and nearly all of Europe, the fires and snows of Russia only preventing. Russia now attempts making a meal of Turkey (old pun) by seemingly a a tacit understanding among the great powers to allow it. Placing in the background wars and rumors of wars, why was all Europe mad for discovery after Columbus opened the way to the New World? Simply for plunder. No Spaniard, Frenchman or Englishman early came hither to cultivate the peaceful arts. Going back of this, what are and have been all wars, or nearly all except our Revolution, but wars for plunder and robbery? The wars of the Bible were for aggrandizement by the occupancy of lands, the capture of goods and chattels and handsome women; and now we of the world are not so far advanced by one thousand years as we would have been had not the Dark Ages fallen to the lot of men and nations. This incubus upon progress seems to have been divine justice, a punishment for governmental sins, for remember that nearly all great sins are the sins of government. The people are generally right and governments generally wrong. The latter holds the weal and woe of the former in its keeping; it gives prosperity or inflicts adversity, and if government does not give prosperity and remunerative employment to those under its care, in this enlightened age, it must find them homes in prisons and workhouses; for proof, study the "strikes." Railroads, the telegraph and ethics have so civilized the world that wolesale starvation is out of the question.

The stealing of the present day must be classed as one of the fine arts. We mean by this that a sort of wholesale robbery is perpetrated by one individual on another, by the people on the government, by the government on the people, and by governments on each other. The latter is sometimes dignified by the name of diplomacy. Oriental nations rewarded smart thieves. A story runs thus: An old man was employed by the king to build a house for the safe-keep-

ing of his jewels. The builder skillfully laid a stone that could be easily removed by himself. Just before the building was completed, the old man died. Before death, he called his two sons to him and imparted the secret as a legacy. Presently the king found his jewels departing. He set a trap, and one night, as the sons were busy removing valuables, the younger son was caught. Not daunted, the older son, at the request of the younger, cut off the younger son's head, so that discovery should be impossible. The mother learned the terrible fact, and ordered her remaining son to get the body, under penalty of her informing the king if he did not. The son now put his wits to work, and loading an ass with wine, sojourned in the vicinity of the building of a night and succeeded in filling the guardsmen with wine, and while they were drunk he entered and removed and saved the body of his brother. This trick appeared so clever that the king offered his daughter in marriage to the man who did it if he would come forward. The son did so, and obtained the daughter, full pardon and an honorable position. This is only one of several instances where kings have richly rewarded skillful robbers; one, indeed, afterwards himself became king at the decease of his master.

If we mistake not, very little improvement has been made on the practice of the oriental kings; at least, we do not half punish our big thieves. But modern stealing is as different from ancient as the locomotion of the present day is from that of fifty years since, when wooden axletrees and linch-pins were as common as pod augers, flint-lock muskets and spinning wheels. This is the *modus operandi:* We start the big scheme of a Pacific railroad. We vote to loan a company of men many millions of money and give them land enough for a small kingdom, and then take a mortgage on the road as fast as it is built, for our security. These are first mortgage bonds. The company then claim they cannot build the railroad without many more millions, asserting that there are Rocky Mountains where it is simply prairie and desert, and hence we loan them more millions. For this we take second mortgage bonds. After a while we start what is known as the Credit Mobilier and swindle the government out of the whole money, and then try to swindle it out of the interest. Worst of all, some of our apparently devout Congressmen perjure themselves, after being accused of participating in the crime. This is only one case. Look at that prince of stockbrokers, Jim Fisk, Jr. But there is one thing to Fisk, Jr.'s credit. All know how England robbed and abused us during the war (not as a government but as a people), how they furnished the enemy with supplies, ran the blockade and fitted out men of war to prey upon our commerce. Well, Jim Fisk, Jr., turned out to be one instrument of retributive justice on our fat and sleek cousin across the "muckle deep." To understand the situation we must realize that all the brokers and gold gamblers in New York almost invariably know what is transpiring in the country, and particularly in Washington. They know to a dollar what bills the government has to pay and when they mature, and they make this knowledge pay them. Fisk, Jr., knew that in all human and military probability, as early as March, 1865, the war must close soon. The Atlantic cable was paralyzed and would not work. Here was a chance for a thieving genius. What did James Fisk, Jr., do? Simply place a swift-going steamer in the harbor of St. Johns, Newfoundland, with orders to keep steam up night and day. On this steamer, or at the telegraph office, he put his agent, with orders to steam immediately to Liverpool when he, Fisk, Jr., telegraphed him. The agent did so. Arrived at Liverpool, he took cars for London and in two or three days he sold two or three million dollars' worth of Confederate bonds—then worth about four cents a pound for old rags or paper stock. Even if it be sinful, there is pleasure in contemplating that swindle. Jim Fisk, Jr., certainly was to modern finance—alias speculation and robbery—what Shakespeare was to Elizabethan literature. He had genius.

Once upon a time there was a "Down

East speculation," which may be remembered by the older inhabitants. Hard-working farmers swapped their farms for one in the eastern part of Maine, which was worthless. Tradesmen and others were ruined. This, however, was only a small steal, compared to later speculations. Study the operations in Chicago and Galena railroad stock; in Michigan Central, Erie, and, nearer home, in the Eastern Railroad stock. What magnificent bonanzas some of our New Hampshire fellows have made out of railroads. The conductors do not do all the stealing. In many instances the getting of charters for railroads that never can pay for themselves is a species of legal stealing, or what amounts to the same thing. A few rich and influential men concoct a scheme to build a railroad, petition the Legislature and get a charter; next they manage to induce towns to vote to take a large amount of stock. In most cases the substantial farmer, who has not a goodly amount of wood and timber, is robbed by subsequent taxation. This is now stopped by constitutional amendment. There is also a species of legislation which is legalized robbery, known as special legislation, legislation in favor of certain parties who desire to build mills or work-shops, exempting the same from taxation. Such a plan works admirably when taxation falls equally on the small and large owners of property, but unhappily the greater burden generally falls on those least benefited. Too often, parties start a good business under such auspices and run a few months or years at most and then fail, or, more politely, "suspend," and who gets bitten? Largely the farmer and mechanic.

There are laws against gambling and games of chance. Now and then you read in your daily of a descent upon gamblers and the taking of an hundred or two dollars worth of tools and materials. But what police can disturb a stock board or the gold board? Look at Black Friday. In all the annals of gambling no day equalled that. Why, may be asked, cannot government, a government framed under the benign influences of the Christian religion, lift an arm to stay a robbery that bankrupts thousands and disturbs our finances for months. As well ask if Germany would dare arrest a Rothschild if he stole a horse. The Rothschilds can make peace or war. So can the stock-brokers and the bond-holders in this country. We owe those fellows too much to trouble them. We can only let the "bulls" and "bears" devour each other. Gambling is the artistic branch of robbery. It is sheep stealing with the mutton smell taken out, even as hog's lard is made into first rate bear's grease by apothecaries and perfumers. Gambling is a fine art. High gambling is played with stocks, politics, cards, dice, etc. The best players with the latter are found in Europe; and the gambling is high so long as the play is legitimate, that is, confined to the rules, and it lasts till the party who loses is out of money; sometimes longer, for gamblers in a past age have gambled away their liberty for a term of years. Low gambling is when the cards are marked, the dice loaded, etc. Lords and ladies are not expected to indulge in low gambling. They are, however, allowed to deal in mining stocks and in confederate bonds, in our own U. S. Bonds, and they have made fortunes by it. The South Sea Bubble speculation was one of the greatest Europeans ever engaged in, and one of the most disastrous. Those who are curious in such matters will find it an interesting study to grapple with a few problems in small stealing—stealing almost microscopic. One is by the skillful use of the postage stamp. You will find hundreds of advertisements for the cure of consumption or other disease; how to make your fortune; $100 per month and expenses paid, etc. Generally the advertisement is read with small wonder, and no more is thought of it. Just investigate by writing. Be sure to send stamp. The retired physician or clergyman who once "resided in India" will send you a prescription. Among the simples or ingredients will be found one of a strange and unheard of name which no apothecary or pharmaceutist ever dreamed of. You write the doctor or clergyman, and he replies that if you will send him a dollar, or two or five dollars—notwithstand-

ing the article is very scarce—he can get it for you. You send the money and the article comes with an express bill, which you pay, of course. On opening the package you learn to your disgust that the said "purely vegetable" ingredient grows wild in your garden or pasture. The occult part of this transaction is that your Boston or New York would-be benefactor has fixed a new name to pig weed or yellow dock. You next send your stamp to the fellow who wants you to get suddenly rich. He sends a reply by return of mail that he will send you a book by Express, telling you how to make the aforesaid fortune if you will remit him $2.00; and, strange to say, hundreds do send the $2.00, if you don't. But the best of the game is the stamp pays the advertiser handsomely, for he gets hundreds in a day. He makes money out of a three cent fraud.

During the late war the government was cheated out of millions by a system of fraud which, strange to say, almost every one considers "all right." It should not be called a system. It was an epidemic that accompanies war as does the raven. It was designated by the slang name of "shoddy." Government was supplied with shoddy shoes, shoddy stockings, shoddy shirts, shoddy pants, shoddy coats, shoddy hats, and shoddy men under them, including generals, corporals and privates. Shoddy rations were not uncommon, and shoddy pay must have been the rule certainly, when gold was at $2.80. This latter was excusable, however. The government did the best it could. Strange as it may appear, almost every one rather endorses stealing from government; at least men don't take it to heart and mourn over it, though they may swear at times. Men don't realize that he who robs the government robs himself. The people have to pay for all the robberies and the bad debts.

There are men and women who will steal simply for the sake of stealing. Persons who have enough of this world's goods, want for nothing, and who even would be healthier and happier if they were obliged to earn their daily bread—who cannot pass certain goods and wares without pocketing them, hiding them beneath a cloak or secreting them in some way. A few years since there was a lady in Boston—alive now for aught we know—who was in the almost weekly habit of visiting certain stores and shoplifting. The dealers were requested by her husband not to arrest her, but bring in the bill and he would settle the same, being amply able. A deacon of a church in the town of L——, Maine, was in the habit, all of his life, of going about in the night time and stealing chains, hoes, shovels, axes, carpenter's tools, etc. A phrenologist happened in town and offered to examine a head while blindfolded. This deacon was selected as a subject by a committee who believed him thoroughly honest. When the phrenologist's hands were placed on the deacon's head, the former suddenly removed them and asked not to examine that head. The deacon came off the stage; but in the course of the evening was sent up again. Again the Professor asked to be excused. The audience insisted, and he then told them the deacon was a thief. The audience hissed, and the course of lectures was broken up. A few years after circumstances led to the arrest of the deacon. His buildings, on search, were found full of stolen goods, such as named. The sad sequel to this story is, the deacon committed suicide before the day of trial came.

Franklin said: "If rogues knew the advantage attached to the practice of the virtues, they would become honest men from mere roguery." This in a measure accounts for the growth of honesty in all branches of trade. It is for the interest of the dealer to be honest with customers, and they will again come to buy. Hence the grocer and the butcher are led from pecuniary considerations, if from none other, to give weight and measure. So with all dealers, even to watch dealers, inasmuch as time is money. The better time they give the more money they are sure to get in return for time sold. We believe it was a miser who, reading the motto "Time is money," said he would surely be rich in eternity.

But there is another class of thieves who are very numerous. These are lit

crary pilferers—plagiarists. It is common now, since the days of the telegraph, for newspaper men to lay violent hands on all that comes within their reach, items, editorials, general news, and all stories not copyrighted. This is by general consent, however, in a great measure. It is thought, in the language of Daniel Webster, dishonorable to steal an editor's thunder—that is, whatever is comparatively original with himself. All newspaper and magazine men, moreover, should not be and are not considered plaigarists. Now and then an original thought blossoms forth—or what is much the same, an old idea or picture appears in a new dress. Pope candidly said that he got all his poetry from the ancients. That was an intimation that all writers were guilty of pilfering, or else that there was nothing new under the sun.

It is the duty of society to make men honest. An educated, a cultured man should be honest; and the higher a man is in the scale of being, the more beautiful and god-like will be the god he adores, and his daily walk will show the conception and attributes of his god. The nature of man compels him to act as he does act, and nature is an inheritance; consequently, in the abstract no person is to blame for his or her acts.

It was man's first nature to rob, steal, and slay. Man is, to a certain extent, carnivorous. He preys upon his fellows. Beside this, poverty makes men steal. Ralph Waldo Emerson says: "You drive a man to the wall and his integrity is fearfully shaken." In the early ages men believed, or fancied they believed, that their gods decreed that they should do all manner of wickedness, and stealing was among the smaller sins. It is only within a brief period that men have learned to worship one God, and a true God. Millions to-day know nothing of the God Christians worship; and generally it may be assumed that the better the god the better the religion, the morals and the more prosperous the people. How do we account for progress in man? There must be—there is—a diviner part in man. His is a dual nature; and it is the constant reaching forth of what divinity there is in the nature of all, and especially of reformers, that elevates, enlightens and purifies the society of the world. May these diviner forces of nature hasten the time when vice shall be overturned by virtuous strength; when rulers shall prove true to their appointment and mission, and instead of robbing their subjects, strictly adhere to honesty and integrity.

"*MOOSILAUKE.*"

LITTLE'S HISTORY OF WARREN.

Reader, let us go on to Moosehillock. The Indians called it *Moosilauke* from mosi, bald, and auke, a place,—"Bald-place." There are three paths leading to the top of the mountain, one from North Benton, one from Warren Summit, and one from the East-parte region. The last one will answer our purpose best.

Let us start early on the East-parte road. There has been a great storm, but it has cleared off now; the moon is on the full, and the air is clear as a bell. We cross Berry brook where Samuel Knight had a fight with a bear, keep Silver rill upon our left, and come to the Sawtelle school-house. Crossing the bridge over the Asquamchumauke or Baker river, we pass a remarkable flume in the rocks which the waters for ages have been wearing out, leave the "pot holes" where McCarter was said to be hid when he was murdered, to our left, and, listening to the white-throated finch, our mountain whistler, as he sings the prelude to the "Wrecker's Daughter," in the fir woods, we reach East-parte

school-house by Moosilauke falls on the Asquamchumauke.

It is a modest little school-house by the roadside, but it has a history such as few others can boast. Within thirty years, nearly a score of boys have been to school there, who have made preachers of the gospel. Heber C. Kimball, the celebrated Mormon, and Moses H. Bixby, an eloquent divine, are the most noted.

We go up through Moosilauke district, climbing the hill all the time, past a swaley meadow-field on the right, where a hundred bob-o'-links titter, and laugh, and sing all through the month of June, pass another school-house and over Merrill brook, and we arrive at Nathaniel Merrill's, the last house high up on the northern marche or boundary of Warren.

We will get saddle horses here and go up the mountain slowly that we may enjoy the trip all the better. As we enter the woods we see the mountain summit rising 4,000 feet above us; the river is roaring in the ravine 500 feet deep, on our right; the red eyed vireo and winter wren are perpetually singing in the thick forest, and when we cross on rustic bridges two mossy streams, where a pair of solitary sand-pipers are feeding, we begin the sharp ascent of the mountain.

The forest is deep and dark. Deer yard in these woods every winter; bears prowl in them all summer long, there are sable-traps beside the path, traps in which wild cats are caught; and it was near here that Joseph Patch, his son, and Captain Flanders killed the last moose that were ever found in this region.

Climbing, zigzaging up the mountain, the forest changes, the ash, beech, and maple disappear, and the spruce, fir, and silver birch take their places. We have reached a different zone, and the birds change,—the soft, sweet love note of the purple finch is heard up among the cones, the ivory-billed snow bird is startled from its nest by the path. Canada jays scream out from the fir shade, and sometimes cross-bills, yellow rumped warblers, pine grosbeaks and lesser red polls, birds that breed in Labrador, are found. The Canada grouse, with their brood of chicks, run from the path. Then there are nut hatches, kinglets, ruby crowned wrens, oven birds, and olive backed thrushes far in these woods.

Soon we are out on the bald mountain ridge that connects the two peaks; on either hand are wild and hideous gorges, three thousand feet down into the depths below. Beyond to the west is the bright valley of the Connecticut, garden land, with silver river; to the east the dark ravine of the Asquamchumauke, filled with the old primitive woods, where the trees for thousands of years, like the generations of men, have grown, ripened, and died.

Half a mile further on and we are at the Prospect House on the bald summit of the mountain. The most sensible thing that we can do is to hitch our horses under the ledge on the eastern side, out of the way of the wind, and get a good cup of tea, or something of the sort. The house is a rude structure, built of stone. Darius Swain and James Clement built it in 1860.

We are now on top of the mountain, well wrapped up in shawls and quilts. It is a glorious day, but a little colder than when the Indian chief, Waternomee, sat on this summit, yet not so cold as when a century ago one of Robert Rogers's rangers died here. Chase Whitcher, the first white settler who came up here, thought it a cold place. But Mrs. Daniel Patch, the first white woman who ever stood upon this summit, thought it quite pleasant. She brought her tea-pot with her, and made herself a good cup of tea over a fire kindled from the hackmetacks, bleached white, so many of which you see standing like skeletons down on the shoulders of the mountain, just as though a great grave-yard had been shaken open by an earthquake. Mrs. Susan C. Little, wife of Dr. Jesse Little, was the first woman who rode a horse on to the mountain, and that was in 1859.

William Little was the first landlord of the Prospect House, then Ezekiel A. Clement kept it for one season, and afterwards James Clement, for years and years, was mine host on Moosehillock. He was really the old man of the mountain. Many a night he has stopped alone up here among the clouds and the eagles.

The housewife rocking her cradle of a stormy night, below, would mutter as a gust of storm thundered over the roof, "O then it is poor Jim that has enough of fresh air about his head up there this night, the creature."!

Let us get up on the deck of the roof. It is the best view of all from here; the grandest and most sublime, far surpassing that from any other peak in New England, because of its isolated position, and of its great height, and no other mountains near to hide the prospect, as is the case at the White mountains. Then standing alone it does not attract the clouds as the White mountains do, and for a whole month in the season it shoots up into the clear heaven when all the eastern peaks are cloud capped.

Just around us, the mountain is green with mosses and lichens, thirty kinds of mosses; and harebells and mountain cranberries, with their millions of flowers, make it seem like a garden, with a green border of firs and spruces and birches below. Purple finches, snow birds, and the mountain whistler are singing in this garden.

Look away to the south first. How the ruby light is gleaming on Lake Winnepisseogee, "The Smile of the Great Spirit;" see that tall shaft just on the horizon beyond. It is Bunker Hill monument standing "down by the sea." Carry your eye round to the west; Mt. Belknap is first, then Wachusett in Massachusetts, the Uncanoonucks, and to the right of them, Jo English, Kearsarge, Mt. Cardigan, Monadnock, and Croydon mountains. Close by is Waternomee, Cushman, Kineo, Mount Carr, Stinson mountain in Romney, Smart's mountain in Dorchester, Mt. Cube in Orford, Sentinel mountain in Warren, snd Piermont mountain.

Across the Connecticut river to the southwest is Ascutney, and beyond it, farther down, is Saddle mountain, Graylock, and Berkshire hills, in Massachusetts. Then wheeling round towards the north are Killington peaks, sharp and needle like, shooting up above the neighboring hills; farther north and directly west, is Camel's Hump, unmistakable in ts appearance; then Mt. Mansfield, towering above the thousand other summits of the Green Mountains.

Above and beyond them, in the farthest distance, are counted nine sharp peaks of the Adirondacks in New York, Mt. Marcy higher than all the rest. Tomorrow morning at sunrise you will see the fog floating up from Lake Champlain this side of them.

In the northwest is Jay peak on Canada line, and to the right of it you see a hundred summits rising from the table lands of Canada. Then there is the notch at Memphremagog lake, Owl's head by Willoughby lake, and Monadnock in northern Vermont.

Close down is Black mountain; Owl's head of New Hampshire, and Blueberry, Hogback and Sugarloaf mountains. Then north is Cobble hill in Landaff; Gardner mountain in Lyman, and Stark peaks away up in northern Coos.

To the right, and stretching away to the northeast in Maine, you see a long rolling range of hills, the water-shed between the Atlantic ocean and the St. Lawrence river, said by Agassiz to be the oldest land in the word. East of these is the white summit of the Aziscoos, by Umbagog lake.

Nearest and to the north-east is Mt. Kinsman, the Profile mountain, and above and over them Mt. Lafayette, its sides scarred and jagged where a hundred torrents pour down in spring, its peaks splintered by lightning. South of this, and near by, are the Haystacks. Over and beyond the latter are the Twins, more than five thousand feet high; and just to the right of them Mt. Washington, dome shaped and higher than all the rest. Around this monarch of mountains, as if attendant upon him, are Mts. Adams and Jefferson, sharp peaks on the left, and Mt. Moriah, the Imp, Mts. Madison and Monroe, Mt. Webster, the Willey notch precipice, Double head, and a hundred other great mountains standing to the right and left.

A little to the south is Carrigan, 4,800 feet high, black and sombre, most attractive and most dreaded, not a white spot nor a scar upon it; covered with dark woods like a black pall, symmetrical and beautiful, the eye turns away to

return to it again and again. Mt. Pigwacket in Conway, its neighbor, always seems gray in the hazy distance, Chocorua rises farther south, and Welch mountain, Osceola, Whiteface, Ossipee, Agamenticus, on the sea-coast; Mt. Prospect, and Red hill fill up the circle.

This view to the north and east is the most magnificent mountain view to be had on this side of the continent. The most indifferent observer cannot look upon it without feeling its grandeur and sublimity.

Forty ponds and lakes are sparkling under the setting sun. Two in Woodstock, the little tarn in the meadow where the Asquamchumauke rises; Stinson pond in Romney, Lake Winnepisseogee, Winnesquam, Long bay, Smith's pond, Squam lake, Mascoma lake, two ponds in Dorchester, Baker ponds in Orford, Indian pond, Fairlee pond, and numerous others in Vermont; Tarleton lakes, Wachipauka pond, by which Rogers and his rangers camped, Kelley, and Horse-shoe ponds; two others in Haverhill, Beaver meadow ponds in Benton, and many more with names unknown; how they all gleam and glisten, and look like silver sheens.

The Pemigewassett, the Asquamchumauke, the Ammonoosuc, and the Connecticut, from their wooded valleys are flashing in the setting sun.

The villages with their church spires are gleaming. See Bradford, Haverhill Corner, East and North Haverhill, Newbury, Woodsville and Wells River, down there in the Connecticut valley. A hundred spires are shining on the hills of Vermont. Landaff and Bath are lighted up, and Warren, Wentworth, Campton, Franconia, Lake Village, and Laconia all come distinctly out as the sun goes down.

Now see the sun just touching the Adirondacks beyond Lake Champlain in the west. There is a rosy blush on the White mountains, the Green mountains are golden, while all the peaks behind which the sun is going down are bathed in a sea of glorious light. How it changes! Darkness creeps over the eastern peaks, the Green mountains are going into shadows, the vermillion, pink, ruby, and gold of the Adirondacks, is fading away, and the stars are coming out.

But look! there is a silver line on the eastern horizon. 'Tis the moon rising. But Luna don't come from behind the hills. Her upper limb as she creeps up is distant twice her diameter from the land horizon. That bright band twixt moon and earth is the ocean. It is a sight seldom seen from New Hampshire's mountains.

As we come down from the roof, the mountain whistler, well called the northern nightingale, chants its sweet notes in the hackmetacks, an owl hoots over by the old camp at the Cold spring, the wind is soughing mournfully on the mosses of the rocks, and the deep voice of the torrents comes up from the dark ravines below. Let us go in, get supper, listen to Uncle Jim's yarns for a while, go to bed and sleep till the sunrise, which is scarcely less glorious than the sunset.

AN OLD STORY.

BY WILL E. WALKER.

Gently the dew is descending at even,
Over the land where the Saviour abides;
Lightly the breeze moveth, kindly caressing
Flowers whose beauty the darkness soon hides.

Bethany, let thy best treasures of beauty,
All of the comfort which thou canst afford,
Be at the service of that kingly stranger
Whom thou dost shelter, thy Master and Lord.

Unto the dwelling of Simon the leper
Jesus is going as teacher and guest;
Ever in kindness, instructing, reproving,
Giving the contrite the gift that is best.

Slowly advancing through byways and shadows,
Walketh a woman of sorrowful mien;
Weary of sinning, and struggling, and living,
Seeks she a helper untried and unseen.

She in her penitence, freely hath purchased
Ointment, most precious and fragrant, to give
Him as an offering; would he accept it,
Guide her, and help her a pure life to live?

Now she has found Him, and sorrowing, kisses
Feet that are wayworn with seeking the lost;
Others may murmur, but what doth it matter,
Since He approveth the offering's cost.

List' as He speaks to the wondering people,
Teaching this truth by a parable new,—
Love more aboundeth where much is forgiven,
Hence she hath done what from Simon was due.

Then He consoleth the penitent sinner,
Granting the blessing tears silently crave;
"Go thou in peace, not in vain hast thou sought me,
Faith that hath moved thee will guide thee and save."

Bethany sleeps beneath night's shrouding mantle;
Glitter the stars in the heaven above,
Dearer and better than all of earth's splendor,
Comes to the pardoned one God's own love.

ETHEL'S PRIDE.

BY HELEN M. RUSSELL.

A fair, queenly girl, with brown hair and eyes, tall and slender; her dress of the richest silk, and hanging in graceful folds about her perfect form, is standing beside an open window, gazing with restless impatience down the broad carriage way, sheltered by grand old elms. Every thing in the room seems in keeping with its occupant. From the velvet carpet to the rare pictures which adorn the walls, all seem to partake of the elegance peculiar to the queenly girl standing by the window. The sun was already setting, and his last rays were just visible above the blue of the far off hills. The breeze which came in through the open window stirred the lace curtains, and lifted the silky brown hair from the girl's forehead with a tender, caressing touch.

At length, with a sigh, half of *ennui* and half of impatience, she turns from the window and seats herself beside a work table, resting her head upon her hand. Soon the door opens and a young lady enters the room, throws herself into a large easy chair, and rests her head against the crimson velvet with a look of intense weariness. The delicate features are pale in the extreme, and the blue eyes are raised with an eager, expectant gaze, as her sister arises from her seat and once more approaches the window.

"Are they *never* coming, Ethel?" she enquires, at length.

"Are you then so impatient to meet the woman papa chooses to place here as mamma's successor, that you feel yourself ill because they do not arrive as soon as expected? Lily, I trust you are not intending to welcome her with a kiss," she replies, with a flash of the eyes and a gesture of indignation.

"Papa insults the memory of my mamma in marrying the woman he has. A governess, bah!" she continues, after waiting in vain for her sister to reply.

"Ethel, sister, I wish you would not be so unkind. Surely papa had the right to marry whom he pleased, and I think we ought to meet her kindly. She is young, and report says very beautiful. Shall we not give her a welcome, Ethel?"

"A welcome, indeed! Yes, I think she will feel it to be a welcome!" sneered Ethel Lee. "Lily, I am not surprised at this. You have no real stability, no real love for anything except ease and quietness. I do wish you had a little pride. I will not lecture you, however, for it will avail nothing. Give Mrs. Lee a welcome, if you choose. As for me, I *hate* her, and the very name she bore," she replied.

A sound of carriage wheels, up the graveled carriage road, caused Ethel to retire hastily from the window, while Lily sprang quickly from her seat and ran to the window, just as the carriage drew up in front of the mansion. A gentleman and lady alighted, the tall, manly form of the gentleman, and the short, slender one of the lady, contrasting strangely as they walked slowly up the flower bordered pathway to the door. Lily cast an eager glance toward her sister, who had seated herself quietly by the little work-table, and was busying herself with her worsteds, and then hastened to greet the new comers.

"Papa, I am so glad to see you," she cried, as she received and returned his fond caress with equal warmth. Her father then turned to the lady by his side, saying, "Emma, this is Lily, my eldest daughter. Lily, this is your new mother, and I trust you will ever be the best of friends."

Lily's face, flushed a moment before, became pale again as she turned to acknowledge the introduction. She extended her little hand, saying, quietly:

"I trust we shall be. Mrs. Lee, I welcome you to Elm House," then turn

ing, she led the way into the sitting-room, where Ethel sat with a look of angry scorn on her beautiful face. She had overheard the conversation, and her proud, haughty face was pale with intense anger, as she raised her brown eyes to her father's face, and then rising slowly she advanced one step and paused, waiting for her father to speak. There was a look of pain in the noble face of Mr. Lee as he approached Ethel, saying quietly, as he reached forth his hand:

"Ethel, my dear daughter, have you no word of welcome for me and for my wife?"

"For you, yes—for your wife, none. I trust, however, that her life here at Elm House will be quite as happy as her advent here will make mine."

She was turning to leave the room, when her father's voice, so stern and cold that she hardly recognized it, pronounced her name. She paused, raising her face, like marble in its extreme pallor, to her father's. He opened his lips to speak, but his wife raised one slender gloved hand to his lips while she extended the other towards Ethel, saying, in a voice tremulous, but soft, low and birdlike:

"Ethel, I am sorry that my coming here has made you so unhappy. Believe me, I shall not try to take your father's love from you, or do aught to make your happy home an unhappy one. Will you not give me your hand in token of friendship?"

There was no reply from the angry girl for a moment, then, slow and distinct, came these words from her lips:

"Mrs. Lee, all my life I have been accustomed to associate with people of my own standing in society. I can not forget that my mother was a lady. You, who have taken her place, I do not consider one. I wish you good evening," and ere they could reply she was gone from the room, leaving the group behind gazing after her with various thoughts filling the minds of each. It was easy to see what Mr. Lee's thoughts were, for his face showed the anger which filled his very soul. He did not speak for a moment, then he turned to Lily, who stood looking sadly from one to the other of her companions, and said slowly:

"Lily, summon Mrs. Ray to show your mother to her room, or go yourself if you please. Emma, do not mind Ethel. I will see that you are not insulted in like manner again—either she will leave the house or treat you with due respect. Go, now, for I know you must be very tired," and turning away he threw himself into the chair that Ethel had just vacated, and burying his face in his hands he groaned aloud.

I think if William Lee had realized at the beginning all the trouble that his marriage with the governess, Emma Landelle, was to bring him, he would have paused ere he took so important a step. He had seen it when it was too late to retreat, but perhaps at that time he had no desire to retract the words which had won so lovely a bride.

Meanwhile Lily had conducted Mrs. Lee up the broad stairway leading to the elegantly furnished rooms that *her* little hands had made cosy and homelike for the bride. The entire suite were arranged beautifully, and flowers filled the room with fragrance.

"Lily," said Mrs. Lee, as she gazed around the cosy boudoir, her eyes filling with tears as she spoke, "Lily, I recognize your handiwork in these lovely vases of flowers and in the cosy appearance of the whole apartment, as well as those we have just left, and I thank you *so* much. I hope and trust we shall be the best of friends. Go, now, please, and try and induce your father to forget his anger toward Ethel. I will join you very soon."

Somehow, the heart of Lily was touched at the kind words of her beautiful step-mother, and she took the slender hand of the bride in her own, and in a sweet manner, peculiar to herself, asked her to forget Ethel's cruel words; and then she left the room and rejoined her father.

Left to herself, Mrs. Lee sank into an easy chair, and, burying her face in her hands, wept bitterly. She had been deeply wounded at Ethel's words, for they had been wholly unexpected. Her life as a governess had been full of trials, but when she entered upon the new one

as the wife of the wealthy and truly good Mr. Lee, she had fancied her trials to be ended. She little thought that her marriage would be the means of bringing about the greatest sorrow of her life. But not long did she give way to the grief that filled her heart, and when, an hour later, she glided into the sitting room, there was no trace of the sorrow she felt visible on her lovely face. She was dressed in a handsome brown silk, with flowers in the jetty braids of hair and in the lace on her bosom. Her black eyes were filled with a tender, loving light as she approached her husband, who sat looking out of the window, a troubled look upon his thoughtful face. He turned as his wife approached him, and drawing the little form to his side, said gently:

"Emma, I trust my wayward Ethel has not wounded you past all forgiveness."

"No, William, indeed, she has not. She will learn to love me in time, I am sure."

Just then the housekeeper, Mrs. Ray, entered the room, and, bowing low before her new mistress in answer to the introduction from Mr. Lee, she conducted them to the spacious dining room, where refreshments and plates for three were in readiness.

Lily met them there and endeavored to brighten the meal with pleasant words and a cheerful face, but there was a restraint felt if not seen, and they were all glad when the meal was ended. When they arose from the table, Mr. Lee conducted his wife out upon the broad piazza which surrounded the entire mansion. Around the house, at various intervals, stood the large, magnificent trees from which the place derived its name. It was a grand old place, of which its owner was justly proud.

In the meantime Ethel had sought her room. Her very soul was filled with resentment towards the lovely lady her father had married. In the brief glance she had deigned to bestow upon her, she had been struck with the beauty and grace in every movement of the little lady. Had she been old and plain, her resentment would not have been so bitter, perhaps, but she realized at once that her dominion at the Elms was ended, and a bitter, intense desire for revenge upon her who had thus come between her father and herself filled her heart. Standing there beside her window, she registered a vow that in some way she would cause her beautiful stepmother sorrow and woe equal to that which really filled her own wayward heart to-night.

She stood there hour after hour. The moon arose and the stars came forth, but to her troubled breast there came no whisper of peace. She had been the light of her father's home—her beauty and grace had filled his heart with pride. The fair Lily had ever been second in his heart, but now it seemed to the jealous girl as if she was cast entirely from his love.

Let us pass over several weeks, during which Ethel kept aloof from the family circle, where Lily's warm heart and pleasant ways had already won a way to Mrs. Lee's heart. Ethel but seldom spoke to Mrs. Lee; never, when it could be avoided. Matters were in this unhappy state when a letter was received from Mrs. Lee's only brother, a young collegian, stating that he would arrive at the Elms in a few days. Ethel heard the news from the housekeeper, and from that moment her resolutions were formed. She well knew that Mrs. Lee nearly idolized this only brother, and that previous to her acquaintance with Mr. Lee Elwyn Landelle had been all in all to his sister. They had been left orphans when Elwyn was quite young, and his sister had done everything in her power to fill the place of their departed mother and make his life pleasant.

The evening after the letter came, Ethel dressed herself in pure white, and twined some sprays of myrtle amid her brown tresses, and descended to the sitting room, where the family were assembled, and, with a pleasant good evening, seated herself at the piano. She was an accomplished musician, and Mrs. Lee, who was passionately fond of music, sat listening, longing to say some kind words to the proud, haughty girl. At length, Ethel arose and was leaving the

room, when Mrs. Lee approached her, saying gently—

"I thank you, Ethel. I wish you would play for us every day."

To the surprise of them all, Ethel answered quietly, "I am very much out of practice, but will play for you any time you may wish," and without another word left the room.

The fare, pale face flushed and the brown eyes flashed as she made answer, but her face was turned away and none saw it. From that time she was ever pleasant, and when, at length, the expected visitor arrived, it was Ethel who gave him the kindest welcome. Her father saw the change, and wondered greatly. She was too kind, too pleasant and too affable for one of her proud, sensitive nature, and Mr. Lee felt a strange misgiving whenever he listened to her voice, so gentle and kind.

The days passed into weeks, and the weeks into months, and still Elwyn Landelle lingered at Elm House.

Ethel's life seemed full of sunshine. Nothing could be more pleasant than the walks and drives through the valleys, with Elwyn as a companion.

Lily seldom accompanied them, and thus the weeks passed on.

Mrs. Lee watched them with a saddened heart. She knew that her brother loved Ethel, and surely she seemed to return that love.

At length, Elwyn resolved to learn his fate. Life held nothing so sweet and fair as this beautiful girl, and one evening he sought her as she lingered on the piazza, watching the beautiful moon, which shone so brightly throwing a silver mantle over the pleasant grounds around Elm House. Never had Ethel seemed more lovely. Although late in the season, she was attired in pure white, with flowers twined in her hair and resting upon her bosom. Never, as long as she lived, did Ethel forget that night. Elwyn sought her with a heart full of hope; he left her with every hope shattered, and his dark, handsome face convulsed with keenest anguish. And Ethel? She sought her room, and, kneeling by her window, she raised her death-white face toward heaven and thought over the past. She little thought, when she resolved to bring sorrow upon her beautiful step-mother, that it would recoil upon herself. She had lured Elwyn Landelle on, hardly knowing whither she was drifting, until she was awakened by his earnest, loving words, asking her to be his wife. Then she realized how dear he was to her, but she resolutely turned a deaf ear to his words of love, and now she was alone with her agony. All night long she stood there, realizing nothing but her own misery. Morning dawned, and then she roused herself, carefully arranged her toilet, and no one could have seen aught of the storm raging within her heart as she entered the breakfast room.

Mr. Landelle and his sister were not present. Mr. Lee wondered greatly at their non-appearance, but Ethel knew the reason why they were absent. Elwyn had told her, ere he had left her the night before, that he would never gaze upon her fair, false face again, and he spoke the truth.

As they arose from the table, Ethel heard the sound of carriage wheels rolling away from the house, and she knew he had gone.

Through all the long, hopeless days that followed, Ethel never forgot Elwyn as she saw him last. His handsome face, so full of anguish, seemed ever before her, and when, on the day after his departure, news came that there had been a terrible railroad disaster, she knew at once that in sending him away she had literally sent him to his death. When the telegram announcing the sad news reached Elm House, she sank fainting into her father's arms.

I pass over those days so full of agony to those two who had loved him so well. Ethel's grief was terrible, and her punishment seemed more than she could bear. The body of the young man was carried to Elm House, and Ethel stole into the room alone to gaze her last upon his dead face. There was a look of sweet peace upon it which told how gladly he had met his fate.

Many years have passed and gone. At Elm House one can see at any time a slender, black-robed figure, the silken brown hair heavily streaked with silver,

the once scornful and haughty face wan and white, and the beautiful brown eyes ever seemingly filled with unshed tears. Between Mrs. Lee and Ethel there exists the warmest friendship, cemented by the love they bore the victim of Ethel's pride, their lost, loved one. Lily has married one in every respect worthy of her. As the years go by they bring peace to Ethel's heart, yet one glance at her sad face might bring to the beholder's mind these words of the poet:

"Oh, grief beyond all other griefs!
To feel the sure decay
Of love and hope within the breast,
Ere youth be passed away;
To know that life must henceforth be
A voyage o'er a tideless sea—
No ebb nor flow of hopes and fears,
To vary the dull waste of years."

How many go through life with every hope blasted, yet it is then one learns to

* * * "gaze above,
And yearn to gain a sphere of holier joy and love."

TREATMENT OF THE INDIANS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BY PROF. E. D. SANBORN.

The Indian character and the treatment of them by white men have, from the discovery of this continent till this hour, elicited different and often contradictory opinions from philanthropists and statesmen. One class of persons think that the Indians had a valid title to this whole continent because they had roamed over it in quest of game. Others maintain that they owned only so much as they had appropriated by tillage, by incorporating their own labor with it. It can hardly be supposed that the Creator intended that every Indian should have a park to hunt in as large as the feudal domains of an English duke, where thirty thousand dependents reside, while the rest of the world was overstocked with inhabitants who were starving for want of land to till. There is one passage of the inspired word which ought to settle the whole Indian question for the past and the present: "This we commanded you, that if any man would not work, neither should he eat." Let this divine law be impartially executed, and we should have no more Indian wars nor Indian frauds; no more threats nor thefts from white tramps and loafers. The first navigators of the Atlantic Ocean stole and enslaved the Indians. This treatment provoked hostilities from the Indians for more than a century. Like other barbarians, they were revengeful. In later years, they were jealous of the whites whenever they injured their fishing and hunting by felling trees and building dams across the streams. No kind treatment could pacify them when civilization thus encroached upon barbarism. The first settlers of New Hampshire lived in peace with the Indians for more than fifty years. The Pequods in Connecticut had been conquered by the other New England colonies in 1637, before the union of Massachusetts and New Hampshire. The first general war with the Indians began in 1675. It originated in the plot of King Philip to form a union of all the Indians in New England, and drive the whites from the land. The settlements in New Hampshire, then united to Massachusetts, suffered terribly from this long-continued war. They were not responsible for the war. It is not certain that Massachusetts gave the wily savage any just cause for his conspiracy. The war lasted three years, and during that time six hundred of the inhabitants of New England were cut off, twelve towns utterly destroyed, and six hundred buildings consumed by fire. Probably one man in ten was killed, and one house in ten burned throughout New England. New Hampshire suffered as much as Massachusetts. The people barely es-

caped extermination. When James II. was expelled from England he fled to France, and Louis XIV. espoused his cause. This led to a war between England and France, called "King William's War," which lasted from 1689 to the peace of Ryswick, in 1697. It led, also, to all the subsequent invasions of England by the descendants of James II., called "Pretenders," down to the year 1745. The Indians had, for some time previous to the Revolution, shown signs of hostility. In King Philip's war, thirteen years before, Maj. Waldron had, in obedience to the requisition of Massachusetts, seized some four hundred Indians, contrary to treaty stipulations, and surrendered them to Massachusetts to be sold into slavery. Some of these Indians had returned and excited the Indians of Maine and New Hampshire to vengeance. In time of profound peace, they began to lie in wait, murder, torture, scalp and burn in several of the quiet towns of New Hampshire. The aged and venerable Waldron of Dover was hewn in pieces by their hatchets. At that day the Indians were accustomed to begin war without notice, to fight from coverts, to fall upon their victims when alone and unarmed, to torture their captives, to dash infants against trees, and to compel feeble women, thinly clad, to wade through snows hundreds of miles, to be sold into slavery to a people of strange speech. In all these particulars they differed from the most cruel of white men. In 1690, the French and Indians from Canada invaded the American settlements. Almost every town in the southern part of New Hampshire suffered from their depredations and massacres. Almost every family bewailed the loss of a brave defender. The Indians carried their scalps and captives to Canada and received for them a liberal reward for their cruelty. The Canadian Indians could plead no wrongs from the white men to kindle their brutal rage. They loved the war-path and sought it. After the treaty of Ryswick, in 1698, Count Frontenac issued a proclamation that he should no longer support these savage marauders, and they skulked home to await another call to deeds of blood and fire. During King William's war, in March, 1697, Mrs. Duston, a prisoner under an escort of twelve Indians, men, women and children, performed an exploit of unexampled heroism. They encamped on an island in the Contoocook river, near its entrance into the Merrimack. With the aid of a boy from Worcester and her nurse, she killed ten of the twelve Indians while asleep, and with their scalps escaped through the trackless wilderness to Boston. In June, 1874, a handsome granite monument, surmounted with a full-length statue of Mrs. Duston, was set up on the very spot where she slew the savages. This was the work of private munificence. Robert B. Caverly of Lowell indited the following poetic deed of the island and the statue to the State of New Hampshire:

To His Excellency JAMES A. WESTON, *and to all the Governors of New Hampshire:*

Know ye that we, the underwriters,
For reasons rightful, valid, divers,
By deed of quit-claim do deprive us
Of title traced,

To all our lands in the Contoocook,
However bounded, knoll or nook,
On which that block we undertook
Is built and based.

A generous people, grateful, plant it,
That the tide of time may never cant it,
Nor mar nor sever;

That Pilgrims here may heed the Mothers;
That Truth and Faith and all the others,
With banners high in glorious colors,
May stand forever.

To witness what this deed reveals,
We've given our hands and set our seals:
NATHANIEL BOUTON, (Seal)
ELIPHALET S. NUTTER, (Seal)
ROBERT B. CAVERLY, (Seal)

Witness: B. F. PRESCOTT,
ISAAC K. GAGE.

Then were the grantors all agreed,
And true, 'tis made their act and deed.

MERRIMACK, SS.—June 17, 1874. Before me,
ISAAC K. GAGE, *Justice of the Peace.*

The next series of Indian massacres in New Hampshire occurred during Queen Anne's war with France, which began in 1702, and ended by the peace of Utrecht, in 1713. This period was one long protracted agony of alarm, terror and suffering. The most prosperous towns were oftenest invaded. Dover, Durham and Exeter were centres of attack during every Indian raid. Judge Smith says: "Exeter escaped hostilities till 1690. I have drawn a circle round our village, as a centre, twenty-five miles in diameter. The number of killed and captives within

this circle during a period of forty years exceeded 700." This tells the story of the losses of one generation of men, taken from a few towns in a sparsely settled district. In 1718, the Indians of Maine, under the influence of a Jesuit named Rasle, began to make depredations upon the settlements of that Province. Massachusetts and New Hampshire were both involved in this war, which continued till 1725. During this period the Captains Baker and Lovewell distinguished themselves in Indian fights. Baker's River testifies to the success of the one, and Lovewell's Pond to the death of the other. Massachusetts and New Hampshire bore the entire expense of this war, besides the loss of many of their bravest and best men. Neither of these States committed any wrongs against the Eastern Indians to provoke an invasion of their territories; and the injuries of the people of Maine, according to Governor Bradford, were chiefly imaginary. The New England colonies were involved in all the wars waged by England against France. In 1744, began King George's war. This lasted four years, being closed by the treaty of Aix la Chapelle, in 1748. During this period, besides the decimation of the citizens of New Hampshire for foreign service, all the horrors of former Indian wars were renewed. There was no safety for private houses. Every occupied house was turned into a garrison. No labor in the fields could be performed with safety, harvests were destroyed, houses burned, cattle killed and the inhabitants cruelly murdered or driven into slavery. No man walked abroad unarmed. The lurking foe seemed omnipresent. It is hardly possible to conceive, much less describe, such a state of society. It is marvellous that anybody escaped the ferocity of the foe. The desolation spread more widely than in previous Indian wars. In this war, in August, 1746, occurred the massacre of five citizens of Concord, to whose memory a granite column is erected on the road from Concord to Hopkinton. In March, 1747, Capt. Phineas Stevens made his memorable defence of the stockade fort at Charlestown. Few heroes deserve immortality more than he. In August, 1754, the Indians invaded New Hampshire again, and killed and captured many citizens in the frontier towns. From No. 4, Charlestown, eight persons were carried to Canada, among them the family of Mr. Johnson. He and his wife suffered beyond description in consequence of their captivity. England soon declared war against France, which lasted till 1763, and was the most memorable of all the long and bloody conflicts between those two countries. New Hampshire was compelled again to furnish soldiers for England and to defend her own towns from Indian invasion. It then thundered all round the heavens. Then such heroes as Stark and Rogers were reared. They were both conspicuous in the battles, marches and sieges of the old French war. Rogers and his famous Rangers did more to arrest Indian depredations than all the other soldiers of New England. It is impossible in a brief article like this to enumerate the battles fought or the towns destroyed. Suffice it to say that all the cruelties of preceding wars were repeated, and for seven long years a cloud of gloom settled over every home in the Granite State, and the wolf of poverty growled at every door. But Pitt the elder, the greatest premier England ever had, honorably redeemed his pledge to pay the colonies for their expenses in the war; and, by the distribution of English money among the soldiers, the immediate wants of the people were relieved. The brief narrative of Indian wars here given shows very clearly that the people of New Hampshire never provoked them. In a majority of cases the Indians came from Canada as allies of the French. They were the aggressors. They ravaged and murdered like demons; and when the French made peace they withdrew to await another declaration of war. Our government has not yet learned to deal successfully with the Indians. The New York Tribune, speaking of the Christian policy adopted by President Grant, says:

"Under this policy we had each year an Indian war. It cost some money to carry it on, and valuable lives were sacrificed every summer, but each Indian war was followed by an Indian peace, with the exhibition of several Indian

chiefs at Washington, the distribution of gifts and the ratification of a new treaty. The policy of philanthropy, as it was called, consisted in furnishing the roving Indians with arms and ammunition, provisions, clothing and supplies, so that if they should go to war they could have an even chance, and if they remained at peace they would be in a condition of fatness and comfort to receive the ameliorating influences of civilization. The Eastern philanthropists believed the Indian could be Christianized; the men of the border said the only good Indian was a dead Indian. Both believed in Indian appropriations; the only thing that the borderer cared for was that the Indian should not get them."

"The present war will be brought to a triumphant conclusion by-and-by, of course. They always are. But there are simple-minded people all over the country who have no interest in any of the contracts by which the Indians are swindled and provoked to war, nor in any of the contracts for army supplies which grow out of Indian wars; who are beginning to tire of the monotony of this business, and to ask if it is not possible to determine the precise relations of the government to the Indians, and thus adopt a policy with regard to them which shall give us a rest from war. Would it be cruel, for instance, to refuse to furnish these lazy and vicious savages with arms and ammunition with which to fight us? The administration of President Hayes cannot more worthily distinguish itself than by the adoption of a just and wise Indian policy, which shall put an end to frauds in the service and wars on the border."

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.

BY REV. SILAS KETCHUM, PRESIDENT.

In a former paper, I gave some account of the origin and design of the New Hampshire Antiquarian Society, the causes and considerations which led to its formation, and a brief statement of the nature and extent of its collections. In the present I propose to exhibit:

I. The Library: including the character of the works collected or admitted; the plan of their arrangement; and the method of cataloguing or indexing the same, so as to render them accessible.

II. The work of the Historical Committee and the manner of conducting it.

III. The wants of the Society as they relate to these departments.

I. The Library is *omni generis*, and consists of about 3300 volumes; 6700 pamphlets; 11,000 newspapers, in file or volumes; 1900 manuscripts; besides maps, broadsides and engravings, of which there are upwards of 800. In saying, however, that the library is of every kind, it is not implied that works morally unfit would be admitted, or anything palpably worthless accepted. Neither is it implied that the library has no specialty. On the contrary the Society makes a specialty of several classes of works, intimately related to each other. (In enumerating and describing these classes, however, it is not to be taken for granted that the Society has yet been able to secure any considerable number of volumes of any specified kind.) These are,

1. Works of *local* history; or histories of cities, towns, churches, parishes, societies and institutions, wherever located; but especially in New Hampshire.

2. Works of *personal* history; or autobiographies, biographies, pedigrees, genealogies, personal narratives, memorials and obituaries; particularly of New Hampshire persons and families.

3. All documents, as journals, reports, addresses, election sermons, proclamations, surveys, commissions; printed bills and resolutions, emanating from, or relating to, the Legislature or the Executive Departments of the Government of New Hampshire.

4. Catalogues and circulars of all schools, and reports, constitutions and by-laws of all institutions, societies, corporations, and associated bodies of whatever kind or character within the state of New Hampshire.

5. All public and published address-

es, sermons, dircourses, orations, poems and occasional publications whatsoever, delivered within or relating to New Hampshire, her affairs or people.

6. Files of all newspapers or other periodicals that are or have been published within the State.

7. Works of every kind that have been written or published by New Hampshire men and women, "wherever dispersed around the whole orb of the earth."

8. Works of every kind, whenever or by whomsoever written, that have issued from the printing-presses of New Hampshire.

9. The publications of Historical, Genealogical, Antiquarian and other learned Societies.

10. Books of the early age of printing in Europe, particularly those issued previous to the year 1600.

In addition to the above enumerated classes, to the collection of which the Society directs special attention, it endeavors also to obtain one copy of every edition of all books and pamphlets, no matter by whom written, in what country or language they are printed, or to what subject they relate.

The *arrangement* of the books and pamphlets composing the library is very simple. With the exception of works relating to local and personal history, and works relating to or emanating from the Legislature of New Hampshire, no attempt is made to classify the library. With a view to the greatest economy of space, the books are located solely according to size; except that different editions of the same work, (as Adams's Arithmetic, or Morse's Geography,) are placed together. To find anything in the Library the sole dependence is upon the Catalogue. Each case for books is lettered, (running at present from A to K), and each shelf of each case is numbered. Then the volumes are numbered, commencing with the first book on shelf 1 of case A, which would be No. 1, and carrying the numbers through consecutively from case to case; that is, if the last number in case A was 485 the first number in case B would be 486. If, then, I want to find, for example, De Miranda's Expedition, I will find it under M and S, thus:

595. B. 3. Miranda, Don Francisco de. Attempt to effect a Revolution in South America. 12mo., hf. shp., pp. 308. Boston, 1807.

595. B. 3. South America. Don Francisco de Miranda's Attempt to effect a Revolution in. 12 mo., hf. shp., pp. 308. Boston, 1807.

The Society uses especial endeavors to obtain pamphlets, that species of literature considered so worthless by the uninstructed, and so valuable by all librarians and writers of history. These are put up in linen covers called "jackets," and are classified partly by their character and partly by their size. These jackets are labeled on the back, and when filled set upon the shelf like volumes. The different classes are

1. Those according to character, as *Maine Pamphlets*, *New Hampshire Pamphlets*, (and so of all the New England States,) *Political Pamphlets*, *Magazines* and *Reviews* (odd numbers), etc.

2. Those according to size, as *Pamphlets* lettered A, B, C, etc.; *Pamphlets*, numbered 1, 2, 3, etc.; *Small Pamphlets*, *Large Pamphlets*, *Quarto Pamphlets*, *etc.*

Of these volumes of pamphlets the Society has now, of all kinds, about 500. Each pamphlet is catalogued by author, by subject, and frequently by title. Some are entered five times to increase the facility of finding them. If, then, I was in pursuit of Dr. Spalding's Discourse on the 250th Anniversary of the Settlement of Dover, I would find it under D and S, thus:

DOVER, N. H., Dr. Geo. B. Spalding's Discourse on the 250th Anniversary of the Settlement of, 1873. N. H. P. 25.

SPALDING, GEO. B., Discourse on the 250th Anniversary of the Settlement of Dover, N. H., 1873. N. H. P. 25.

On the margin of the cover would be marked N. H. P. 25, so that should the pamphlet be taken out for use, or by any accident be left out, it would show on itself where it belonged.

II. The work of the Historical Committee.

Section 2 of Article IX, of the amended Constitution of the Society declares

that, "The Society shall * * * at each Annual Meeting, appoint a committee of seven, * * * which shall be called the Historical Committee whose business it shall be to procure or prepare brief biographical sketches of persons locally or generally eminent in any of the walks of life, [particularly of residents of New Hampshire.] This committee * * * shall copy into books prepared for the purpose, all such papers; and also all such sketches of local or family history, family records, collections of sepulchral inscriptions, copies of documents, letters, family papers and manuscripts tending to preserve or elucidate the history of persons, families, or places in New Hampshire, as the Committee or Society are able to prepare or procure."

This feature of the Society's work is not known to appear in the work of any other similar Society, and is believed to be *sui generis*. Of course it entails upon the committee a large amount of labor. Nevertheless, no difficulty has thus far been experienced in obtaining men for the purpose. After deliberation and experiment by the first committee, a *demy folio* was the size selected for these volumes, being the size generally used in Register's offices.

The work is conducted in this way: After the election of officers at the Annual Meeting, the Chairman of the Committee takes what manuscripts there are on hand, of which there are generally more than enough to fill a volume, assorts and classifies them, arranges them in the order in which they should be copied, and makes as equitable a division thereof as he is able, between the members of his committee. He writes in such notes of explanation and connection, cross-reference and so forth, as seem necessary to the highest availability of the volume. He has the paper ruled and the headings printed to order, makes an estimate of the number of pages each member will need for the work assigned him, and then distributes the documents and folds of paper to his associates. Each member of the Committee is at liberty and is desired, to add any new matter he may see fit, and to elucidate by foot-notes any part of the work assigned him. After the copying has been completed, the folds are returned to the chairman, who arranges them in order, pages the whole in pencil, numbers each article, prepares an elaborate table of contents, exhibiting all which the volume contains, prepares a title-page, and any such preface or introduction as may be needed for an explication of the contents. He then prepares an alphabetical index of all the names of persons contained in the volume, showing where and how many times they occur. The pencil-marks are then all carefully erased, and the volume goes to the binder, where it is bound in the strongest possible manner, in Russia leather, and paged with a machine. These volumes vary in size from about 590 to 734 pages. One volume forms the report of the Historical Committee for a year. The fifth volume is now in preparation. The manuscripts thus copied are disposed of in three ways:

1. All such as are new or recent, and of suitable proportions to be folded, are folded of a uniform width, labeled on the outside, and the number, page and volume where copied stamped on each.

2. All such as are in pamphlet form are stitched in covers, labeled and stamped in the same way, and are catalogued and put in jackets like the printed pamphlets.

3. All such as are ancient, and on single sheets, are mounted in volumes, uniform in size and style with the volumes of Historical Collections, and the place where the copy is to be found, indicated as above. In place of all papers included in the last two classes, a memorandum is put in the file of those of the first class above, so that the file when made up will contain either the original document, or a memorandum showing where it is, of every article in the volume. These include only papers *owned* by the Society. Some are borrowed, and the originals returned to the owners.

To all the Manuscripts in the possession of the Society, an index is made, in which every manuscript is entered, some several times, and this index exhibits what the manuscript is about, when and by whom written, by whom presented,

what is its number, in what volume and on what page of the *Historical Collections* it is copied, (if it is copied), and where the original document may be found. Thus every manuscript in the Society's possession is made accessible in half a minute.

In another volume, uniform with the *Historical Collections*, are mounted the autographs of distinguished men and women. Of these at present there are about 500. Each name is alphabetically indexed, and has a biographical sketch of the person, written under the autograph, where the facts necessary could be obtained.

In other volumes, uniform with the above, are the *Scrap Collections* of the Society which consist of scraps from newspapers on historical subjects, obituaries, and papers descriptive of celebrations and important events, chiefly in New Hampshire. Each article in these is also alphabetically indexed. There are at present four volumes, each containing from 1000 to 1300 articles.

III. The wants of the Society in relation to these departments.

Of course the Society wants to make its collections as nearly complete as possible. Therefore contributions are solicited from all sources. Persons or families having collections of pamphlets, books, files of newspapers or magazines of any kind, would confer a favor by donating them. If in considerable quantities, send by express or freight directing to The New Hampshire Antiquarian Society, Contoocook, N. H. If in small parcels, address a letter to the Curator, George H. Ketchum, Contoocook, stating what the parcel contains, and he will reply, stating what is wanted and how to forward the same.

Publishers of newspapers would confer a favor by sending their issues regularly, to be preserved in files; Town Clerks by forwarding copies of their Town Reports, and Pastors of Churches by sending copies of their church manuals, directed to the Society as above. Authors are respectfully requested to present copies of their own works.

EARLY HISTORY OF THE BAPTISTS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BY JOSEPH FULLONTON.

The denomination of whose early history in this State we now write, is sometimes called Regular Baptist, and Calvin Baptist. This is to distinguish the people of this sect from Free Will Baptists, found in this State and elsewhere, Six Principle Baptists, Seventh Day Baptists, General Baptists, etc., found in other places; but the name is simply Baptist. They wish no other and accept no other.

In doctrine they are about the same as to belief as other sects, styled evangelical. Their church government is congregational. Baptism is administered to believers only, and uniformly by immersion. Yet they are not bigoted, but tolerant toward those who practice another mode of baptism.

There were Baptists in England and other old countries long ago; they were also early in this country. In 1639, but nineteen years after New England had its first settlement, a Baptist church was gathered in Providence, R. I., by that champion of religious liberty, Roger Williams. This was the first of the denomination in America. Five years later, that is in 1644, the next was formed in Newport in the same State. Another in the same town was in organized 1656. Thus there were three, all in Rhode Island.

Next the vine extended to Massachusetts, the fourth of the denomination being established in Swansea in; 1663 the fifth in Boston in 1665. That church still exists, is 214 years old, and among its long list of pastors have been Dr. Samuel Stillman, Dr. Francis Wayland, and others of eminent talent and virtuous fame.

There was a violent opposition to some of these churches. The horses of ministers were disfigured; mobs were organize to injure them. In one case the doors of a meeting-house were nailed up, and in another an earnest Baptist was publicly whipped. The minister whipped was Obadiah Holmes. He received thirty lashes from a three-corded whip. He said it was easy to him, and even told the officers on the spot "It was as if they had struck him with roses." Yet his back was so cut that for some time he could rest in bed only on his knees and elbows. Laws were enacted against the Baptists, and there were fines and imprisonments.

We have the authority of New Hampshire's former distinguished antiquarian, John Farmer, Esq., for saying that Dea. John Hariman of Plaistow was the first person of Baptist sentiment in this State. There is strong evidence that his name was Joseph instead of John. He was the grandfathers of the late Elders John and David Hariman, well known in different sections of Rockingham, Hillsborough and Merrimac Counties. Mr. Farmer gives no dates, but Dea. Hariman was born about 1723 and died in 1820, aged 97 years. There was no Baptist church in Plaistow while he lived, and probably his religious associations were either in Haverhill or Newtown (now Newton), and most likely Newton, a Baptist church having been formed there some time before there was one in Haverhill.

This brings us to the first Baptist church organized in New Hampshire—at Newton, in 1755. This town is in the southerly part of Rockingham County and borders on Amesbury, Mass. Its population never has equaled nine hundred, and at the time this church was constituted was about four hundred. It was the first church formed in the town. About four years later a Congregational meeting was established and a minister settled. But little can be said as to the origin of the Baptist church. Its pastor was Rev. Walter Powers, and it is supposed he organized the church. A son of his, named Walter, was ordained pastor of the Baptist church in Gilmanton, June 14, 1786. In advanced life he had a stroke of palsy, lost his speech, and, in part, the use of his limbs, and after his property was gone he became a tenant of the poor-house, where he died April 7, 1826.

The church at Newton for years was small and almost alone, none of like faith being near. There were also disagreeable contentions, as those who refused to pay a tax to support the Congregationalists after they came, were sued at the law. Mr. Powers continued but a few years and then other supplies were obtained. In 1767 it was voted to raise fifty pounds, lawful money, for preaching. This was about $250, and was rather liberal for an infant, struggling society. The church still lives, being now one hundred and twenty years old.

And so there was one Baptist church in the State. It is now necessary to go back a few years and notice a time of seed-sowing of Baptist sentiments, which resulted, when the fruit appeared, in other Baptist churches about fifteen years after that at Newton was established.

About 1720 a man at Stratham married a Miss Thurber of Rehoboth, Mass. She was a Baptist, and at Stratham found herself alone in religious sentiments. Towards the close of her life, about 1760, she purchased and distributed in Stratham a work by Norcutt on Baptism. She said the time would come when there would be a Baptist church in Stratham. She died; but her prediction was verified.

There was in Stratham a practicing physician, Dr. Samuel Shepard, a native of Salisbury, Mass. Being on a visit to a sick person he took up one of the books Mrs. Scammon had distributed. He was convinced on reading it that the view of baptism was correct. He was a

member of the Congregational church, bat having embraced Baptist sentiments, he was baptized by immersion by Dr. Hezekiah Smith of Haverhill, Mass. There was an extensive religious interest; a Baptist church was organized in Deerfield and one in Stratham in 1770, and that same year Dr. Shepard was ordained in Stratham by Dr. Stillman, of Boston, and others.

Dr. Shepard immediately took up his residence in Brentwood, where he gathered a church in 1771. He continued to practice as a physician, but devoted himself largely to the sacred calling. In his own section he organized branches of the Brentwood church. These were five, viz: Lee and Nottingham, united, Hawke (now Danville), and Hampstead, united, Epping, Northwood and Salisbury. In the Brentwood church, with the branches, there were at one time almost 700 members. Some of these branches afterwards became separate churches.

Dr. Shepard went abroad occasionally into Straffrod and Grafton Counties, preaching and adding members to churches. He was earnest in defence of what he considered Bible truth. And when the principles of the Baptists were assailed, he resorted to the pen and the press for a reply. At least five works in pamphlet form were published. He closed his active and useful life at his home in Brentwood, Nov. 4, 1816, aged 76 years.

There were Baptists in the vicinity of Dover quite early. Rev. Hezekiah Smith of Haverhill, Mass., visited Madbury, N. H. and Berwick, Me., and in 1768 a church was formed in Berwick. Aug. 14, 1776, William Hooper of Berwick was ordained in that town. Later, a portion of the Baptists in Berwick, and several living in Madbury, were constituted a church. Mr. Hooper took up his residence in Madbury, preached there and in other places, and died in Madbury, in 1827, aged 82 years. Noah Hooper, a son of his, preached mostly in Maine, and died at Great Falls, on the Berwick side, in 1853. A son of this last is Rev. Noah Hooper of Exeter, who has been a preacher beetween forty and fifty years.

In Dr. Shepard's time, Elias Smith, a very ready, popular speaker, was much in the lower part of this State. He was ordained in the open air before the old meeting-house in Lee, in July, 1792. The Baptists built a meeting house two miles northerly from Epping Centre, where he preached much; also in Newmarket, where he lived, and in Salisbury. In 1892 he settled in Portsmouth. He left the Baptists and united with the people called Christians, and finally settled in Boston, where he was a Botanic physician.

After the gathering of the churches in the lower part of the State about the year 1770, as has been named, Baptist churches were formed in the northerly and westerly parts, as at Lebanon and Westmoreland in 1771, at Gilmanton in 1772, Marlow in 1777, Croydon in 1778, Canterbury in 1779, Rumney, Holderness, Meredith, Chichester, and Barrington in 1780, New Hampton in 1782, Weare and Canaan in 1783. In Canaan Rev. Thomas Baldwin preached. This was the Thomas Baldwin, D. D., afterwards pastor of the Baldwin Place Baptist church in Boston from 1790 to his death in 1825.

Some of the churches named became extinct, others changed their denominational relations to the Free Will Baptists about 1780, when that denomination was formed.

In 1795, forty years from the organization of the first Baptist church in the State at Newton, there were in New Hampshire forty-one Baptist churches, thirty ministers, and 2562 communicants. Thus it seems that the early growth of this denomination was rapid. Its increase in after years, if not so rapid, was still most encouraging.

DO I?

BY MAUD MULLEN.

Do I pity you because I know you are impulsive? Most certainly I do, away down in the last corner of my poor sympathizing heart! For I know how—have passed through the *pleasant* experience—"been through the mill," ground, powdered, pulverized and all, save the refining process!

I know how you do things which afterwards cause you hours of mental regret; how you say something for which you would pull out your own tongue as a penalty; how you cut up some "half-wit" for an insulting remark, and then hate yourself for stooping to reply; how you go to the parish gathering, well polished up with intentions of being quiet and lady-like, and then, in a moment when off your guard, you snap out an answer to your rector, making you blush with shame, and wish you had united with some other church where they had no *superior* members; how you go to prayer-meeting and "giggle" when Dea. Jones says he "can n't quite understand mys-tic-fied chapters of Revelations;" how you go to some social gathering, chat, laugh, sing, and have a general good time, and then go home, think over what you have said and done, inwardly wish you had never been born, go to bed, and toss all night in a sort of mild delirium tremens; how you fervently pray and secretly resolve to rid yourself of this ever-present tormentor, and every time you make renewed efforts, find yourself plunged into deeper water;—and then how you weep, and beg of the hills and mountains to crumble down upon and annihilate you!

Yes, I pity you, but your case is not a hopeless one. I believe there is no vice so great that now and then a little virtue won't peep out through the loopholes. The very element which to-day overshadows you with a cloud of shame and regret, may to-morrow redeem you with its bright sunbeams of goodness. For instance, if you see an enemy drowning how soon you'll row your own life-boat out to his rescue, forgetting for the moment how he has wronged you. If your neighbor, who has floated his colors far above your own, and failed to recognize your poor endeavors, lies sick and dying, how soon you are at his side administering the soothing cordial, or, if need be, folding most tenderly the idle fingers above the silent breast—cancelling out the past, and remembering only the needs of the present! Or if a beggar comes to your door, telling her pitiful story and imploring assistance, how quickly you put your hand down deep into your pocket and take out the little gold treasure which you had saved to buy Kitty a wax doll. How you forget yourself and all your "fine clothes" when the demand comes for assistance in a poor family famishing for want of care, and with a disease contagious and fearful!

I gave you the shadows—now you have the sunshine. Don't despair! While the stones of mistakes are being rolled away from your door the sunshine of forgiveness shall steal in at its opening; for He who sits in judgment, wielding His pen of justice, shall gather up the cloud of error, draping the heart anew with folds of peace and reconciliation!

EDITORIAL MEMORANDA.

There is a deal of truth in the old adage—"a new broom sweeps clean." No better illustration of the fact is afforded than in the success of the recent Belknap County fair at Laconia. While agricultural fairs generally throughout the State have been "on the wane" for several years past, various devices outside the ordinary attractions being resorted to, in order to bring out the people, and thus insure financial success, and then not always with the hoped for result, this first annual exhibition of the new Belknap County Society exceeded, in all respects, and especially in the essential matter of public attendance, the highest expectations of its most sanguine friends. On one day eight thousand people were present, and the receipts altogether, were sufficient to meet all the expenses of the exhibition, and to pay in large part, if not entirely, the cost of the excellent grounds which the Society have secured. Such a result must be not a little flattering to local pride in "little Belknap."

Friday, Sept. 14, was a memorable day in the history of "old Dover," it being the occasion of the dedication of the monument to the soldiers of the Union, from Dover, who lost their lives in the War of the Rebellion. The monument itself, which is a tasteful and unique structure of marble and granite twenty-three feet and four inches in height, was erected through the efforts of the Sawyer Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, under whose auspices the dedicatory ceremonies were conducted. Gov. Prescott and several members of his staff were in attendance, and in addition to the local military and civic organizations, the Newmarket Guards and the Rochester and Pittsfield Posts of the Grand Army were present and joined in the procession, which was the finest pageant witnessed in Dover for many years. Mayor S. H. Foye presided at the dedicatory exercises. Rev. L. S. Coan of Alton delivered the poem, and Rev. Dr. Alonzo H. Quint, a well-known son of Dover, was the orator. In this connection it may be remarked that Dr. Quint, as Masonic Grand Chaplain, took a prominent part in the dedication of the Army and Navy Monument in Boston on the Monday following.

The statement is going the rounds of the press that there are now but eight students in the State Agricultural College at Hanover. When we consider the liberal endowment resulting from the land grant of the federal government, which this institution received, and the yearly appropriations which the State Legislature has made in its aid, we are forced to the conclusion that it is not, on the whole, a "paying investment." We do not contend or believe that in the instruction afforded, or in the general practical management of the institution, ours is inferior to other Agricultural Colleges; but even were it conclusively shown to be *superior* in these respects, so long as the results are what they are, so long as such a limited number of our young men avail themselves of the advantages offered, and of this limited number but a small proportion subsequently engage in agricultural pursuits, it must be conceded, even by the warmest friends of the institution, that it has thus far practically proved a failure. We of New Hampshire are not alone in this experience. Similar institutions in other States have only accomplished similar results. The only inference to be drawn therefore, is, either that the farmers do not properly appreciate the advantages which these colleges offer, or that the fundamental idea upon which they are based is an erroneous one, and that class education, in any degree sustained at the public expense, must forever remain unpopular because unjust.

THE

GRANITE MONTHLY.

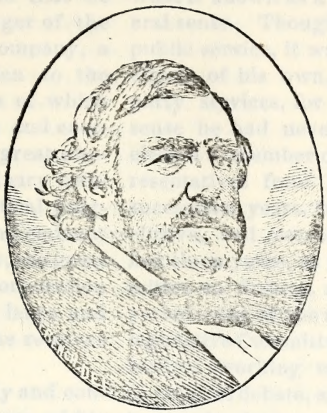
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HON. EZEKIEL A. STRAW.

The city of Manchester, the manufacturing metropolis of the State, a city of whose rapid growth and development every citizen of New Hampshire is justly proud, standing in the front rank among the manufacturing cities of the country, and wanting only the completion of one or two short links of railway, demanded alike by local and general interests, to make her second only to Worcester among the great business centers of New England, takes precedence of other New Hampshire cities and towns, not alone on the score of greater population and more extensive manufacturing enterprises. Her church edifices, her schools and public buildings, her business blocks and elegant private residences are all of superior order. Nor is it in these respects only that Manchester excels. She reckons among her citizens a remarkable proportion of the prominent and influential public men of the State. Among these may be mentioned four of the eight living ex-Governors of the State, three ex-Congressmen, one ex-United States Senator and present Judge of the United States District Court, one member of Congress now in service, three Justices of the Supreme Court, two ex-Justices, and a score of others who have been conspicuous in various departments of public service and political life. Of these, ex-Gov. Straw may be mentioned as among the more prominent; and certainly there is no one who through his entire active career has been more intimately connected with the growth and progress of the city than he, not only from his position as the active manager of its largest and most powerful manufacturing corporation, but from strong personal interest in the welfare and progress of his adopted city.

EZEKIEL A. STRAW was born Dec. 30, 1819, in the town of Salisbury—in a region, by the way, which has given to the state and nation some of the most illustrious names of our political history. His father, James B. Straw, a man of much energy and decision of character, had a family of seven children, two daughters and five sons, of whom Ezekiel A. was the eldest. During his childhood the family removed to Lowell, Mass., where his father engaged in the service of the Appleton Manufacturing Company. He attended the public schools of that city, acquiring the rudiments of a thorough English education, which was supplemented through an attendance of some time at Phillips Exe-



HON. E. A. STRAW.

ter Academy, where he devoted himself more especially to the study of mathematics, in the higher departments of which he became proficient. In the spring of 1838, being then under twenty years of age, he obtained a situation as Assistant Civil Engineer upon the Nashua and Lowell Railroad, which was then being built, the last four miles of which was the initial work in the railway system of our State. Here he manifested a degree of practical attainment and skill which soon attracted attention, and in July following, Mr. Carter, the engineer of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Co. at Manchester, being taken ill, he was sent for, through the agency of Mr. Boyden, the consulting engineer, to perform temporarily the duties of the position. He at once responded to the call, going to Manchester thirty-nine years ago on the fourth of July last, for what he supposed was to be a few weeks of professional service, but what has proved a lifetime of arduous and efficient but well appreciated and generously remunerated labor. He has remained in the active service of the Amoskeag Corporation from that day to this. He commenced work for the company when it had scarcely entered upon the career of active development which has placed it at the head of the manufacturing corporations of the world, and the now important and prosperous city was a boarding-house village of some twenty-five hundred inhabitants. The first work in which he engaged was upon the dam and canals, then in process of construction, and in laying out the lots and streets where the business portion of the city now stands, the land occupied by which then being the property of the Amoskeag Co., to whose liberality, it may be said, the city is largely indebted for its parks and public grounds, and other substantial contributions. He remained in the company's service as engineer for thirteen years, being absent for a time in Europe, where he was sent in 1844, to secure the necessary information and machinery for the printing of muslin delaines, in the manufacture of which the company were already engaged to some extent in their mill at Hooksett, but which they were unable to print successfully. Having secured, through Mr. Straw's tact, ingenuity and powers of observation, the essentials for successful work in this line, a new mill was erected for the prosecution of this branch of industry, and what is now known as the Manchester Print Works commenced operation in 1846, under the direction of a new company made up mainly of the same members as the Amoskeag.

In 1851, Mr. Straw was appointed to the position of agent of the land and water power department of the Amoskeag Company. Five years later the machine

shops were also put in his charge, and in 1858 the mills were added, so that he then became the active manager of the entire business of this great company, a position which he has holden to the present time, and to the duties of which he has given the best efforts and energies of a life characterized by great physical endurance and extraordinary mental power. To the sound practical judgment, clear comprehension and eminent executive abilities of Mr. Straw, the great success of this now gigantic corporation is largely due, so that the large and almost princely salary which he receives is fully merited.

Although of necessity closely and constantly engaged in the discharge of his responsible and laborious duties as agent of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, Mr. Straw has always taken great interest in the welfare of his adopted city, and has contributed as much, at least, as any other, individually as well as in his capacity of agent of its leading corporation, in carrying forward all enterprises tending to promote the prosperity of Manchester. He was especially active in promoting the scheme for the introduction of a plentiful supply of water into the city, and has been for several years, a member and president of the board of water commissioners. He is also, and has been for more than twenty years one of the trustees of the Manchester Public Library, and was among the active spirits in securing the erection of the elegant building in which it is now located. He was one of the first directors and has been for twenty years president of the Manchester Gas Light Company. He is also, and has been from its organization in 1869, president of the New Hampshire Fire Insurance Company, which corporation has its headquarters in Manchester, and of which ex-Gov. Weston of the same city is vice president. He is president of the New England Cotton Manufacturers Association, which position may be regarded as a high testimonial to his ability, and thorough knowledge of the interests which the organization was formed to promote.

In politics Mr. Straw, although a decided Republican, has never been a bitter partisan, nor has he at any time been what is known as a politician in the general sense. Though often called into the public service, it was never through any efforts of his own, nor as a reward for party services, for such in the ordinary sense he had never rendered. He was elected a member of the House of Representatives from Manchester, for five successive years, from 1859 to 1863, inclusive, and served efficiently, for the last three years, as chairman of the committee on finance, at that time—the war period—one of the most important of the legislative Committees. He was emphatically a working member, never sought to shine in debate, and whenever he spoke it was simply to express a sound practical opinion upon some really important question. In 1864 he was chosen a member of the Senate, and was re-elected the following year, when he was chosen to the position of president of that body. At the Republican State Convention in January, 1872, Mr. Straw's name was presented for the gubernatorial nomination, by those who justly believed him to be one of the strongest possible candidates that the party could put in the field. He was nominated on the first ballot, receiving 304 votes to 222 for Horton D. Walker of Portsmouth, and 30 for Samuel W. Hale of Keene. At the election in March he was chosen over Gov. Weston, the Democratic candidate, receiving a plurality of about two thousand, and a majority of one thousand, about a thousand votes having been cast for Lemuel C. Cooper of Croydon, the Labor Reform candidate.

In the office of chief magistrate of the State, which he filled for two years, being re-elected in 1873, Mr. Straw maintained his independence of character, and acted throughout as his own judgment dictated, looking only to the best interests of the people, as viewed from his standpoint. Although more than once party managers were disposed to criticise his action, they never swerved him in the least from the course which he believed to be right. There may have been more brilliant men in the Executive chair in this State, but certainly none during the last twenty years, who brought to

the position a higher degree of executive ability and practical knowledge of affairs, or who was more universally governed in the performance of his duties by his own convictions of right, regardless of the demands of mere partisans.

Since 1873, Mr. Straw has not been engaged in public service, except as a member of the Centennial Commission from this State, to which position he was appointed by President Grant. In this capacity he labored with great zeal, and did much to contribute to the success of the great exposition, especially so far as the New Hampshire department was concerned.

Gov. Straw was a member of the New Hampshire delegation in the Republican National Convention at Cincinnati last year, and was one of the three delegates who from the first opposed the nomination of Mr. Blaine, giving their votes at first to Gen. Bristow, and subsequently to Mr. Hayes.

Notwithstanding the magnitude of his business cares, which have ever received full attention, and which have involved not alone the management of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company's extensive operations, but also a share in the direction of other enterprises, including that of the Langdon Mills, the Blodgett Edge Tool Company, and Amoskeag Axe Company, as well as the control for some time of the Namaske Mills, of which he was the principal, and for a time, sole, owner, until their consolidation with the Amoskeag, he has found time and opportunity for a vast amount of general reading and practical observation, so that, with a mind endowed with rare powers of comprehension and analysis, and with a most retentive memory, he has secured a large fund of information in almost every department of useful knowledge, which he is able to utilize upon all occasions. Some years since he received from Dartmouth College the honorary degree of Master of Arts, a distinction which in his case certainly was well merited.

Mr. Straw married Miss Charlotte S. Webster at Amesbury, Mass., in April, 1842, by whom he had four children, two sons and two daughters. One of the sons died in infancy. The other, Herman Foster Straw, is now assistant superintendent of the Amoskeag Mills. One daughter became the wife of Wm. H. Howard of Somerville, Mass., and the other of Henry M. Thompson, formerly agent of the Manchester Print Works, and now agent of the Lowell Felting Company at Lowell, Mass. Mrs. Straw died in 1852, and Mr. Straw has never remarried.

In religious belief Gov. Straw is a Unitarian of the advanced order, with broad and liberal views. He was one of the founders of the First Unitarian Society of Manchester, of which organization he has served as clerk and treasurer, and for some years as president, and was chairman of the building committee which erected the church edifice in which the society now worships.

The home of Gov. Straw is a stately brick mansion, among the largest private residences in the State, without exterior ornamentation, but elegantly finished and richly furnished throughout. It is situated upon Elm St., in the upper part of the city, surrounded by spacious and well kept grounds, embracing several acres of land which was a gift from the corporation which he has served so long and efficiently. It commands a broad and extensive view, especially to the westward, overlooking the valley of the Merrimack, with the Uncanoonucks standing out boldly in the background. The house is connected by telegraph with the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company's office, so that he can be consulted or give directions concerning important matters at any time without leaving his room.

Gov. Straw is now but fifty-eight years of age, in the full vigor of his intellectual powers, and endowed as he is with a strong physical constitution, notwithstanding the vast amount of labor he has performed, may reasonably look forward to many years of useful activity and honorable achievement.

TRAMPS.

BY C. C. LORD.

We can easily imagine some plain New Hampshire citizen reflecting by his evening fire-side, and saying to himself, "What does it mean? Seven tramps to-day, five yesterday, and doubtless enough to-morrow to make up a large daily average." It is a problem.

The people of New England, and of America at large, may well consider this fact: we are only a ripple upon the great historic stream of humanity, and possessed of no experience, ambition or hope that is not in some sense common to man. Consequently we cannot consistently expect to arrive at the legitimate solution of any social problem while ignoring the static laws of human life revealed in the authoritatively attested history of the race.

Facts are stubborn things. It is a fact that history records the existence of tramps from the remotest, definitely described periods. It is further evident that in repeated instances the skill of the governing element in society has been severely taxed in the effort to suppress the ever-recurring tide of vagrancy. In present attempts at regulating the irregular features of social life, it will be happy if any practical appliance not before used shall occur to the mind of any inquiring individual.

To the scientifically contemplative mind, the dominant causes of vagrancy are not absolutely inapparent; nor are these causes wholly collective, or only individual, in character; neither may we find that they are entirely preventable.

The different causes of vagabondism are of unequal rational permanency. The direct abuse of government, whereby the rational interests of the humbler classes in society are palpably neglected, is an incentive of an occasional kind. The ever-recurring social reactions, in the manifestation of which the collective human organism seems to pass through inevitable constitutional crises, are motives operating in periodic states. The impelling force locked up in the peculiar temperament of the individual is so constant in expression as to allow of but infrequent respites from its ruling energy. The first of these causes is more removable; the second, less so; and the third, scarcely, if at all.

In using language recognizing the existence of *science*, we do not intend that restrictive meaning implying only a knowledge of so-called material laws. We would rather be understood in that fuller sense embracing a comprehension of the laws of that distinctive life pervading our whole human fabric. The progress of science, or, to be more explicit, the approximation to the fulfillment of science in human consciousness, is, in our opinion, teaching us better ideas of government and its legitimate effect upon the masses. True science, however, is at present so confined in its limits, being of necessity entertained only by those who have forsaken all and followed the experimentally humanized divine Word, its effect is as yet seen only darkly in a glass. As yet the brighter hope of human, organized society, lies in the more vital—more experimentally true—instruction afforded to the minds of those certain to be the future rulers in governmental affairs. The child listening by its mother's knee, or hearing on the bench of a country common school, or imbibing the words of the local pulpit or rostrum, or catching snatches of thought from the widely-circulating improved literature of the day, may derive some earnest of a scientific insight of the true law of social life that may in the future redound to the amelioration of long-lasting unfortunate conditions. When the true law of society is seen and illustrated, although the

circumstance may not prevent humanity from passing through its inherent, critical phases, it may soften the asperity of those changes that now afflict us in our irrational and unprotected state. Human life is not unlike the progress of the seasons. The summer's heat and the winter's cold tell more severely upon those whose neglect of the scientific means of protection has left them open to the assaults of climatic severity and inclemency.

We have spoken hesitatingly of the prospect of repressing tendencies to vagrantism resident in the temperamental conditions of the individual. This aspect of our subject anticipates the legitimate claims of the individual upon society. The Declaration of Independence avers that men have certain "inalienable rights, such as life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." We may advance upon this avowal so far as to assert that men have certain *instinctive* rights, so deeply confirmed in the vital consciousness of the individual that the full force of the arm of arbitrary power has never been able to annul their promptings. We may say that one of these instinctive rights is the right to travel peaceably in the public highway.

The instinctive rights of the natural vagrant arise from the implied existence of individual man as a composite being, and not merely as a complex or a simple one. The individual human form is compounded of many elements uniting in adaptation to the fulfilment of a particular use. If that use imply a lack of personal resolution and constancy, it is nevertheless the right of the individual to exercise it within legitimate bounds. The man who is organically impelled to a life of continued and ever-varying change is as rationally free to follow his individual bent as the man whose self-concentered executiveness of character enables him to successfully prosecute a stationary use in society; we may add it is the *instinct* of this right that has enabled the natural tramp to assert his temperamental characteristics in spite of the exertions of his naturally more favored brother.

In multitudinous instances the strong arm of the law has been vainly employed against vagabondism. It now only remains to allow tramps to wander within the limits of the law. This position is, however, taken from an other than mere sentimental considerations. Though among others we do not despise the use confessed by the poet Wordsworth,—

> Such pleasure is to one kind being known,
> My neighbor, when with punctual care, each week
> Duly as Friday comes, though prest herself
> By her own wants, she from her chest of meal
> Takes one unsparing handful for the scrip
> Of this old mendicant, and from her door
> Returning with exhilerated heart,
> Sits by her fire, and builds her hope in heaven,—

yet we would not allow the tramp to impose upon society by avoiding, through a mistaking public administration, any equivalent return for his maintenance. We refer to the practice of harboring tramps at the public expense. A vagrant should not be afforded a privilege that is denied to the habitually industrious individual. Yet every year much money is taken from the public treasury in New Hampshire alone for the support of people for no other reason than they are "transients." We would remove this abuse entirely and substitute an arrangement providing one or more stations in every town where vagrants can obtain suitable food and comfortable lodging, and any other necessaries they may require, by making a suitable return in manual labor, the fruits of which should enter into the public treasury. In other respects we would say to the tramp, "Go in peace, but remember that in all things you obey the law securing all individuals in their peaceable rights."

THE STORY OF SIMON.

BY WILL E. WALKER.

This is the story of Simon.
Whether he be
High in degree,
Worthy poetical mention,
Worthy the reader's attention,
Judge ye the same, and then give him his meed,
Praise him or blame, as this record you read,
Telling the story of Simon.

Hearty and hale was Simon.
Face like a full moon aglow with good cheer,
Firm in the nose, and with generous ear;
Square at his shoulders and broad at his feet,
Eyes true and earnest, and mouth e'er discreet;
Calmly he goes on his straightforward way,
Honestly utters what he has to say;
Ever endeavoring the weak to protect;
Caring for nothing of fashion or sect;
Honoring justice and truth in the land,
Bound to no popular leader's command;
Born a reformer wherever he goes,
Active and earnest, and dressed in plain clothes,
Looking and feeling and acting the man,
Truth for his motto, the nation his clan—
Such was the patriot Simon.

One little hobby had Simon.
Seeing the evils of intemperance,
Feeling the people should make an advance
Over the bounds which so long had confined
Careful society—rather inclined
Never to meddle with even a foe,
When it was dubious whether or no
Most of its members were for or against—
He, with unyielding persistence, commenced
Faithfully urging, by deed and by tongue,
Temperance measures, and fearlessly flung
Gauntlet and gage to whoever upheld
Those who the worst of accursed fetters weld—
Urging in eloquence fervent and grand
Voters throughout this unfortunate land

On to the warfare till, purified, free,
Homes should be blest, and their curse should not be.
Thus plead the temperate Simon.

"Abstinence total," quoth Simon.
Some could not bear such conversion as this,
Surely, too strong came such doctrine amiss;
So, in their half-and-half doubt and belief,
Striving to compromise doom and relief,
These, not a small class, put into their creed
Ample provision for those who might need
Spirit to take when they did not feel well;
Only to such should the dram-dealers sell.
"Weak in the backbone," thought Simon.

Stubborn opponents met Simon.
Some were inclined on this subject to think
They had a right to drink or not drink,
Just as they pleased, and no law should be made
Binding the drinker, the dram or the trade.
Every one would resist to the last
Any such law against liberty passed.
"License and Liberty, one and the same!"
This was their cry, and to them many came.
Such were the parties that soon were to strive,
When the election should duly arrive,
Each for its measures and rule in the State,
Strong in their numbers, aggressive, elate,
During such epoch lived Simon.

Now to election goes Simon.
Town-house with tremblings in all of its joints,
Such as Old Time to old age now appoints;
Boys with revivification of voice,
Who in the day and its bounties rejoice;
Men, young and old, rich and poor, strong and weak,
Rich ones with *brass*, and poor ones with *cheek*,
Seeking those "certain inalienable rights,"
Fought about, talked about, thought about nights—
Such the assembly, upon a March morn,
Seen in the town where my hero was born.
Into the town-house walks Simon.

Quiet and thoughtful is Simon.
One and another withdraw him aside,
Warn him what will and what will not betide
Should he not vote with their party—he must!
"Yes," answers Simon, "if you will adjust
All that your party is voting for here
So that it reads to me wise, true and clear,
Then will I vote your straight ticket right through—
Otherwise, that thing I never shall do."

Fiercely the battle was waged on that day;
Justly by all? As to that I can't say.
But when results of the contest were known,
Oh! what a deep-sounding, dolorous groan
Rose from the party whose schemes were undone!
Oh! what a shout from the party that won!
Those who had favored the temperance cause
Most in their platform and most by their laws
Lost in the strife by a pitiful lack—
Only one vote would have won the attack;
And with the rest of the ballots there lay
One which had brought to this desperate fray
The name of a candidate known to but few,
But what man had put it there every one knew,
Saying, "See, so much from Simon!"

Oh! how the losers cursed Simon!
Taking the power right out of their hands,
Satisfied only with *all* his demands,
Getting in consequence nothing and worse,
Losing a footing and gaining a curse;
Thus worked the wisdom of Simon.

Such is the story of Simon.
Still he survives,
Still he contrives
Much that is sanctioned by reason,
Much that is good in its season.
Whether he loses because of false hopes,
Much that he works for, or whether he copes
Bravely 'gainst evil, and waits for the time
When to his sentiments all shall incline,
Judge ye who read about Simon.

SOCIAL CHANGES IN NEW HAMPSHIRE DURING THE PAST CENTURY.

BY PROF. E. D. SANBORN.

Statistics are quoted to show that human life has been prolonged and human comforts increased within the present century. This is true; but how have these results been brought about? Improved medical skill and superior nursing have prolonged the life of the feeble, sickly, diseased, scrofulous and consumptive patients. Better houses, warmer clothes and lighter work have enhanced their comforts. Multitudes live for scores of years who formerly could not have withstood the hardships of the age; hence, the average of human life has been lengthened. But laborers and thinkers do not live so long.

Those very defences against cold and rain which protect the feeble, enervate the healthy. Dr. Belknap mentions nearly a score of people in the last century, in this State, who lived beyond a hundred years. "In Londonderry the first planters lived, on an average, to eighty years; some to ninety, and others to one hundred. Among the last was Wm. Scoby, who died at the age of one hundred and four. The last two heads of sixteen families who began the planting of that town died there in 1782, aged ninety-three years each." Such examples of longevity are very rare in our days. The family of Col. James Davis of Durham was remarkable for length of days. The father died at eighty-eight, the mother at one hundred and two, and the average age of nine children was eighty-four years! The same author, speaking of the pioneers of New Hampshire, says: "They frequently lie out in the woods for several days or weeks together, in all seasons of the year. A hut, composed of poles and bark, suffices them for shelter, and on the open side of it a large fire secures them from the severity of the weather. Wrapped in a blanket, with their feet next the fire, they pass the longest and coldest nights, and awake vigorous for labor the succeeding day. Their food, when thus employed, was salted pork or beef with potatoes and bread of Indian corn, and their best drink was water mixed with ginger." I am inclined to think that the good Doctor has given to these woodmen a greater variety of food than they actually enjoyed, for potatoes were not much cultivated in New Hampshire during the last century. I have heard my father describe the outfit of two brothers who were sent into the woods in winter to fell the trees for early spring clearing. Their father left them in the woods for a month's residence with two bushels of beans and a small firkin of salted pork, with an iron kettle in which to cook their food. Bean porridge constituted their only rations morning and evening, and a neighboring spring furnished their beverage.

Even the student life of that period was as rude as the age that gave it birth. When the first college students arrived in Hanover, a century ago, they encamped in the woods and provided, for a time, their own food. The first booths they built were too weak to withstand a storm, and one night, during a tempest, the sleepers were buried in the ruins of their temporary huts. They were, however, more scared than hurt, for the hemlock boughs and bark which sheltered them were too light to crush them. The students of that period often labored for their own support, and the college laws made it penal for any scholar to cast contempt on manual labor. My own

experience in college life, as student and teacher, now runs back nearly fifty years. The expenses of living are now three times as great at home and at school as they then were. My annual expenses in college were one hundred and fifty dollars, all told; now the common bills of students are from three to six hundred per annum. But let me recur to pleasing recollections. When I left home for college, my mother gave me just such a present as Shakespeare willed to his wife, "a second best bed," which being wrapped in a home-made coverlet was placed in a farm wagon without springs, and to this was harnessed the poorest horse on the farm, lame in one leg, and blind in one eye, to take me and my little store of home-spun clothes to college. My charioteer was a 'hired boy,' who seemed to be without father, without mother, and without descent. In fact, he had never heard of any place of education but the town school, and might say with Falstaff, "I have forgotten what the inside of a church is made of."

It required two whole days to travel the sixty miles. Here let me interrupt my personal narrative to speak briefly of the domestic, social, moral and literary condition of the people of New Hampshire fifty years ago. The population then was not very much less than at present. It was homogeneous. The majority were farmers. Manufactures were scarcely known in the State. There was little money. The chief business of daily life was carried on by barter. The farmers raised all their food, and made at home all their clothes. The shoemaker and tailor paid semi-annual visits to each house, and made the shoes and clothes for the entire household. The cloth used was made in the house, and dressed by a neighboring fuller, as he was called. The leather was tanned, by one of the community, from skins taken from animals slaughtered for the use of the family. A sufficient amount of wheat and Indian corn was raised for the supply of the entire population. It was one of the boy's duties to go to mill, and on horseback, above two or three bags of grain. The picture of the mill boy in Henry Clay's life shows the trials to which such youths were often subjected. The houses of that period were generally low, ill-warmed and ill-ventilated structures, without paint inside or out. Carpets and pianos were unknown. The old-fashioned spining-wheel occupied the place of the latter, and mats made of rags curiously wrought served as an apology for carpets. The work of the farm, in the house and field, was performed by the hands. Machines for mowing, reaping and threshing; for washing, churning and sewing, were unknown. It was literally *manual* labor that subdued the rough and stony soil, and prepared the food and wrought the fabrics which warmed and fed the people. Railroads and telegraphs had not been heard of. Steam was just coming into use in navigation. Men travelled in their own wagons and sleighs. Very few chaises had been introduced. The mail was carried in the rural districts on horseback in saddle-bags, and the carrier, *though not a student*, blew a tin horn to announce his arrival at a house that was so fortunate as to take *one newspaper*. I remember when the first coach for the conveyance of passengers was put upon the road from Gilmanton to Dover. More people, daily, watched its approach than now stand at the railway station to witness the arrival of the train.

Society, as it now exists, was unknown. People visited their neighbors once or twice a year, the ladies arriving at the scene of action at two o'clock, the gentlemen about six. The table, for supper, was luxuriously furnished with all the dainties of the season; cakes, pies, preserves and domestic viands and condiments of every description. The tongues, which are the only edged tools that grow sharper by using, and the needles were plied with great diligence by the ladies till the session adjourned. The standard of morals was higher than at present. Crime was punished. Insanity, before, or during, or after, the criminal act, was seldom pleaded as an excuse. The murderer was hanged without benefit of clergy, and the minister 'improved" the occasion by an appropriate sermon.

The people then settled their ministers by vote of the town. The clergy in that day literally indoctrinated their people. Religious periodicals were unknown. Societies for the diffusion of useful or religious knowledge were very rare. Dogmatic theology was more diligently, and, to use an old term, "*painfully*" preached than at present. The church edifices were built "on every high hill." The custom arose, it is said, from the attacks of the Indians in Puritan times. From these lofty eminences the enemy could be watched during divine service. These places of worship were large, barn-shaped buildings with a "porch" at each end, without warmth in winter, or ventilation in summer, except from broken panes of glass.* Public lectures were unknown. I well remember when Abner Kneeland proclaimed his atheistical doctrines, in Boston, a thrill of horror ran through every thoughtful mind in New England. Since that day, under the specious name of "*philosophy*," the same pantheistic doctrines have been trundled on rails into every large village and city in the country, and have been kindly received, as a sugar-coated alterative for the common mind, from the lips of Theodore Parker and others. Such theories were not discussed in the newspapers of the day, fifty years ago. The atheist, infidel or universalist was obliged to have a special organ to represent his peculiar sentiments. Such were "*then*" the people of New Hampshire in practice and theory. They worked hard to subdue an uncongenial soil and received but limited returns for their labor. A boy of ten or twelve years of age was expected to do half a man's work, besides a multitude of '*chores*' in the morning and evening. Three months of the year were given to the district school; and one reader, with the New Testament, one arithmetic and one grammar constituted the boy's library. Now, the various series of books, with new studies, increase the number of text-books ten-fold, without materially increasing the knowledge of the learner. Work, hard, exhausting work, was the law of the farm boy's life, and play the rare exception. The ends of my fingers, even now, seem to tingle from the "wear and tear" of stone-picking during cold April days, when I worked alone with no friend near but my little dog.

That discipline was my salvation. Labor and study occupied all my time. I was thus guarded against temptation, evil companionship and reckless prodigality. Work, my young friends, work with your own hands, if you would secure a sound mind in a sound body, and enjoy the highest fruits of the best education. Work, young ladies, with your own hands if you would grow old gracefully.

"How to be beautiful when old?
I can tell you, maiden fair—
Not by lotions, dyes and pigments,
Not by washes for your hair.

While you're young, be pure and gentle,
Keep your passions well controlled;
Walk and work and do your duty,
You'll be handsome when you're old."

I know that the current of fashion runs counter to this advice, for since my boyhood society has undergone a complete social revolution. The world moves. Where is the world in which I was born? With increased wealth have come its constant attendants, luxury and indolence. Boys in the first families live for play, girls for show, and the parents for pleasure. Farm labor, the most useful, healthful and moral on earth, has been exchanged for the more exciting employments of the shop, the factory and the railroad. In the rural districts of our State which the railroads have not reached, the old homesteads are fast falling into decay! Labor in the kitchen has become unfashionable. Spining and weaving are obsolete ideas. The piano has usurped the place of the wheel, and worsted work has supplanted the loom. "It is undeniable," says Prentice, "that

* About 1710, the parishioners of Rev. Timothy Edwards, father of Jonathan, agitated the subject of building a new church at Windsor, Conn. A parishioner wrote a poem—here is a part.

"One other reason yet there is
The which I will unfold,
How many of us suffer much
Both by the heat and cold.

It is almost four milds
Which some of us do go,
Upon God's holy Sabbath day,
In times of frost and snow."

in America it takes three to make a couple—he, she, and a hired girl. Had Adam been a modern, there would have been a hired girl in Paradise to look after little Abel and 'raise Cain," and to burn the meat (if they had any) and spoil the bread. Domestic manufactures declined as factories arose. It is within the memory of men now living when three wise men from Boston traversed the banks of the Pawtucket near the falls, pretending to be angling, but in reality considering a plan of building a dam across the river and using the water to turn spindles. They bought the privilege, drew out the water by a canal, reared their rectangular brick buildings and filled them with machinery. They then scoured the country for farmers' girls to work in the factories. This process went on until large cities, like Lowell, Lawrence and Manchester, sprang up wholly devoted to manufactures. A single city often contained as many as 6000 American girls engaged in spinning and weaving. The entire surplus population of the conntry was temporarily imprisoned in these noisy work-shops. Girls could no longer be found for domestic service. The high wages of the factories commanded the services of all that could be spared from home. Then starving Ireland began to pour her industrious population upon our shores. The men worked by thousands upon our railroads, and the girls, everywhere, went into domestic service. Then the reign of Bridget commenced. She has, with her improved condition and increased wages, made herself mistress of the situation. She dictates terms of peace and war, because she prepares and serves out the rations of the family. The farmers' daughters are no longer known as "hired help." Not one in a hundred of those doing housework in this country is of American birth. They have also disappeared from the factories, and Irish operatives are filling their places. Neither domestic service nor factory labor now employs American girls. It is said to be a mystery what becomes of all the pins. It is equally mysterious what becomes of American girls. They have ceased to milk the cows and churn the butter; they toil not neither do they spin, as they once did; they are missed, sadly missed, in the kitchen and in the factory. Many of them, by the new process of culture, have become delicate ladies, sitting in close rooms heated by air-tight stoves or furnaces, without the natural stimulus of light and air, afflicted with chronic neuralgia or pulmonary weakness. Our modern physical education, which is to cure all the shocks that flesh is heir to, is conducted in heated rooms. Travelling is no longer a healthful exercise. Men and women, fifty years ago, went long journeys in open wagons or on horseback. The most rapid kind of locomotion was the six-horse stage with twenty-five passengers inside and out, making speed at nine miles an hour. A day's ride in such a vehicle jolted the body, stirred the blood, wearied the limbs, and made the traveller hungry and sleepy. He ate heartily, slept soundly, and was refreshed. Now we are whirled along, in suffocating cars, three hundred miles instead of sixty in a day. Not a muscle has been called into action, not a draught of fresh air has been inhaled, no pleasant scenery has been enjoyed; but, on the contrary, we have had nightmare visions of green fields, running brooks and sunny lakes, inextricably mixed up with deep cuts, dark tunnels, stfling bridges and repulsive stations, with the same crowd, apparently, of from thirty to one hundred idlers doing the "heavy loafing" of the whole town, waiting for they know not what. We are set down at our destination, and the hotel stage takes us and the ladies' large traveling trunks to our modern inn, with numerous waiters, large fees and few real comforts. Nervous, weary and nauseated, without appetite, without patience, without satisfaction of any kind, we retire to toss through the dreary night with excited nerves, aching limbs and horrible dreams. Surely the world does move. We save time but lose rest. Traveling does not recruit but wearies us. Take this little picture and study it. An eminent English physician says that the daily travelers who go out and into London every day, on the cars, grow old and decrepit sooner than any other class of men with whom he is acquainted.

Fifty years ago the prosperous New Hampshire store-keeper, manufacturer or farmer was accustomed to add to his conveniences of living what was then called a bellows-topped chaise, with two wheels. After planting in the spring, or haying in the summer, the "fore-handed" farmer and his wife, in their new chaise, with a small trunk strapped to the axle, went across the country, or to another State, to visit relatives. They drove at leisure forty or fifty miles a day, enjoyed the cool air, the bright sun and the delightful scenery. At noon they dined at the old-fashioned inn, with all the varieties of the kitchen and the productions of the season for twenty-five cents each, and the horse enjoyed his hay and oats for the same sum. At evening they were received with open arms and warm embraces by kind friends. Here they spent the joyful days of visiting in sweet intercourse, pleasant drives and hearty, happy entertainments. Life was domestic in those days. Men lived at home and took care of their families; now they live abroad and serve the public. The old mail stage from Concord set down its living freight at Elm Street in Boston, after a whole day's ride, for about the same fare that is now paid on the cars. There the traveller was served with the best products of the season for one dollar a day. Recently I paid five dollars a day at the Parker House for a room. The price of a chicken-bone was one dollar, and everything else in proportion. Truly the world moves! The number that move on the cars among an equal population is ten-fold greater than in 1830. Sitting, the other day, in a crowded car, with my friend, Judge Nesmith, I asked him if it was probable that the people had turned out to see one of us, as they did to see Gen. Grant. He replied that it was as cheap living on the cars as anywhere, and therefore people traveled. But whence comes the money to pay the bills? From 1830 to 1860 farmers and manufacturers acquired property very rapidly. Fifty years ago many a New Hampshire boy commenced business in our cities, in a single room, on a capital of a few hundred dollars. Now he must pay from one to three thousand dollars rent for a room! I know at least six New Hampshire men in St. Louis, who began business in that humble way, who now count their money by hundreds of thousands, possibly by millions. No enterprising young man can do so now. Fifty years ago only two millionaires, in trade, were mentioned—Wm. Gray of Boston and Stephen Girard of Philadelphia. Now the same cities have scores of shoddy millionaires. Three men in New York can control the finances of the commercial emporium of country. They have done it. An aristocracy of wealth is as burdensome and oppressive as an aristocracy of birth. Wealth has nominally increased during the last twenty years. It is due solely to the depreciation of our paper money and the unnatural and unhealthy rise of real estate, and the consequent exorbitant prices of produce and manufactures. Our wealth has accumulated precisely as the covetous Frenchman's did, who made, in one morning, ten thousand dollars by marking up his goods. The people are poorer than they were twenty years ago by all the money and time expended during the war, and by the immense national debt that remained at its close; and, while our country may be adding a *thousand millions* annually to our capital, it will require the utmost skill in our rulers to preserve the nation from bankruptcy. This is fact, not fiction. We must pay honestly and punctually every farthing of the national debt. This must ultimately come from the soil, and till paid, will remain a sore burden upon our industry. Besides her share of the national debt, and of the State debt, New Hampshire owes, in the form of town and county debts, several millions more. Some flippant demagogues tell us this is a mere bagatelle. We can pay it any time. "Any time," says the proverb, "is no time at all." Did you ever know of any people in any age who did not want to use what wealth they had? Did you ever hear of a state or nation that took pleasure in paying old debts? We have grown reckless, extravagant and criminal in consequence of collecting and using freely large sums of money during the war. We talk of mill-

ions now where we used to speak cautiously of thousands. In 1850, New Hampshire held a Constitutional Convention which cost the State about $35,000. No Legislature for years dared increase the State tax so as to pay that debt. I doubt if it was paid when the rebellion came upon us, though I have no knowledge upon that point. Now we raise from four to five hundred thousand dollars annually to defray State expenses, and twice that sum to pay local expenses and interest on town debts. To salaried men, who have little increase of means with large increase of expenses, the taxes are burdensome. *They* are growing poorer, whoever else is enriched.

To argue the decline of public morality during the last fifty years would be a work of supererogation. As I cannot demonstrate this from my own experience, I must refer you to the dockets of our courts and the over-populous condition of our State prison. Crime, like the king's prerogative, in Revolutionary times, "has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." But New Hampshire has "no bad eminence" in this particular. Her records are even less blotted than those of sister States. Some years ago the Hon. Mr. Mills, a distinguished lawyer and United States Senator from Massachusetts, remarked to Judge Parker that some fifty years ago crime was so rare in that State that a violator of the law was looked upon as a prodigy. He recollected a man being arrested for assault, not an aggravated case, and as the constable conveyed him to the court for that the people turned out *en masse* by the wayside to see a prisoner led to the office of a county justice. It was a sight so strange that their curiosity was aroused to the highest pitch to gaze upon a man who had the hardihood to violate a law of the commonwealth. A murder in those days was as rare as a comet, and both were regarded with horror. A bold blasphemer was looked upon with apprehension, lest the judgments of Heaven should fall upon the community that tolerated such a wretch. The sentiment with reference to criminals was aptly represented by a pompous little official in my native town. It was, in early times, customary to warn such persons to leave the town, that they might not gain a residence in it. This was a legal provision. In the case of a notorious thief, the little constable sought the culprit, and, before witnesses, said: "I warn you off the town's territory; and, moreover, I warn you off the face of God's earth!"

"Action is the end of thought; but to act justly and effectively, you must think wisely. No man can pass through his allotted term of years—least of all can the wealthier classes do so—without profiting by the fruit of other men's toil. All capital is accumulated labor. A scrupulous and high-minded man will always feel that to pass out of the world in the world's debt, to have consumed much and produced nothing, is to sit down, as it were, at the world's feast, and not to have paid his reckoning; and hence even he who lives at ease will be anxious to replace to the public the expenditure of labor that has been made upon him." Every man is a debtor to his calling. Every citizen is a debtor to the State. Every student is a debtor to the institution that gave him culture. The Master says: "Work while the day lasts; occupy till I come." All men are striving to better their condition. Most young persons are aspiring to enter that "paradise of fools" where the men have nothing to do and the women nothing to wear, but he only will achieve true success in the estimation of the Searcher of Hearts, who labors with his hands and head, not for himself but for others.

"Life is before ye;
A sacred burden to that life ye bear.
Look on't, lift it, bear it solemnly,
Stand up, walk under it steadfastly.
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin;
Onward and upward till the goal ye win."

Our country, with all its faults, is the best of earth. Every State has its attractions. Those of New Hampshire I have endeavord to portray. It is a good State to live in. Cherish it, commend it, love it, as your own dear foster mother. Recall the great men and good institutions it has produced. I can remember the day and year when I could enter our Supreme Court and find such

men as Judge Smith, Judge Livermore and Judge Richardson upon its bench; and I have seen at the same bar Mason, the Websters, Bartlett and Woodbury. The entire country, aye, the whole world, cannot boast of jurists and orators superior to those New Hampshire has produced. No state in the Union has academies superior to those of New Hampshire. Do you ask for proof of this assertion? Go to Meriden and Exeter, and then visit New Hampton, and from the mouths of two or three such witnesses every word shall be established. I close my somewhat protracted remarks on social changes in New Hampshire during the past century with a little poem copied from the *New England Farmer*:

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

"How wondrous are the changes, Jim,
Since twenty years ago,
When gals wore woolen dresses, Jim,
And boys wore pants of tow;
When shoes were made of calf-skin,
And socks of home-spun wool,
And children did a half-day's work
Before the hour for school.

The girls took music lessons, Jim,
Upon the spinning-wheel,
And practiced late and early, Jim,
On spindle, swift and reel;
The boys would ride bare-backed to mill,
A dozen miles or so,
And hurry off before 'twas day,
Some twenty years ago.

The people rode to meeting, Jim,
In sleds instead of sleighs,
And wagons rode as easy, Jim,
As buggies now-a-days;
And oxen answered well for teams,
Though now they'd be too slow,
For people lived not half so fast,
Some twenty years ago.

Oh, well do I remember, Jim,
That Wilson's patent stove,
That father bought and paid for, Jim,
In cloth our gals had wove;
And how the neighbors wondered,
When we got the thing to go;
They said 'twould "bust" and kill us all,
Some twenty years ago.

Yes; everything is different, Jim,
From what it used to was,
For men are always tampering, Jim,
With God's great natural laws;
But what on earth we're coming too,
Does anybody know?
For everything has changed so much
Since twenty years ago.

"*THY WILL, NOT MINE.*"

BY EVERETT PAYSON SMYTH.

The erring youth to pray is taught,
Ere scarce begun
Is life, that, older growing, naught
But strength is won;
Yet, blindly groping for the light,
Bedim so many clouds the sight,
That prays he only when 'tis bright
"Thy will be done."

Calmly a man the wreck surveys
Of his dear home;
With swelling soul his God to praise
He seeks the dome:
Will other gods the ashen waste
Disturb, and rule a mind so chaste?
By fire purified that taste
No more shall roam!

Silent the aged mother weeps—
The last has flown;
Yet she a faithful watchword keeps
And prays alone.
Prays for the wild and wayward one,
Prays for another straying son—
She ever prays "Thy will be done,
Thy blood atone!"

With glowing zeal to God we go
In daily prayer.
In faith, sometimes, on Him we throw
All grief, all care.
How small that faith is, in the knell
Of death is pictured, as the fell
Destroyer, at the mouth of hell
Awaits with snare!

Manchester, N. H., Sept. 6, 1877.

BENEFIT OF CLERGY.

Although the Roman Catholic Church, like most other religious organizations, has generally sought to extend and strengthen its dominion by means of temporal power, it nevertheless, throughout the greater part of its history, has claimed as one of its fundamental rights that all churchmen should be exempt from the criminal jurisdiction of secular courts. This claim was encouraged by several of the Roman emperors, and many of the states founded upon the ruins of the empire acknowledged it and submitted to it; but in England it was stoutly resisted for centuries.

About the year 1150, the struggle between the English government and the Church reached its crisis. A priest, having ruined a young lady of noble birth, had murdered her father. The king demanded that he should be delivered up for trial. The bishops and clergy said: "No; this is our business; we will try our brother, and, if we find him guilty, we will punish him with our disapproval, with spiritual censure, and with pains and penances." They concealed the priest and resisted the officers of the law sent to arrest him. Troops were sent against them and were repulsed, and at length the king confiscated their estates for rebellion. Then down came the thunderbolt of Rome, excommunicating him and his followers from Holy Church, declaring them outlaws from the human race, and consigning their souls to eternal hell. The king bowed his head and trembled. The great leader of the clergy, the Archbishop of Canterbury, returned from exile. All lovers of Holy Church, priest and monk, men, women and children, all ranks and all ages, poured forth to meet him, and to celebrate with hymns of joy his triumphant entrance. Four days afterward, at the desire of the king, as it is supposed, he was assassinated at the foot of his altar. "From the time of his death it was believed that miracles were worked at his tomb; thither flocked hundreds of thousands in spite of the most violent threats of punishment; at the end of two years he was canonized at Rome, and until the breaking out of the Reformation, Saint Thomas of Canterbury, for pilgrimages and prayers, was the most distinguished saint in England."

Thus, by the life, leadership and death of Saint Thomas a Becket, one of the ablest and boldest prelates of history, the germ of what is known in law as *Benefit of Clergy* was firmly planted in England. Persons in holy orders, persons in "immediate intercourse with divinity, were not to be judged by profane judgments, sentenced by profane mouths, or touched in any manner unpleasant to them by profane hands," whatever crimes they might commit. This was the first step.

In course of time, claimants for this privilege became so numerous, and it became so difficult to draw the lines of demarkation between the regular clergy and persons having clerical duties and functions, that Parliament enacted [25 Edward III., § 3, C. 4.] that "all manner of clerks, as well secular as religious, which shall be from henceforth convict before the secular justices for any treasons or felonies touching other persons than the king himself or his royal majesty, shall from henceforth freely have and enjoy the privilege of Holy Church, and shall be, without any impeachment or delay, delivered to the ordinaries demanding them." This was step number two.

But it often happened that clerks, both religious and secular (for secular clerks had a semi-religious character), were admitted to office without any written evidence of ordination. Written evidence, too, might be forged or lost; but there

was a test which, in those dark ages, when few except clergymen could read, could scarcely fail. If the prisoner could read, he was deemed a clerk at the very least, and was set at liberty. This was English law for many hundred years, and during all these centuries the criminal code was growing more and more bloody, until in Blackstone's time, a hundred years ago, *the number of distinct crimes punishable with death was upwards of one hundred and sixty.* Very many of them were within Benefit of Clergy. To steal a pocket handkerchief of the value of thirteen pence was a capital crime*—unless the thief could read the command, "Thou shalt not steal!" A hundred years ago a poor old woman was hung for taking *one cabbage* from a field. If she had been learned in the technicalities of the law [Blackstone, Book IV, Page 231] as established by "a subtilty in the legal notions of our ancestors," she would have pulled up and carried away a growing cabbage. In that case the cabbage would have "savored of the realty," and the act would have been a civil trespass and no crime. But unfortunately she was not aware of this important distinction, and so she carried away a cabbage that had already been pulled, a cabbage that had lost its "savor of the realty," and was lying upon the ground. By so doing she committed grand larceny, "the punishment of which is regularly death," and, as she could not read, she was hung.† The ignorant man, who stole thirteen-pence worth of bread, was hung; the educated scoundrel walked as free as many a moneyed scoundrel does to-day, not, as now, by evading the law, but by direct command of the law, for the law was gracious and long-suffering "in favor of one possessed of so rare and valuable a qualification." This was law in Old England—and in New England, too‡—in the good old time, not very long ago.

A long while after the test of ability to read was established, another distinction was made. Educated criminals, not being punishable, had become so numerous and appeared in court so often, that Parliament enacted [4 Henry VII., C. 13] that persons who were not clergymen should have Benefit of Clergy only once, and that a mark should be set upon them by branding in the thumb, or otherwise, that they might be known. The statute expressly provided that real clergymen, in holy orders, should not be marked in the hand, and that they should have Benefit of Clergy as often as they might commit crime.‖

In the reign preceding that in which the last named statute was passed, there was a ruling of court rather inconvenient for educated criminals, and not altogether consistent with their state and dignity. It was that Clergy should not be pleaded until after conviction. Now, on conviction the prisoner's goods and chattels were forfeited to the king, and not only that, but if the prisoner had stolen A's property, A's property was also forfeited to the king, unless A made fresh pursuit and assumed the expense of prosecution. But Benefit of Clergy operated as a full and free pardon. "All this is very true," said a sarcastic lawyer, "but as to your property, the king, you hear, has got it, and when the king has got hold of a man's property, with title or without title, such is his royal notion that he cannot bear to part with it; for 'the king can do no wrong,'§ and

* "The punishment of grand larceny, or the stealing above the value of twelve pence—which sum was the standard in the time of King Athelstan, eight hundred years ago—is at common law regularly death—which law continues in force to this day." Blackstone, Book IV, Page 237.

† As late as 1876, in the same town, an old man was sentenced to six months in the house of correction for the very same offense—stealing a single cabbage.

‡ I am indebted to the research and courtesy of George Ramsdell, Esq., Clerk of Court of Hillsborough County, for a copy which I made of the court records for that county of the trial of Israel Wilkins of Hollis for the murder of his father, in 1772. The following is a part of it:—"It being demanded of the said Israel Wilkins why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, the said Israel Wilkins prayed the Benefit of Clergy, which was granted."

‖ Even if tried, they could seldom be convicted. *By the Canon Law* the guilt of a Cardinal charged with incontinence could be established by no less than seven *eye*-witnesses; for "the proofs against a clergyman ought to be much clearer than against a layman." Ayliffe, Par. 448.

§ "The king can do no wrong. The law ascribes to the king absolute perfection. * * The king, moreover, is not only incapable of doing wrong, but even of thinking wrong; he can never mean to do an improper thing; in him is no folly or weakness." Blackstone, Book I, Page 246.

'the law is the quintessence of justice.'"

By the statute of 28 Henry VIII., C. 15, Benefit of Clergy was taken away from all offenses committed on the high seas. Under this statute, if a man owning real estate to the value of millions, but no personal property, had stolen goods to the amount of thirteen pence, when he was three miles from the mainland, or any headland thereof, or any bay or arm or inlet of the sea, he would have been hung, his lands would have been forfeited to the crown, and his family would have been left to beg or starve, or steal and be hung themselves. If, however, the crime had been committed at any distance less than three miles from the mainland, or any headland thereof, or any bay or arm or inlet of the sea, then the offender would not have been punishable either in person or estate—provided that he could read.

The Benefit of Clergy that we have considered is that which ordinary people enjoyed, people of the middle class. It was rendered almost a dead letter by the statute of 5 Anne, C. 6, and was finally abolished in 1827—except as to noblemen.

1 Edward VI., C. 12, provided that "any Lord or Lords of Parliament, to include Archbishops and Bishops and any Peer or Peers of the realm, having place or voice in the Parliament, being convicted of any of the said offenses, [house-breaking by day or night, highway robbery, horse-stealing, robbing churches, etc.] for the first time, upon his or their request or prayer, though he cannot read, be allowed Benefit of Clergy, and be discharged without any burning in the hand, loss of inheritance or corruption of blood."

After occupying a prominent place in English law for more than seven hundred years, Benefit of Clergy has at length become a thing of the past. Since Victoria came to the throne, and since the trial of Lord Cardigan, it has been formally abolished as to noblemen.—*E. P. Dole.*

THE OLD MANSION.

BY HELEN M. RUSSELL.

"Goodbye, sister! I shall be glad when I go to work again, so I can accompany you every morning. It is a long dreary walk for you to take alone."

"I do not find it so, Frank. I enjoy it very much, though of course I like your company. Good morning;" and, turning, the young girl walked away in the direction of the village whose church spires one could just discern above the trees in the distance, while her companion, a lad perhaps fourteen or sixteen years of age, retraced his steps to the little white cottage, evidently their home.

She was not beautiful, this heroine of mine, scarcely pretty, even, and yet there was a "nameless something" about her that would attract one's attention even in the midst of those who laid claim to far greater personal charms. Her hair was brown, so dark as to be nearly black; her eyes were dark grey. She was not tall, but singularly graceful in every movement. Indeed, Esther Arlington was just what she seemed, modest and gentle, and consequently respected by all who knew her. Her father had died when she was twelve years old, leaving her mother with two children, herself and a brother, younger by several years. They were far from being wealthy, and therefore as soon as Esther became old enough she was obliged to look about in search of some means of earning a livelihood.

Fortunately, she secured an excellent situation as saleswoman in a dry goods store in the large and thriving village of

N——, only a mile distant from her home. For three years previous to the opening of our story, she had, day after day, with but few exceptions, wended her way from her home in the cosy little cottage beside the river along the unfrequented road that led to the village. There was but one building between her home and the village, and a more lonely, dreary old mansion could hardly be imagined than this.

Esther could not remember its ever having been occupied, but there it stood, gradually falling in pieces—that is, the out-buildings, the main portion being in decent repair as yet. There was something about the old mansion that had a strange attraction for Esther, and she used often to stand by the old gate which led to it and wonder who had formerly lived there and why it had so long been deserted. To be sure, there were strange stories of its being haunted, but Esther was a strong-minded young lady and believed none of them.

It was a lovely morning in October. The forests, as far as the eye could reach, seemed literally ablaze with the many-hued robes of autumn. The road was carpeted with fallen leaves, and as Esther stepped blithely along it seemed to her that she had never before seen nature one-half so beautiful. She was a great admirer of nature as well as of art, and as she walked she often stopped to secure some of the prettiest of the fallen leaves, until she had secured quite a bouquet of them. As she reached the old gate opposite the mansion, she paused, and, seating herself upon a moss-grown rock, proceeded to arrange her bouquet. She was quite early and had plenty of time, so she worked leisurely, her thoughts dwelling upon the beauties which surrounded her. At length she arose, and as she did so she turned her face toward the mansion, and an exclamation of surprise escaped her lips, for from one of its many chimneys she could plainly discern smoke issuing. She rubbed her eyes, as if to assure herself it was no optical illusion, paused a moment, and after consulting her watch, drew the rusty bolt which fastened the dilapidated gate, and swinging it open, entered the pathway, overgrown with weeds and thistles, and walked resolutely up towards the mansion. As she drew near, a murmur of voices reached her ear, followed by a burst of childish laughter, so near by as to startle her, and turning her head, she saw seated upon the ground two children, the elder apparently ten or twelve, the younger three or four years of age.

They had woven together some of the autumn leaves so as to form a chain two or three yards in length, and this they had wound around a large Newfoundland dog who stood eyeing his tormentors in perfect good humor.

As Esther approached, his quick ear caught the sound of her footsteps, and with a low growl he bounded quickly toward her.

"Down, Nero, down, sir! Don't touch him, please!" cried the eldest child in alarm, as Esther quietly maintained her ground, at the same time reaching out her hand and stroking the dog kindly upon his head.

"He is very cross to strangers, lady; do not touch him, please," she repeated, as the dog continued to growl and eye the new comer distrustfully.

"What is your name, my dear?" said Esther, turning to the youngest girl, who stood clinging to her sister's hand. That they were sisters one could tell at a glance, for there was a strong resemblance between them.

"Susie Lane," lisped the child bashfully.

"Do you live here, Susie?" she next inquired.

"Ess, I dess so; don't we, Bessie?" inquired the child.

The dog, evidently assured that no harm was intended the children, had walked slowly away and stretched himself lazily beneath a tall pine which stood near. It was a picture for an artist. The dilapidated mansion in the background, the large, magnificent trees of oak, maple, and the solitary pine, the sweet-faced children, dressed in snowy white, their short, golden curls kissed by the morning breeze, and the young lady quietly regarding them.

"Will you tell me who you are and

where you came from?" said Esther, addressing the eldest, whom Susie had called Bessie. A flush passed over the girl's face.

"Papa says it is rude in me to ask questions, and *I* think it rude in you, also," said Bessie warmly.

"You are right," said Esther, "it was rude in me. I will go now—goodbye," and turning she hastened down the path. She had nearly reached the gate when she heard a step near her, and turning quickly she encountered a gentleman who was rapidly approaching the pathway. He carried a gun over one shoulder, while in one hand were two partridges, which he had evidently just shot. He seemed somewhat surprised at the sight of a young lady there, but bowed politely and passed on towards the house. Esther passed through the gate, which she closed and bolted after her, and then hurried on to her destination.

"Well, this is really quite an adventure," she said to herself. "Who can they be, and why have they selected that lonely old house for a home? Bessie is a remarkable child, to be sure. She thought I was rude, and I suppose I was. Who *would* have thought of any one living there? I hope we shall learn more of them."

All day long Esther's thoughts were more upon the old house and its strange occupants than upon her work, and when five o'clock came she hurried eagerly homeward in the hope that she might learn more of them, but all was silent, and everything looked as it had done month after month and year after year before. She was almost tempted to believe that she had fallen asleep and dreamed it all.

"You are early to-night, Esther," said her mother, as she entered the little sitting-room, where a tempting supper was in readiness.

"Yes, I hurried home to tell you the news," she replied, as she seated herself at the table. "Such a surprise as I had this morning, Frank, after I left you," and she proceeded to relate her adventure, not forgetting to repeat Bessie's sage remark. Mrs. Arlington, a slender, "worn-out" looking woman, listened quietly to the story, making no remarks until Esther had concluded, then she said:

"And the gentleman, what was he like, my dear?"

But Esther had only noticed that he was tall and dark, and that was all she could tell concerning him.

"Well, it will be pleasant for us, if they prove to be good neighbors," said her mother.

The days passed on. Whoever and whatever the new comers at the mansion were, they kept entirely aloof from every one. Excursion parties called, but saw no one except the servant, an elderly woman, who appeared to be exceedingly deaf.

To Esther's highly romantic nature the old house now seemed doubly attractive, and she never passed the gate without pausing and looking up the pathway, in the vain hope of again seeing the two children. At length, one cold morning in December, she saw standing near the gate, upon the inner side, little Susie, with Nero close by her side. There had been a light fall of snow the day before, and the only tracks down the walk were those made by the child and dog. Esther turned and approached the child, bidding her good morning.

"I run away, I did," said Susie, looking up with a bright smile.

"Why did you run away, Susie? Where is Bessie?"

"Bessie with papa; papa sick. Come, Nero, we go back now. Goodbye, lady," and turning, the child ran swiftly up the walk, the dog bounding joyfully by her side.

Esther paused for a moment, and then she opened the gate, though not without some difficulty, and hastened after the child. Susie, not knowing that Esther was following her, sped onward until she reached the house. She pushed open the ponderous outside door and hurried up the long stairway, her foot-falls echoing through the empty rooms. She was met at the top of the stairs by the servant, who led her into a room opening at the right. Upon the bed at the farther extremity of the room reclined Mr. Lane. By his side sat Bessie, bathing his head.

As Susie entered and approached the bed, he opened his eyes and reached forth his hand and drew the child to his side.

"My poor children," he said sadly, "what will become of you if I am taken away?"

"Oh, papa! Please let me go for a doctor. I know he would make you well," said Bessie between her sobs.

A sad smile passed over her father's face, and for several moments the silence remained unbroken except by Bessie's sobs. At length the gentleman spoke.

"Bessie, you may go to the village for a physician if you wish. Wrap yourself up warmly and return as soon as possible. One kiss, dear—there, go, and God guard you."

He sank back upon the pillow and closed his eyes. Susie, at a sign from her sister, took the vacant seat at his side, while Bessie glided noiselessly from the room. A surprise awaited her, for as she sped down the long stairway she saw Esther standing by the outer door.

"Why are you here?" she demanded, as Esther came forward to meet her.

"To see if I can render you any assistance, Bessie. Susie told me your papa was ill," returned Esther gently.

"Will you tell me where I can find a physician?" asked the girl in a subdued tone of voice.

"I will go with you, my dear," returned Esther, as she helped wrap the girl in a nice woolen shawl which she procured from a closet close at hand, and together they left the house and hurried onward toward the village.

When they arrived there, Esther sought Dr. Neal, an old and experienced physician, and leaving Bessie in his care, hastened to her daily task.

As the days passed on Esther occasionally heard from Mr. Lane by the doctor, who seemed somewhat puzzled in regard to his malady. At length, one morning, Dr. Neal met her just outside the village. As soon as he saw her, he stopped his horse and greeted her with a cheerful "good morning." He anticipated her usual question by declaring that Mr. Lane was no better, and he added:

"What is worse, Bessie, who has been a most indefatigable little nurse, was taken ill last night. I don't know what to think of it. We have a council of physicians, to-day, however, and I hope we shall discover the cause of his strange sickness. By the way, Esther, do you know of any one I could get to go there as nurse?"

"I will go, if you wish me to," she replied.

"But how can you leave the store?" he inquired.

"Frank can take my place for a few days or weeks, as the case may be. I will be at the mansion in two hours," said Esther, as she hurried away.

Two hours later she took her place at the bedside of Bessie. The child knew her and welcomed her warmly, but the servant, Margaret, as Bessie called her, eyed her with marked dislike. There was something about the old woman that repelled Esther at first sight, and when, that afternoon, Dr. Neal took Esther one side and told her that they had not succeeded in determining the nature of the disease, her mind was made up at once to the effect that there was foul play somewhere, and she resolved to watch closely. She said nothing, for she knew just how much her opinion would be thought worth by the learned physicians. As time passed on, Bessie grew better daily. Not one drop of medicine had she taken, however, while Mr. Lane hourly grew worse, and at length Esther determined to make known her suspicions whenever the doctor paid his next visit. That evening, hearing a slight noise in Mr. Lane's room, which adjoined Bessie's, she cautiously approached the door and, peering through the key-hole, she saw Margaret drop a tiny powder into a glass of water, and then approach the patient, and, lifting his head from the pillow, seemed about to place the glass to his lips. Esther opened wide the door and entered the room, and approaching the woman, said quietly, "How is your patient this evening?" At the same time she adroitly managed to knock the glass from the woman's hand.

Margaret turned upon her, her eyes blazing, her form trembling with rage and fear. Esther stood calmly before

her, not a muscle of her face betraying the least fear, and yet she was alone in the house with a would-be murderess and her victims, too far away from any one to summon assistance.

Mr. Lane looked as if he were dead, and Esther judged rightly that she had been just in season to prevent his receiving the final dose. Just at that moment the welcome sound of the doctor's well-known voice was heard in the hall below. Margaret turned to flee, but Esther caught her and held her firmly, at the same time calling for help. All this happened in less time than we have taken to tell it, and ten minutes later Margaret was divested of her disguise and bound firmly. She was, in appearance, somewhere in the vicinity of thirty years of age, a tall, dark, exceedingly handsome woman.

Mr. Lane had taken no notice of the commotion, but Bessie had left her room at the first cry for help, and stood gazing in surprise and fear at the woman.

"Do you know her, Bessie?" asked the doctor.

"It is my aunt Clem.; but take her away quickly," cried the child, evincing so much fear of her that no further proof of the woman's guilt was needed in the minds of her companions. She was taken away the next morning and lodged in the county jail, there to await her trial at the next term of court.

Antidotes were administered to Mr. Lane at once, but he was very low, almost at the very gates of death. By the doctor's advice, and Bessie's desire, Mrs. Arlington, Esther and Frank readily assented to take up their abode at the mansion, Esther resuming her work in the store now that Bessie no longer needed her services, but she was warmly attached to the child, and her affection was more than returned. Mr. Lane gained slowly but surely, and in the month of May, at the advice of his physician—who could not sufficiently condemn his oversight, which had so nearly been a fatal one—he resolved to travel for the complete restoration of his health. Bessie readily consented to remain with her kind friends, and Susie was too young to mind her father's absence.

The night before his departure he related for the first time the story of his life. His father had married for his second wife a young Italian, remarkable for her beauty, but possessing all the characteristics of her race. She had died in about two years after her marriage, leaving an infant daughter, who inherited her mother's cruel and revengeful disposition. His father had lived until about a year previous to Mr. Lane's arrival at the mansion, and at his death had bequeathed his vast wealth to his son and his son's heirs, giving Clementine, his daughter by his second wife, only a small annuity. Soon after, Mr. Lane's wife was taken suddenly ill and died, and he, filled with grief at his bereavement, and wishing to take his children from the baleful influence which his sister exerted over them, had sought for and found this old mansion house, which was a portion of his estate. He had departed secretly with his children and one servant, resolved that his sister should not know of his whereabouts. At a wayside inn his servant had died suddenly of what the physician pronounced heart disease, and in her place he had taken the woman who had proved to be his sister. He had lived in seclusion for the simple reason stated above. He had never entertained a suspicion that *Margaret* was other than what she had seemed. He now believed her to be the cause of his wife's, and also of his servant's, death. His vast wealth would have been hers, had she succeeded in her cruel design.

* * * * * *

Two years have passed ere we resume our story. Mr. Lane had returned six months previously, entirely restored to health. His sister had committed suicide in jail just before her trial was to have taken place.

Esther and her mother returned to the cottage immediately after Mr. Lane's return home, but report says that Esther is soon to go back to the mansion—which is being entirely renovated—as its honored mistress.

REMINISCENCES.

BY L. W. DODGE.

Night came down upon us with all the beauty of a New England summer twilight; it was starry, and the moon was coming; the dashing stream down yonder in the glen made wild music,—sad to-night, but it was the same voice that lulled us to sweet slumber in childhood, and we now listened with a like charmed ear.

I said its tones were sorrowful to-night; not that they were different from usual, for you know there is always a strange connection between the beautiful and the sad, and then, too, this was the last of our too brief stay among the hills. On the morrow we should leave for our later and western home, and farewells are, you know, seldom ever cheerful.

We listened awhile to the wild dashing of the river as it went hurrying down the valley, on its way to the Connecticut and the sea, and then wandered out into the gathering stillness, toward the miniature lake among the mists upon the hillside.

The moon was coming up the gorge beyond the wilds of "Wambeck Methua," and, outlined against the east, grand and rugged, behold the "Crystal Hills," with the glory of the moonlight resting upon their shaggy brows; across the river, a silvery pathway goes shimmering from our feet until it hides itself among the lily-pads and wild grasses of the other shore; half way up the northern slope, see now the receding shadows creeping over the roof and around the corners of the cottage residence of Rev. Dr. W., and far away, on the summit, the "Mountain View House," outlined against the distant blue, and, sentinel-like, overlooking forest, lake and river.

Below us, in the valley now deep in shade, but bright in its second growth of church and cottage, lies the village of Whitefield, abounding in family histories and rich in the monumental works of its sons and daughters of five generations.

Sitting here 'mid dreamy solitudes, with the mountain streams, the wind among the hills and the murmuring pines, filling with music our listening soul, it would be vain to deny that our minds were filled with imaginary histories and time-hallowed legends of rocky cliff, lake and river, above, below and around us. Could the hills but have voices, could we but interpret the ancient inscriptions upon mossy mound and lichened rock, we should hear tales of romance and unfold hidden mysteries of the past that would keep us listening until the autumn leaves rustled above our covering and the wild winds sang us lasting requiem.

Did I ever disclose to you the bits of unwritten history which I have of this region? I cannot tell you where I became possessed or heard of them, but I find them lingering in my memory, like the mist upon yon mountain-side, uncertain and dreamy. I think I have given to you some scraps of them before; they floated in legendary form in the "long ago," ere grandam Buzzell trimmed her distaff in the little cottage upon the bank above the lower ravine; in the years when yonder stream, untamed and free, ran over rock and shallow, through sinuous ways and darkening solitudes, from its source among the glens of "Kah-wan-en-te" to the Connecticut rapids.

I have told you, ere this, how a band of Indians from the wilds of the West once made this section their home and hunting-grounds, and gave to these hills and mountain-born streams and lovely, lake-like sheets of blue, names in their own musical tongue, expressive of some inherent quality, natural beauty, or real or imaginary peculiarity, such as to you

dashing river, still echoing the song of its noontide birth up where the evergreens hang their shadows high and the clouds distil o'er granite cliffs. "Ah-na-wan-da" it was called—"Waters born among the hills;" and to this little gem of rare beauty, hidden then in the forests dark, fed by no rippling rills, but sending forth a laughing rivulet, scarcely known save by the sunlight and the starry wanderers, was given the name "Tse-ko-mo"—for the simple native, "Where the white lilies grow."

A radiant gem from God's right hand,
Dropped in the midst of this mountain land.

And there, just across the valley, is "Montgomery Pond;" even now you may see it shimmering in the moonlight, scarcely more than the glitter of a diamond or the glow-worm's misty light; you can hear the laugh of its runaway waters, if you but listen, joined with those other down there where they meet. "Os-so-we-wock" was its maiden name—"Where the wild partridge drums."

And just a little beyond—so near that the murmur of its waves mingles with the voice of the western wind, deeply hidden among the evergreen woods, sparkles in the silvery sheen of the rising moon the mirrored surface of "Round Pond"—the "Woon-es-qua" of the Indian hunter—"Among the pine shadows."

Tradition fails not to tell that here the wild goose tarried and hatched among its solitudes her brood. From the mountains there came the red deer and the antlered moose to drink and to bathe in its depths, and to nibble the wild sedge along its shores; here, too, the Indian lover "wooed and won his dusky mate."

But you are asking why we are here—I had forgotten to intimate. We are on a pilgrimage to the land and graves of our forefathers; to commune awhile with old memories and spirits of the past; therefore are we here. Pause and listen:

We had come out upon the old stage route from Littleton through Whitefield, toward upper Coos, and we almost expected to hear the familiar clattering of the wheels of the old Concord coach and the sharp crack of "Ike's" whip, as he came climbing the long hill, bringing the mail and a load of pleasure-seeking tourists into the up country, but we soon remembered that years and the incursions of the railroad and steam whistle had driven that ancient, rollicking coach, along with its cheery driver, as they had the deer and other wild game, inland, among the mountain fastnesses, where the locomotive cometh not.

The night was growing old, as, sauntering, we looked down upon the village of W., nestling among the purple shadows of the dream-haunted vale. How the moonlight rested upon the hillsides and crept down and filled up the valley; how it enveloped the white cottages of the villagers, and gathered in halos around the tall church spires, pointing with taper fingers far away into the blue beyond; how holily it shone upon the grass-covered mounds of the little graveyard at the foot of the hill.

Venerable—as we count years—stands there still the old meeting house by the village green, humble and plain, but woven around with a cordon of memories, and guarding with faithful care the resting-places of three generations, borne from its door to quiet sleep among the daisies.

What power hath a moony night in summer to bring around the dead and buried forms of those we loved; familiar faces of friends of the long ago haunt us; well remembered voices fill the air, and bright eyes of the unforgotten silent ones are gazing into ours.

Some of the most vivid recollections of boyhood which I now recall are of that old meeting house down there and the good and pious men and matrons who came—yes, and still come, if we can hope, as some wiser than we do believe, that the spirits of the departed just may return to the scenes of their former joys—on every Sabbath morning, year after year, through summer's heat and winter's chill, to worship the memory of "The Son of Mary," and to listen to the words of grace and peace and wisdom, "droppings from the sanctuary," through the consecrated lips of those chosen "elders of Israel."

I seem to see them now, those worthy ones, walking with dignified step up the broad aisle, and dividing themselves ac-

cording to custom, like the sheep and the goats, one on the right hand the other on the left of the quaint old pulpit—our mothers were on the right; here was the seat of honor due to gray hairs by love and reverence; next, down the long unpainted slips, were ranged those of middle age and youth, women and maidens on the north side and the men facing them from the opposite; while the boys' corner was just at your right as you entered the wide-open door, as many a rude mark and roughly carved name will show to this day upon the backs of the tell-tale seats. Here they were under the immediate eye of that stern old tithing-man, "Uncle Sam B." Do you not remember, boys,the threatening shake of that long cane of his, and how we were kept in awe of it and its austere possessor? But the order-making rod is laid away, and the kindly old man who wielded it in the name of the Lord has gone to his reward long since. In the fullness of time he, too, in his turn, was borne to his grave in the midst of those his own hands had digged—for his were the spade and mattock, too, and for years here he had helped to "gather them in."

Do you reeollect the good Deacon Johnson, with his bent form and trembling gait, but a happy smile upon his face and a heart brimming full of love and charity? Full of years, he went away, mourned by children and grandchildren and all who knew him. Two generations of his have since joined him over there, and I have no doubt that there their voices unite in songs or joy, even as here we heard them singing the songs of Zion in the choirs of earth.

Chiefest in dignity and purity of character, to my young mind, among those old men who are seen no more here, was Esquire Montgomery, owner and possessor for many years of the lake-side farm. How well we remember now, through the long, dreamy past, with what veneration we watched him enter the house of God, always with bowed head uncovered and countenance serene and calm. There was no rude, boyish talk or noise from young lips as he passed up the broad steps with his goodly wife, fit companion for so noble a man and good. We think of her in these later years as an earnest leader in the Sunday class, and a gentle advisor and cheerer of our young hopes.

More than a score of years the grass has grown green above them. He passed on before, but she could not tarry long without him. In the little graveyard on the south hill the stars look kindly down and the winds sigh among the forest branches above the mounds that mark where they were laid. A daughter, too, left ere long and followed the aged couple; and as she passed from the gaze of those to whom she bade adieu, a beckoning hand called a beloved grandchild, and Ann went to join the family reunion "up yonder."

It is with no slight emotion that we refer to those whose records form a part of the history of our young days; gray haired men and women, who had been our early friends and counsellors, and whom we had been taught to love and respect. There were many of whom we sometime may speak; some still walk the earth in pursuit of what the world calls happiness, and many others, too, dwellers in the little city of "polished white mansions of stone," and it is getting over-tenanted—the shadows of the tombstones are lying thick.

Do you remember, Frank, of reading somewhere that,the covering of the whole earth had been at sometime or other disturbed to make room for dust that once was mortal? I have read or heard it; but I think the projector of the idea must have possessed a lively imagination, and did not base his statements upon calculations or a second thought, for if all the dead, from the victim of Cain's cruel wrath in the Armenian valley down to the last stifled soul, were laid side by side among the hills and vales of New England, they would find room to lie in and turn without jostling.

There is another unforgotten grave in the midst of that sleeping congregation. It is marked by a white stone with taper finger earnestly pointing up to God. You may know it; the first as you entered the high arched gateway; only the simple inscription. "Our Father."

Forty years ago Wm. Dodge was one of a long procession which, on a dreary

autumn day, went out from the little church; but he returned not; he lay down to profound slumber among the silent sleepers.

I well recollect the time, and of being borne in the arms of a kindly man, a friend of my father's. I was too young then to realize what in these later years seems a sad dream. The many sorrowful hearts and sympathizing friends—I can see even now, the dark pall and the dusky coffin gloomily waiting beneath the pulpit. I recall the sobbing of the loving wife as she gazed for the last time on earth upon the white cheek where hers so oft had rested, and kissed again those lips, no longer life-giving, but cold, so icy cold; I hear again the long-suppressed wail that went up as the strong soul yielded to the "it must be so," and turned away as the closing lid went down; and then there was the long line of sad mourners gathered around the —as I thought—"dark, open door into the beyond;" the listless lingering as the sunlight disputed possession with each spadeful of earth from the sexton's blade until, driven to the surface, unyielding it rested, cleaving to the raised mound 'neath which they left him reposing in spite of the agonizing voices that would awaken him.

This is a mournful retrospect, and yet our thoughts would linger here, clinging like the ivy and ancient mosses upon old-time ruins. There were many other of those unforgotten ones, men and women whose places are vacant, save in memory, who went out into the silent unknown never to return, after gathering about them, as a mantle, the dignities and honors and emoluments of years.

There were some, too, who in middle life went the dark road, gentle and loved ones who lay down the burden of their young lives, alas! for us too soon; whose future seemed full of hope and promise, whose early songs were of joy and gladness, and whose gay laugh and happy voices we sometimes hear even now, echoing from the damp earth through the lapse of hoarded years. See that long shadow where now the moonlight creeps? Eyes are not yet dry since that grave was made, but the grasses grow and flowers are blooming above the place where "Angie" rests.

I meant to have spoken, among these memories, of the "Old Red School House," and who of the country does not know of one, and has not treasures from it to view in the "light of other days?" It stood just across the street from the "little church" of which you know. I say stood, for it, too, has passed away, like many of those who went out with us when school was last dismissed. Our play-ground, like all our lives, lay broad but direct from the school house door to the church-yard gate, and it was well beaten, too, with running feet. With all our love of mischief and roguish pranks, we were better boys and girls than we are men and women in these maturer years. Would that to-day we carried as pure and as loving hearts and as virtuous lives as we did in that primary! Would we could run down to the clear brook before the Master calls and wash our soiled hands and bespattered faces! We could make them clean in those days.

What an out-growth has there been from those dingy, whitewashed walls into the world of life. Some have toiled into wealth and fame, and others, alas! are treading the well beaten path of poverty and sorrow; and we are as scattered as the children of "the Prophet," on some of whose heads the sun ever shines.

Some, having completed their allotted task, have *passed* up above, there to receive their diplomas. One, I remember, went out and returned not from recess at the master's rap; his books were gathered up by one who came to tell us that "Will's" schooldays were done.

Those rosy-cheeked, romping girls, too, they are no longer girls, but have grown into happy wives and mothers. No, not all; but of the few pale-faced and sad-eyed ones we would not speak to-night—those of the clouded lives and chilled hearts.

Our school time is all over, boys, and we are grown to be worldlings; not rich, all of us, as the world counts riches, but have we not the gold of the glowing sunset, and are not our clouds all lined with silver, and ours, too, this silvery moonlight and these starry diamonds, and

have we not, above all, the wealth of fond, loving hearts and happy homes; and have we not in those heavenly coffers much of the riches which repay good actions here? Then why be saddened at the change? Life is but a series of changes, each loss being made up by a gain?

I say we are growing old; the last day of school will soon be around. We may sun ourselves here yet a little, and then pass on where there will be no more change.

But would it not be grand, "Dav," before the Master calls, to go out for an hour upon the "old playground" and have another good game at "pull-away" or "snap-the-whip," or, better yet, "hunt the wild deer over the hills?"

LAKE SUNAPEE.

BY WILLIAM C. STUROC.

I.

Once more my muse! from rest of many a year,
Come forth again and sing, as oft of yore;
Now lead my steps to where the crags appear
In silent grandeur, by the rugged shore
That skirts the margin of thy waters free,
Lake of my mountain home, loved "Sunapee!"

II.

Meet invocation to the pregnant scene,
Where, long ere yet the white man's foot had come,
Roam'd wild and free the daring Algonquin,
And where, perchance the stately Metacom
Inspired his braves with that poetic strain
Which cheer'd the Wampanoags, but cheer'd in vain.

III.

Clear mountain mirror! who can tell but thou
Hast borne the "red man" in his light canoe,
As fleetly on thy bosom as e'en now
Thou bear'st the "paleface" o'er thy waters blue;
And who can tell but nature's children then,
Were rich and happy as the mass of men?

IV.

Sweet Granite "Katrine" of this mountain land!
Oh jewel set amid a scene so fair!
"Kearsarge," "Ascutney," rise on either hand,
While "Grantham" watches with a lover's care,
And "Sunapee" to "Croydon" sends in glee
A greeting o'er thy silvery breast, Lake Sunapee!

V.

How grand, upon a moonlit eve, to glide
  Upon thy waters, 'twixt the mountains high,
And gaze within thy azure crystal tide,
  On trembling shadows of the earth and sky;
While all is silent, save when trusty oar
Awakes an echo from thy slumbering shore!

VI.

Ah! where shall mortals holier ground espy,
  From which to look where hope doth point the gaze,
Than from the spot that speaks a Deity,
  In hoary accents of primeval praise?
And where shall man a purer altar find
From which to worship the Almighty mind?

VII.

Roll on, sweet Lake! and if perchance thy form
  Laves less of earth than floods of western fame,
Yet still we love thee, in the calm or storm,
  And call thee *ours* by many a kindly name;
What patriot heart but loves the scenes that come
O'er memory's sea, to breathe a tale of "home."

VIII.

And when the winter, in its frozen thrall,
  Binds up thy locks in braids of icy wreath,
Forget we not thy cherished name to call,
  In fitting shadow of the sleep of death;
But morn shall dawn upon our sleep, and we,
As thou in springtime, wake, sweet Sunapee!

FIRST CONTEST OF THE REVOLUTION.

[FROM DR. QUINT'S CENTENNIAL ORATION.]

On the thirteenth of December, 1774, into Portsmouth came riding that gallant rider, Paul Revere. He brought from William Cooper, of Boston, an official dispatch to Samuel Cutts, of the local committee. The king in council had prohibited the exportation of military stores from England, and orders were out to seize all munitions of war in the colonies. He brought also the rumor that two royal regiments were to be sent to the Piscataqua. The committee met and decided. It sent dispatches to the neighboring towns. John Sullivan, of Durham, was notified, and led twenty men. It was determined to seize Fort William and Mary. The movement was to be open. John Langdon, then an officer of militia, and John Sullivan, who was then drilling a volunteer company in anticipation of war, were leaders. Gov. Wentworth knew of the plan, and informed the commander of the fort. "About twelve o'clock" of the next day, wrote the Governor to the Earl of Dartmouth six days later, "news was brought to me that a drum was beating about the town to collect the populace together in order

to take away the gunpowder and dismantle the fort. . . . I sent the chief-justice to warn them from engaging in such an attempt. He went to them, told them it was not short of rebellion, and entreated them to desert from it and disperse. But all to no purpose. They went to the island; they forced an entrance in spite of Capt. Cochran, who defended it as long as he could. They secured the captain, triumphantly gave three huzzas, and hauled down the king's colors." And the helpless governor soon issued a proclamation which begins: "Whereas, several bodies of men did in the daytime," etc., etc.

This capture was in the afternoon of the 14th of December, an open and determined attack.

Said the commander of the fort, in his official report, dated the same day:

"I prepared to make the best defence I could, and pointed some guns to those places where I expected they would enter. About three o'clock, the fort was beset on all sides by upwards of five hundred men. I told them on their peril not to enter. They replied they would. I immediately ordered three four-pounders to be fired on them, and then the small arms, and before we could be ready to fire again, we were stormed on all quarters, and immediately they secured me and my men, and kept us prisoners about one hour and a half, during which time they broke upon the powder-house, and took all the powder away except one barrel."

Ninety-seven barrels of powder were taken away, and on the night of the 15th, the patriots returned and carried off all the arms that could be moved.

How men were raised for the expedition; how that powder was afterwards taken up to Durham in boats, in a bitterly cold night, the men not allowed to wear shoes lest a spark from the nails should ignite the powder; how most of it was hidden under the old pulpit from which the patriotic Adams preached; how the New Hampshire men's powder horns were filled from it when they started for Cambridge, and how John Demeritt, of Durham, hauled thither an ox-cart load, arriving just in season to have it served out for Bunker Hill—was written out for me twenty years ago, from the lips of Eleazer Bennett, then near a hundred years old, who was probably the last survivor of that daring expedition. And that powder supplied the two New Hampshire regiments at Bunker Hill, which, attacked by the veteran Welch Fusileers, were commanded by James Reid and John Stark, and made such slaughter of the best English troops.

The daring character of this assault can not be over-estimated. It was an organized investment of a royal fortress, where the king's flag was flying, and where the king's garrison met them with muskets and artillery. It was four months before Lexington; and Lexington was a resistance to attack, while this was a deliberate assault. It was six months before Bunker Hill. I fail to find anywhere in the colonies, so early an armed assault upon royal authority. So far, it must be held that the first action in arms, of the Revolutionary war, was in New Hampshire, and by New Hampshire patriots. This attack was treason. It exposed every man concerned in it to the penalty of treason. When the war-vessels came, a few days after, the men of the little garrison were placed on board, to be kept as witnesses in the expected trials. When the King heard of this capture, it so embittered him that all hope of concessions was at an end. It made war inevitable. But the trials for treason never took place. The then governor, John Wentworth, the best of all the royal governors of that day—descended from that William Wentworth who was Elder of our Dover first church, and of the same blood with that Earl of Strafford who was beheaded in the time of the first Charles, and with the British premier, the Marquis of Rockingham,—soon sailed away, never again to set foot upon his native soil. John Langdon, after gallant service in the war, and priceless service in its civil support, became governor, and the first President of the Senate of the United States. John Sullivan, then a lawyer in Durham, was son of that John Sullivan who was once school-master of the town of Dover, and who was the father of governors, and our local traditions insist was born on our side of the Salmon Falls. To him the refugee, Livius, wrote from Montreal,

in 1777, urging his return to the royal cause, promising him particular reward, and saying, "You were the first man in active rebellion," and Livius had fled from Portsmouth. Sullivan became Major-General, and governor of his State. Winborn Adams, also of Dover blood, was Lieutenant-Colonel when he met his death at Stillwater. Alexander Scammel, of that Durham party, was Adjutant-General of the army when he fell at Yorktown. Demeritt, Griffin, Bennett, Chesley, Noble and Durgin, of that expedition, all did service in the army of the Revolution.

We will esteem it a favor on the part of those subscribers for the MONTHLY who wish prosperity for our enterprise (and this we trust includes them all), if they will call the attention of their friends and acquaintances, at home and abroad, to the publication. As yet but a small proportion of the residents of New Hampshire, and a vastly smaller proportion of the former residents now having their homes elsewhere, are aware of the existence of such a publication as the GRANITE MONTHLY. A word of suggestion and information in this direction on the part of each subscriber will result in a material increase of the subscription list—always an encouraging circumstance to the publisher, and in turn resulting in some degree at least to the advantage of his patrons.

The consumption of coal in the towns and villages of our State increases largely from year to year. In some places, where six years ago none at all was used, many hundred tons are consumed annually, and it is safe to say that during the coming winter the quantity of coal burned in New Hampshire, aside from railroad and manufacturing purposes, will be double that of any former winter. This happens in large degree, from the fact that coal is cheaper than wood, even with the high rates of freight that are paid for its transportation. A ton of good coal is generally considered worth two cords of the best wood for heating purposes, while in all the cities and larger villages of the State, one cord of wood costs about as much as a ton of coal. This comes about from the fact that most of the wood within easy access of the cities and villages has been cut away, and nearly all that comes into market has to be brought several miles by teams, which necessarily adds largely to the cost. A question, therefore, well worth consideration, is whether or not much of the land now under cultivation within easy access of our large towns could not be made to yield a greater relative profit in the growth of wood. The State Board of Agriculture will do well to consider this question.

Next to the press and the pulpit the lyceum or lecture platform is, or should be, the most important source of popular instruction. That the lyceum has been abused or misused—that the public have been humbugged by the palming off upon them of worthless trash at high prices, under the name of first-class lectures—is no argument against the institution itself, any more than the circulation of unreliable or pernicious newspapers and the delivery of flashy or sensational sermons are arguments against the maintenance of the press and the pulpit generally. It is true that the people have been imposed upon in this direction, as they have been in a thousand others, and will continue to be to a greater or less extent. The public at large, as well as individuals, must learn by experience, and they are coming to know better and better from year to year, who among the the great array of professional lecturers are really worthy of their patronage, as they are also coming more generally to appreciate the real value of the lecture system. We are pleased to observe, that, notwithstanding the general hard times, there is to be a more extended patronage of lectures for the coming winter in our State than in any previous season, while for the most part the selection of lecturers is more careful and judicious than heretofore.

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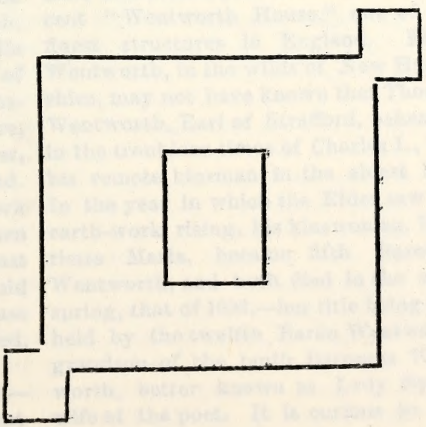
THE FIRST CHURCH IN DOVER, AND ITS PASTOR.

BY ALONZO H. QUINT, D. D.

The Year 1667.

If one will take the old Neck road at Pine Hill cemetery in Dover; go past the Wingate farm on which the Wingates, six generations of them, have lived continuously since the year 1662; cross Little John's creek; follow the road up Huckleberry Hill, and continue a mile or so on the elevated plateau beyond, he will see, on his right, and touching the road at a point where the road begins to descend decidedly, the well marked remnants of an earth-work. The work is perfectly traceable; the only loss being at one corner of the southeastern projection for sentries, which is on the roadside, and where some vandal of a road-surveyor cut away a small portion for the sake of gravel. That earth was once crowned with a strong palisade, and within it stood the second meeting house of "The First Church in Dover." The rains of two hundred and ten years have not been able to wash away the earth-work which the fathers built around their small house of worship. "Forty foot longe, twenty-six foot wide, sixteen foot stud," was that meeting house; with six windows, two doors, tile covering, and "with glass and nails for it." It was in 1653 that that second edifice was built. On that house they placed a turret in 1665, and in it, from that year, swung the bell they bought in England; before which time, from 1648, Richard Pinkham, by town authority, had summoned the people to church by beat of his drum.

It was in 1667 they built the "fort," as the old records called it, for a defence against the Indians. The ground slopes rapidly on each side of the work. The palisade was one hundred feet square, with "two sconces of sixteen foot square." The timbers were twelve inches thick, and the wall eight feet high, with sills and braces. Inside the inclosure the men stacked their arms on the Lord's day; and inside the two "sconces," which stood on alternate corners, the sentinels watched. They could see far up and down the road north and



south; and from Bellamy river to the Newichawannock west and east.

To that church came the people, not only of Dover Neck, but from Bellamy, and Nock's Marsh, and—save in the winter—from Cochecho and a mile still farther north. To the toll of its bell came the canoes across from Back River side, and across the turbulent waters of the Piscataqua from Bloody Point, and even from the southern shores of the Great Bay. The Durham people, then the Oyster River part of Dover, had a meeting house of their own, but rarely had a minister; and when they had none they, too, came, or rather generally rebelled against coming, so far as to Parson Reyner's. And taxes for the ministry were laid upon all the people, from the south shore of Great Bay to the woods of Lee, and from Boiling Rock on the main Piscataqua to Newichawannock falls.

The people were required by law to go to church. Five shillings a day was the penalty of absence. In 1662, numbers were suddenly prosecuted. William Roberts had been absent twenty-eight Sundays. James Smith, fourteen days, and paid ten shillings extra for one day at a Quaker meeting. James Nute, sen., wife and son, twenty-six days, "and for entertaining Quakers 4 hours in one day," was fined forty shillings an hour. Jellian Pinkham, thirteen days, but as her husband refused to pay, she was set in the stocks one hour.

Mr. Reyner, the then minister of the town, as he was from 1655 till his death, was an educated man; "a man of meek and humble spirit, sound in the truth, and every way irreproachable in his life and conversation." He was a man of some wealth; owning, and dying possessed of, an estate in Batley, Yorkshire, in the old country. He lived in Dover, near the meeting house, across the road. From the southeast corner of the work go down the road fourteen rods; then cross the road, and four rods due east from the fence is a partially filled old cellar. Over that cellar stood the house of Parson Reyner, and there he died, April 20, 1669.

Mr. Reyner's church officers were,—Elders Hatevil Nutter and William Wentworth; and Deacon John Hall.

Hatevil Nutter was certainly in Dover in 1637, and probably in 1635. He took a house lot in the division made by Capt. Thomas Wiggin, and lived near the church, on the opposite side of the road. He died in a good old age, ancestor of all the Nutters.

John Hall was deacon from about 1655 until his death, about 1692. The spot where he lived was lately traceable. It was southwesterly from the church, on the last firm ground above the Back river. Ancient bricks have been ploughed out of his cellar. His spring, still known as "Hall's Spring," on the west side of the railway, still flows as briskly as in 1667. Of his multitude of descendants, two Dover lawyers now bear his family name, and another descendant is the present Mayor of the city.

William Wentworth is more noted. He was one of Wheelwright's adherents, and connected with him by some circuitous family alliances. He followed Wheelwright from England to Boston, from Boston to Exeter, and from Exeter to Wells. Thence he came to Dover. He lived on the Wentworth property, still in the family, east of Garrison Hill. He was of an old Saxon family, descendant of Reginald Wentworth, a Saxon lord of the time of the Norman Conquest. His immediate ancestry had become rather decayed by descent from younger sons. The great estates went through elder lines, and are now held by the present Earl Fitzwilliam, owner of the magnificent "Wentworth House," one of the finest structures in England. Elder Wentworth, in the wilds of New Hampshire, may not have known that Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, beheaded in the troublous times of Charles I., was his remote kinsman in the eldest line. In the year in which the Elder saw our earth-work rising, his kinswoman, Henrietta Maria, became fifth Baroness Wentworth, and both died in the same spring, that of 1696,—her title being now held by the twelfth Baron Wentworth, grandson of the tenth Baroness Wentworth, better known as Lady Byron, wife of the poet. It is curious to con-

jecture whether the humble Elder knew that he was of the same blood with that Margary Wentworth who married Sir John Seymour, and was mother of that Jane Seymour, wife of King Henry VIII., whose son reigned as King Edward VI. The old Dover blood was mixed. Thus, Francis Champernown, who lived on Great Bay, had in his veins the blood of the Plantagenets. All this availed little where a sturdy yeoman's muscles were more than high blood in subduing the forests. Elder Wntworth lived simply, uprightly, manfully. He himself became ancestor of three Governors of his name, who governed New Hampshire from 1717 to 1776; of the John who was President of our rebellious Legislature of 1775; of the John who signed the old Articles of Confederation in the Continental Congress; of the John, now of Chicago, long in Congress; of Tappan, another Congressman. Even our present Senator, Edward H. Rollins, is a descendant of the Elder. That blood has given Colonels and Generals innumerable; and, in literary lines, Mrs. Gore, the English novelist, and Mrs. Sigourney, the American poet, loved to trace their descent from the Elder of the Dover First Church.

The Year 1638.

When that still visible fortification was building, the First Church was in the twenty-ninth year of its age. We go back, then, to that date, December, 1638. In that month *Hanserd Knollys* organized the Church which has now had an uninterrupted life of two hundred and thirty-nine years.

The church undoubtedly, in point of age, ranks second in New Hampshire. The church in Hampton precedes it by several months. Occasional attempts have been made to give the Exeter church also a priority, but without success. For, first, the original Exeter church was made up of members whom the records of the First Boston Church show were dismissed for that purpose only in January, 1639, or a month later than the actual organization of the Dover church. Secondly, that first Exeter church became extinct in 1642, when Wheelwright and his friends, who constituted that church, felt obliged to quit Exeter and take refuge in Maine, on account of the extension of Massachusetts authority over this territory. In 1644, some Exeter people attempted to organize a new church, but Massachusetts forbade it. There was thereafter no church in Exeter until its present First Church was organized, namely, Sept. 21, 1698; whose records commence thus: "The order of proceeding in gathering a particular Church in Exeter." Yet the Congregational annual reports give to the present First Church in Exeter the date 1639, a date belonging to an organization dead and gone fifty-six years before this present one was gathered. History is frequently written in this way.

The ecclesiastical history of the First Parish, the successor of the town, dates still further back. Its first meeting house was erected in 1633, and it had "an able and worthy Puritan minister," William Leverich, the first minister of New Hampshire. That appears to have been the first church edifice built in this State. George Burdett was the next succeeding minister in Dover. Then came *Hanserd Knollys*, founder of the Church.

Knollys was a Cambridge man in education; had been a minister of the Church of England, but resigned his living from Puritan convictions; was harassed by imprisonment and persecution, and left England; was forbidden by the Massachusetts government to remain in that Colony because thought to be Antinonian; and at the age of forty found refuge on the free Piscataqua.

Here he found a settlement originated under Episcopal auspices,—Edward Hilton always a Churchman,—although enlarged under other influences; a people mixed in character, but none of them emigrants for conscience' sake, and even the Puritan portion not of the severe Bay type; the colony a northern refuge of liberty for men who could not endure the Massachusetts arbitrary rule, as Rhode Island was the southern refuge; no church organized after fifteen years of colonial life; and a minister, George Burdett, who, a Churchman, was in correspondence with Archbishop Laud, and who had succeeded in getting himself

made "Governor," by the voice of the people.

But Knollys succeeded in organizing a church "of some of the best minded," which, written by a Puritan, meant Puritan. Burdett, whose letters to Laud, still existing in the Public Record office in London, told altogether too much truth as to Massachusetts policy to suit Massachusetts, became guilty of misdemeanors, or at least a Massachusetts historian said so, and went to Agamenticus, where he became Governor again. For two years, Knollys remained in peace, with Capt. John Underhill, an old soldier of Count Maurice in the Low Countries, and at this period Governor of Dover, as his main coadjutor.

But in 1640, came hither Rev. Thomas Larkham, also a graduate of Cambridge. The Puritan historian has thrown obloquy on his name, but a careful student of New Hampshire history soon learns to distrust such accounts, when Massachusetts policy was concerned. Larkham was, in spirit, still in sympathy with the English church. It was an age of religious confusions, and of yet unsettled conditions. The people of Dover cast aside Knollys, and received Larkham. This is easily understood, by remembering that the prelatical party was in existence. Then came dissensions. "The more religious," Winthrop says, adhered to Knollys; which in his mind meant the Puritan element. Larkham received to the church "the notoriously scandalous and ignorant, so they would promise amendment;" which meant, in Puritan minds, the practice of the Church of England. "These two fell out," says Lechford, "about baptizing children, receiving of members, and burial of the dead," which means that the Puritan buried the dead without scripture, prayer, psalm or word; while the prelatist buried with the forms of the English church. Two parties finally appeared in arms. The magistrates supported Larkham; got help from the Episcopal settlements at Portsmouth and across in Maine, and gave Larkham the supremacy.

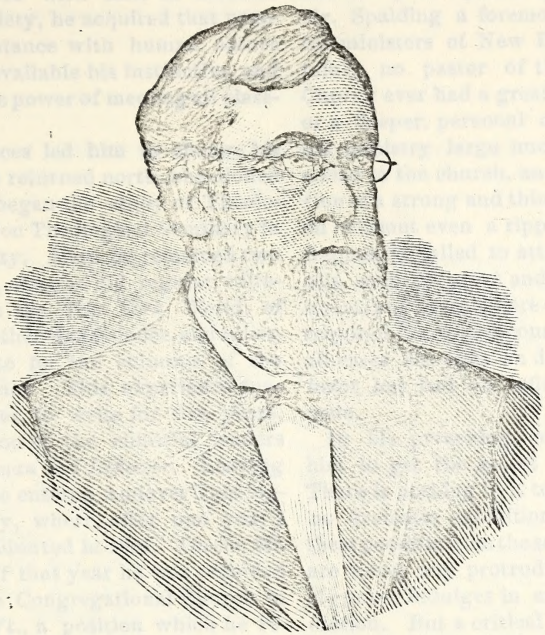
Then Massachusetts sent men ostensibly to mediate, but really to pave the way for annexation. The existence of a free colony on the northern border was irksome. Tired of strugglings, the people, after considerable delay, and exacting terms which guarded their liberties, finally consented to come under Massachusetts authority. Both Knollys and Larkham left, the one in 1641, the other in 1642, and Daniel Maud, in that year, was sent to Dover as minister of the First Church, where he peaceably remained until his death in 1655. And thenceforward this church had a peaceful life, even to this day.

We give this more particular account of the real cause of the dissensions here in 1638–'42,—the existence of the irreconcilable Puritan and prelatic elements,—because Belknap fails to do so, and because, until some cotemporary hints suggested, no such solution, we believe, ever appeared.

Knollys and Larkham alike returned to England. Each became eminent in religion and good lives. Knollys became a Baptist, Larkham an Independent. Each suffered greatly from the established church, and each died in great esteem. It is also remarkable that engraved portraits of each are still in existence, a copy of that of Knollys being in Dover. It is somewhere stated that Knollys was of the ancient family of that name, and was allowed to visit King Charles I. in his imprisonment.

The line of ministers of the First Parish is as follows:

1. William Leverich, 1633–'35. His descendants are numerous on Long Island, where he died.
2. George Burdett, 1637–'8.
3. Hanserd Knollys, 1638–'41.
4. Thomas Larkham, 1640–'42.
5. Daniel Maud, 1642–'55.
6. John Reyner, 1655–'69, dying in office.
7. John Reyner, Jr., 1669–'71, son of the last preceding, dying in office.
8. John Pike, 1678–1710, dying in office.
9. Nicholas Sever, 1711–'15. Afterwards a Judge in Massachusetts.
10. Jonathan Cushing, 1717–1769, dying in office, and the last minister of this church dying in its pastorate.
11. Jeremy Belknap, D.D., 1767–1786, the faithful historian of New Hampshire.



REV. GEORGE B. SPALDING.

12. Robert Gray, 1787–1805.
13. Caleb Hamliton Shearman, 1807–'12.
14. Joseph Ward Clary, 1812–'28,
15. Hubbard Winslow, D.D., LL.D., 1828–'31.
16. David Root, 1833–'39.
17. Jeremiah Smith Young, 1839–'43.
18. Homer Barrows, 1845–'52.
19. Benjamin Franklin Parsons, 1853–1856.
20. Elias Huntington Richardson, D.D., 1856–'63.
21. Avery Skinner Walker, 1864–'68.
22. George Burley Spalding, 1869 —.

THE YEAR 1877.

GEORGE BURLEY SPALDING, the present pastor of the First Church, was born in Montpelier, Vt., August 11, 1835, son of Dr. James and Eliza (Reed) Spalding.

Dr. James Spalding was son of Deacon Reuben Spalding, one of the early settlers of Vermont, whose life was not more remarkable for his toils, privations and energy as a pioneer in a new country, than for his unbending Christian integrity. Dr. James Spalding was the third of twelve children, and for many years was a successful practitioner of medicine, but especially eminent in surgery. "His life," said a printed sketch, "was that of the Good Samaritan, a life of toil, prayer, and sympathy for others."

George Burley Spalding was the seventh of nine children. He graduated at the University of Vermont in 1856, being twenty-one years of age. He read law one year in Vermont, and then went to Tallahassee, Florida, where he read law another year. While in the South, he was a regular correspondent of the *New York Courier and Enquirer*, of which his brother, James Reed Spalding, was one of the editors. As such he attended the noted Southern Commercial Convention in Savannah, in 1858, where Yancey, Rhett, Barnwell and De Bow poured out their hot invective. In the following year he mingled with the great Southern leaders, on the eve of the great events

which were soon to burst upon the country. Doubtless in his law study and in his intercourse with men in different phases of society, he acquired that practical acquaintance with human nature which made available his instinctive and common-sense power of meeting all classes of men.

Circumstances led him to change his purpose. He returned north, abandoned the law, and began the study of Theology in the Union Theological Seminary in New York City. Here he remained two years. Here, also, he did regular editorial work on the *New York World*, of which his brother was founder, and subsequently wrote for the columns of the *New York Times*. This experience enabled him, later, to write for five years, a large portion of the editorial leaders of the *Watchman and Reflector*. Leaving New York, he entered Andover Theological Seminary, where, after one year's study, he graduated in 1861. On the 5th of October of that year he was ordained pastor of the Congregational Church in Vergennes, Vt., a position which he resigned August 1, 1864, to accept a call to the Park Church, Hartford, Conn., formerly Dr. Bushnell's, where he was installed September 28. He resigned that charge, and was dismissed March 23, 1869, and was installed pastor of the First Church in Dover, September 1st, following.

Mr. Spalding's literary work has been extensive, but mainly upon current newspaper periodicals. This has given him, of course, a valuable directness and clearness of expression. Five sermons have been published: A sermon on the death of Gen. Samuel Strong, of Vergennes, Vt. A sermon on God's Presence and Purpose in War. A Discourse on the 250th anniversary of the settlement of Dover. A Memorial of John P. Hale,—a fine specimen of judicious analysis, in which he does justice to the pioneer of the anti-slavery cause in the U. S. Senate—a justice now lately apparently purposely ignored out of a desire to magnify a brilliant but later laborer. A Centennial on the Dover Pulpit in the Revolution, for which he searched and well used the manuscript of his eminent predecessor, Dr. Jeremy Belknap.

Without disparagement to others, it is safe to say that public opinion accords to Mr. Spalding a foremost place among the ministers of New Hampshire. Certainly no pastor of the ancient First Church ever had a greater public respect or a deeper personal affection. Under his ministry large numbers have been added to the church, and his administration of a strong and thinking society goes on without even a ripple. He has been frequently called to attend distant councils, some of great and even national interest, and some where delicate questions required the wisest consideration; and in all cases his calm and deliberate judgment has had an influence inferior to none.

In his preaching, one has to study him to get the secret of his influence. There is nothing in it to startle. There is no dramatic exhibition. It is the farthest possible from the sensational. There are never any protruding logical bones. He never indulges in any prettinesses of diction. But a critical analysis (the last thing one thinks of in listening to him) finds some elements. His themes are always elevated themes. One sees the most earnest convictions, held in perfect independence and honesty; a natural development of thought in an always fresh and orderly way; a diction as clear as a pellucid brook; illustrations drawn from wide observation, always simple and frequently beautiful; a genial, sometimes intense, glow pervading his whole discourse; and a dignified but simple manliness throughout. Fully six feet in height, and with liberally developed physique, he impresses one at first mainly with the idea of manly strength. Those who hear him, and especially those who know him, find an equal development of a generous nature which inclines always to sympathy, and with which he answers, in public and private, to every appeal to his helpful power. In doctrine he is understood to hold the main tenets of what is called *old* theology, but as forces rather than dogmas, and liberally instead of severely applied.

Mr. Spalding was a member of the recent Constitutional Convention of New

Hampshire. He is also a Trustee of the State Normal School, by appointment of the Governor and Council; and is Chairman of the Dover Board of Education. Ecclesiastically, he is one of the managers of the New Hampshire Missionary Society.

ANCIENT INSTITUTIONS IN CONCORD.

BY ASA MCFARLAND.

1. The New Hampshire Patriot.

Between the years 1790 and 1810 several weekly journals were born and died in Concord. They severally partook of the scrap-book character of the papers of that early period, and exercised very little influence upon public opinion, because important topics were seldom discussed in their pages. Poetry, anecdotes, charades, riddles, with a meagre record of domestic and foreign occurrences, marriages and deaths in the village, with a few advertisements, occupied the sheet. Indeed, the public journals of Boston, during the period here mentioned, partook somewhat of the character of those in country villages. Reference to ancient files of papers, printed in the New England metropolis during the period now under consideration, will fully sustain the assertion that the press of that day had not become a great power in the State.

The New Hampshire Patriot was established by the late Isaac Hill, Esq., and the year 1809 is the date of a new departure in journalism, so far as this State is concerned. Mr. Hill was a native of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and served an apprenticeship at the printing business with Joseph Cushing, proprietor and publisher of the "Farmer's Cabinet," a paper then and still living in Amherst, this State. The Patriot had been in existence a few months before it came into the possession of Mr. Hill, but its infancy was of sickly nature, and it would have gone the way of many predecessors in Concord but for a change of ownership. Mr. Hill was a gentleman of untiring industry and decided convictions; wrote with facility and vigor, and the paper soon commenced to exercise an influence upon public opinion, not only in Concord and vicinity, but through a wider range, until it became a controling power in the State.

There had been a season of much political warmth ten years before the Patriot became a vital force in New Hampshire—immediately before and during that canvass which terminated in the election of Thomas Jefferson to the Presidency, and the birth of the journal here spoken of was, as seen by the date above given, in a period of no inconsiderable amount of fervor, as events were tending toward a war with England. Mr. Hill entered with zeal into the discussion of public affairs, and his paper was virtually without a competitor in the central, western, southern and northern portions of the State. Like all public journals, even such as number only two or three decades—and the Patriot lacks but about two years of three-score and ten—it has been owned and conducted by several publishers. Its present proprietor is Edwin C. Bailey, Esq.

2. The New Hampshire Statesman.

This public journal was commenced in the year 1823, the first number appearing on the 6th day of January, and therefore may be regarded as one of the ancient institutions of Concord. In the early years of the present century, when the present Main Street—a mile and a half long—contained the chief residences, stores and other business buildings, there grew up a degree of jealousy between the North and South End, which exercised a disturbing influence for many years, and entered even into the social relations of the inhabitants. Little feuds

Hampshire. He is also a Trustee of the State Normal School, by appointment of the Governor and Council; and is Chairman of the Board of Education.

sprang up in what was then known as the Republican, in distinction from the Federal party. They at the North End regarded their down-town brethren as desirous of giving law to the party. Conspicuous among the latter were Isaac Hill, William and Joseph Low, Richard Bartlett and Jacob B. Moore; and of their North End brethren were John George, Robert Davis, Samuel Coffin, Abiel Walker, Francis N. Fisk, and Charles and Joseph Walker—all now numbered with the dead. The first publisher of the Statesman was Luther Roby, Esq., who came hither from Amherst, and opened a printing office at the North End, in a building still standing and occupied as a dwelling-house. The first person who had charge of the paper was Amos A. Parker, Esq., who had been in the practice of law at Epping; and it is a somewhat remarkable circumstance that both these gentlemen still live; Mr. Roby in Concord at about seventy-six years, and Mr. Parker in Jaffrey, past four-score.

It would be a laborious work, as in the case of the NEW HAMPSHIRE PATRIOT, to write of the mutations which the NEW HAMPSHIRE STATESMAN has undergone; and even if stated in detail, the narrative would possess little or no general interest. Many are the publications which had birth and died in Concord since these journals were commenced, and as to printers and publishers connected with one or the other, they would count a score and more. William Butterfield, Esq., is the oldest surviving editor of the Patriot; of those who had charge of the Statesman and still live are Amos A. Parker, George Kent, George W. Ela and Asa McFarland—the two first at more than four-score years; the two last about ten years younger.

3. THE NEW HAMPSHIRE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Two hundred years had passed since the settlement of New Hampshire before the formation of its Historical Society; an institution the utility of which is made manifest to all who have ever examined the contents of its well filled halls and cabinets in Concord, or taken into consideration the influence it has exerted in procuring to be written and published the many histories of New Hampshire towns.

In March, 1823, a literary society in Portsmouth addressed letters to Ichabod Bartlett, Timothy Upham, Alexander Ladd and Nath'l A. Haven, Jr., of Portsmouth; Andrew Peirce, James Bartlett and Charles W. Cutter, of Dover; Stephen Mitchell of Durham; David Barker, Jr, of Rochester; John Kelly of Northwood; William Smith, O. W. B. Peabody and Peter Chadwick, of Exeter; Samuel D. Bell of Chester, and Jacob B. Moore, Richard Bartlett and John Farmer, of Concord—requesting them to meet and make arrangements to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of New Hampshire. A meeting of gentlemen was held in Exeter, March 13th, and, after attending to the subject for which they assembled, they associated with themselves several others present, and proceeded to consider the subject of forming a society, the object of which should be to procure and preserve materials relating to the natural, civil, literary and ecclesiastical history of New Hampshire. Hon. Ichabod Bartlett of Portsmouth was called to the chair, and Professor Hosea Hildreth of Exeter chosen secretary. The meeting resolved that it was expedient to form such a society, and a committee was appointed to call another meeting, to be held at Portsmouth on the 20th of the following May.

The meeting took place, and was attended by twenty-one gentlemen, who formed themselves into an historical society, and took measures to procure an act of incorporation. An adjournment was had—Concord being designated as the place in which to re-assemble—and a charter having in the meantime been procured, the first election of officers took place in that city on the 13th of June, 1823, as follows:

President, Hon. Wm. Plumer, of Epping; Vice Presidents, Levi Woodbury, of Portsmouth, and Bennett Tyler, D. D., President of Dartmouth College; Recording Secretary, John Kelly, of Exeter; Corresponding Secretary, Nathl. Haven, Jr., Portsmouth; Treasurer, George Kent, Concord; Librarian, Jacob

B. Moore, Concord; Standing Committee, Nathan Adams and Nathan Parker, D. D., of Portsmouth; Prof. Hosea Hildreth, of Exeter; Committee of Publication, Wm. Plumer, Jr., of Epping, Parker Noyes, of Salisbury, and John Farmer, of Concord. Of the above the only survivor is George Kent, Esq., now residing in the city of Washington, at the age of eighty-one.

The first volume of the Collections of the Society appeared in the following year, consisted of 336 pages, and was printed by Jacob B. Moore. Others have been issued as the means of the Society—always small—have allowed. Its income has from the first consisted almost wholly of initiation fees and the annual tax upon its members; usually two dollars. The Legislature votes a small sum annually—the Society being justly considered its auxiliary in collecting materials of an historical character. For several years succeeding its formation the books, pamphlets, manuscripts and other collections were deposited in an obscure apartment in the State House. Thence they were transferred to a hall over the Concord Bank, and kept there for a very considerable period. The next migration was to an apartment in the Merrimack County Bank building—the Society still having money beneath it, although little or none in its treasury—near the north end of Main Street, where the property of this ancient institution has remained to this day. Several years ago the charter of the bank ceased by limitation, and by a persistent effort the funds—about $3000, were procured with which to purchase the bank building, and it is now the property of the Society. It is of brick, and slated; is three stories high, externally fire-proof, and no fires are permitted in the building. Here the great and very valuable collections of the Society are kept, in charge of a gentleman with the taste, historical knowledge, industrious habits and civil deportment indispensable in the custodian of such treasures—Daniel E. Secomb, Esq.

AGE OF JOHN LOVEWELL.

[We copy the following from advance sheets of "Sketches of Old Dunstable," about to be published by E. H. Spaulding of Nashua. It is from the pen of JOHN B. HILL, ESQ., the venerable historian of Mason, and may be regarded as showing with substantial conclusiveness that John Lovewell did not live to the age accorded him.—ED.]

John Lovewell of Old Dunstable, did he live to be 120 years old? This question has been debated, but never definitely settled. No record is found of his birth or of his death, nor any entry or memorandum, answering to the character of a record, in which his age at the time of his death is stated. In the years 1825–26 I resided in Nashua, then Dunstable. The tradition was then uniform and unquestioned that this was his age. Fox, whose book was published in 1846, (see Hist. of Dunstable, page 158, note), seems to have doubted the statement, but finally to have yielded credit to it (see page 157), and Kidder (in Expedition of Capt. John Lovewell) adopts the traditional age without question. Mr. Farmer, also, in his letter to me, says he always doubted it, though it seems to have passed into history as an undeniable fact. But it appears to me that a careful examination of all the facts will show that there is no foundation for the statement. During my residence in Nashua I obtained from Moody D. Lovewell, Esq., a descendant of John Lovewell, the loan of the town records and other papers of Old Dunstable, which were then in his keeping, but which I understand are now in the City Clerk's office. This book and papers, purporting to be records of the town and church of Old Dunstable, commencing in 1673

and ending in 1733, contained, as I believe, every existing written document relating to the doings of the town and church during that period. I made a careful copy of everything in this book and these papers which I thought could be of any interest in illustrating the doings of the town and church or the names and fortunes of the residents and owners of lands in the town.

Col. Ebenezer Bancroft, my mother's father, born April 1, 1738, was then residing on his farm in Tyngsboro', the second house south of the State line. I had frequent conversation with him during my residence in Nashua, as well as in previous years, in which he was fond of relating incidents of the early history of the town and region and of the early inhabitants. The substance of these conversations I was careful to make minutes of at the time, and to make a record of in the same book. This book is now before me, and I propose to resort to it and other documents in order to contribute my mite towards solving the problem of the age of John Lovewell.

I find in the "ministers rate for the year 1686," the names of the tax-payers in town, residents and non-residents. I find no record of the rate in any preceding year. In this rate the name of Lovewell does not appear, but in the rate for the year 1687 the names of Joseph Lovewell and John Lovewell are entered, each rated at seven shillings. No town rate is set against any name, though several others have the same rates. This is the first appearance of the name in the records. In 1688 John Lovewell, Jr., is one of the surveyors of the highways. In 1689 John Lovewell, Sen., is one of the selectmen. In 1690 Joseph Lovewell is a fence viewer. In 1691 John Lovewell is a hog constable. In 1693–4 John Lovewell is a fence viewer. In 1693 John Lovewell is a surveyor of highways. In 1715 John Lovewell is a field driver. In "1718, Feb. 3, Voted that the selectmen make a Rate of seventy pounds, also that there shall be a committee of five to sarch the town books to see what each proprietors grant was, and that no man might have more than his grant was, and to see that justice be done on that account. The committy was Lt. Farwell, John Lovewell, Joseph Blanchard, Jonathan Robens and Thomas Cummings." I find no entry of the name of Lovewell after this date except in the record of births, which are as follows:

"John Lovewell, son of John Lovewell, was born 14th of Oct., 1691, (this was Capt. John Lovewell who was killed at Pequacket), Zacheous Lovewell, son of John and fanna lovewell, was born 22 of July, 1701."

If he was 120 years old in 1754, he was born in 1634 and was 24 years old when Cromwell died in 1658. He might then have been an Ensign in Cromwell's army according to the family tradition, as stated by Fox, but at that early age it is not probable that he was one of the "Ironsides;" and if it was, that circumstance furnishes no reason why he should flee from his country on the occupation of Charles II., for it was only those who had taken an active part in the administration of civil affairs, who were exposed to punishment by the new rulers.

Fox states that he settled in town some years before 1690. His deposition, taken in 1744, states that he was an inhabitant in 1680. His name first appeared in the record in 1687. In the record, the name of his wife in one place is Fanna, in another Hannah, and in the deposition Anna, all being in fact the same name. The birth of his son Jonathan, the Judge, is entered May 14, 1713. If he was 120 when he died, he was 79, and his wife (by the deposition, ten years younger) 69, when this child was born. That a husband 79 and a wife 69 should at that age have a son born who would be smart enough to become a judge, and who lived until 1792, is incredible.

There is no doubt that Jonathan, the judge, was the son of John, and the brother of Captain John. Fox so states, and Col. Bancroft, who knew him well, so stated to me. Now, bearing in mind that for several years after 1687, there were taking an active part in the town affairs, John Lovewell, Sen., and John Lovewell, Jr., tradition may readily have borrowed some twenty from the years of the son to add to the father.

What additional facts are there that

can be relied upon bearing upon this question? In depositions taken in 1744, he states his age to be 93 years, and his wife's to be 83 years. Col. Bancroft, who was born in 1738, states that Lovewell, after he was 100 years old, walked from his home on Salmon brook to Tyngsboro' meeting house, and then on the road towards Dunstable, Mass., to Thompson's, making nearly ten miles, and then was intending to return home on the same day, but was prevailed upon by Thompson to stay over night, and that on his return the next day he called at his father's house, and that his mother furnished him food and refreshment, of which he partook heartily, and then went on his way home. Now if he was 93 in 1744, as stated in his deposition, he would be 100 in 1751. Col. Bancroft's mother died in September, 1754. Suppose this journey and call to have taken place in 1752, Col. B. would then be 14 years old, an age at which he would be likely to notice and remember these facts, and as Lovewell, according to the deposition, would then be more than 100 years old, it seems to me to be clearly shown that his age, instead of being represented at his death by the figures 120, may be more properly and truly represented by the figures 102.

HYDROPHOBIA, OR RABIES.

BY DR. W. O. JUNKINS.

In order to the correction of certain prevalent erroneous ideas I am induced to contribute the following article on hydrophobia.

At the present time, when rabid animals are so numerous, and the disease an epidemic, a just understanding of the disease is essential for all, and it is only through the medical profession that the public can be enlightened.

Hydrophobia, or rabies, occurs spontaneously in the dog, cat and fox. The disease is transmitted to man by the bite of a mad or rabid animal, usually the dog. It is not necessary that the animal should inflict an actual wound, for a simple scaling of the outer skin is sufficient to permit the absorption of the poison. The disease is not developed for some time after the bite; the time varying from ten to forty days. A very few cases have been said to occur some nine months after the wound was inflicted. The number who actually die from hydrophobia is about forty-seven per cent. of the number bitten. If cauterization is immediately performed, the number is diminished to thirty-three per cent. Hydrophobia has occurred from time to time in Europe, as an epizootic, and during the last year the disease has certainly been an epidemic in New England.

In this article I shall content myself with enumerating the more prominent symptoms as they occur in man and dog, and then give a plain treatment that can be understood by all.

Symptoms in Man.—At the seat of the wound the patient at first complains of more or less pain of a boring or pricking character; the appetite is diminished, and often nausea or vomiting is experienced, headache, associated with restlessness and gloomy forebodings, compelling the sufferer to move about without any definite object in view, the latter symptom producing an indescribable feeling of anxiety. Muscular weakness, chilly sensations and heaviness of the limbs are the most important symptoms which we witness at first. After twenty-four or forty-eight hours have expired (sooner in a few rare cases) comes the inability to swallow liquids. If the attempt is persisted in, it occasions violent paroxysms of suffocation, which gives rise to the dread of water. The second stage, or stage of excitement, now supervenes, and all further attempts to drink are avoided. Often the sight of water, or

the thought, will throw the patient into the most violent paroxysm, in which he motions his attendants to remove from his vision everything of a liquid nature. A slight touch, or even a single breath of air, will often excite formidable spasms, occurring every minute and lasting a few seconds. Breathing now becomes hurried, and anxiety is depicted in his countenance. The whole muscular system, at this stage, is involved in violent convulsions. Delirium and hallucination supervene, the patient often exhibiting the wildest mania, talking irrationally and incoherently; but intervals of rest occur, when the patient often evinces the greatest love for his friends and relatives, admonishing them to watch his movements, lest they should become injured by him during his insane moments. Although the patient may make snapping movements with his jaws, they never exhibit the characteristics of the animal from which the poison was received. The saliva, which has been gradually increasing in the mouth, now becomes so abundant and tenacious that it is ejected right and left. These symptoms usually increase until death closes the horrid scene.

Symptoms in the Dog.—You first notice a changed condition in his deportment, becoming restless and sullen, travelling or changing his position constantly. He may be very affectionate, licking the hands of his master with more than usual fervor, or a condition directly opposite, being exceedingly irritable and easily aggravated. A disordered appetite usually shows itself very early, the dog loathing food, or if taken, it is vomited in a short time. Again, he will eat indigestible substances, as hay, rags, straw, dirt, leather, etc. This symptom is present in a great proportion of cases, and is a very important one. The eyes are very much inflamed; the nose discharges freely of its secretion. The seat of the bite is licked and scratched. These early symptoms may be entirely wanting, thus throwing people off their guard. The second or violent stage usually continues from forty-eight to ninety-six hours. Here we have paroxysms of rage, in which the animal bites at various objects. Food is loathed, and a decided change in the bark is manifested. Efforts are made to break away if the animal is confined, and when loosened he wanders over a great extent of country in a very short time. If he returns home, he is shy and suspicious. If the dog be chained, and any hard object be presented, he bites at it with great ferocity. These paroxysms of rage are succeeded by an interval of quiet in which the animal is quite docile. This interval may be several hours in duration, during which period the mental aberration may disappear or become greatly diminished. Dogs, as a rule, are not affected like man when water is given them. In only rare instances does water produce spasms. In many cases, suffering from hydrophobia, dogs drink and splash in water with great avidity. The third stage, or stage of paralysis, now supervenes. The paroxysms of rage have become weaker and weaker until the poor animal is unable to walk, and drops down like one intoxicated. He now lies curled up, unable to raise himself except on his fore-legs, and then only when disturbed. Extreme emaciation is now present, and the dog has become a shadow of his former self. His entire appearance has become unnatural. The convulsions now may be complete or partial, and death takes place on the fifth or sixth day. The development of the disease is not always thus. From fifteen to twenty per cent. of the animals from the first are sullen and depressed. There is less excitement, and less disposition to wander away. The disposition to gnaw and bite is diminished. The lower jaw is paralyzed, and consequently there is an inability to close the mouth.

Frothing at the mouth is a characteristic symptom in this form of the disease. The remaining course of the disease is the same as in the other form.

Treatment.—We will suppose you have been bitten, what course shall you pursue to prevent the poison from being absorbed? First, suck the wound thoroughly yourself, or, if the position will not admit, it must be done by some other person. This is certainly one of the most successful methods, and should be continued for twenty minutes, or an

hour would be better. You need not be afraid the poison will be absorbed through the mouth, if the mucous membrane is not abraded. Cupping-glasses, if they could be applied at once, would be equally efficacious, but delays are dangerous. After suction has been applied freely, we would recommend the application of the actual cautery, or, to be plain, searing the parts deeply with a red-hot iron. This you may think is harsh, but altogether preferable to hydrophobia. If these two remedial agents are thoroughly applied, it is safe to say that there is only a bare possibility of your having hydrophobia.

It is said that in the wilds of North America, where the first remedy (suction) is in vogue, no infection has ever taken place. In Lyons, during the first twenty years of the present century, certain women (*hundssangerinnen*) made it their business to apply suction to the wounds made by rabid dogs. Their compensation was fixed at ten francs for the first operation and five for each succeeding one.

If the means we have mentioned are neglected and hydrophobia does occur, we do not believe that the *materia medica* furnishes a drug of any curative properties. The patient must die. Opium and chloroform may mitigate the symptoms, but they never save life.

The prevalent idea that if you are bitten to-day by a dog free from hydrophobia, and that he should have the disease developed years after, you are liable to be attacked by the disease, is preposterous and without foundation.

THE OLD FARM.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

BY EARL ANDERSON.

CHAP. I.

"Thank Heaven, it is done at last. No more farm drudgery for me!"

It was a warm afternoon in August. Two boys were standing in the open door-way of a large old-fashioned barn, upon a gently sloping hillside, in a quiet New Hampshire town. Close by, at the left, and connected with the barn by a long, low shed, which answered the combined purpose of granary, carriage-house and wood-shed, was a snug farm cottage, brown and weather-stained, one of the hundreds of dwellings of its class—"wood-colored," one story, with "L"—scattered over the hillsides and through the valleys of the old Granite State, from which there have gone out in the years of the past successive generations of strong-armed, brave-hearted, clear-headed young men, who have achieved success in the battle of life in varied fields of action throughout the length and breadth of the land. Who among us, who has reached middle life, cannot call to mind just such an humble farm cottage, somewhere or other in our good old State, that sheltered the youthful life of one whose name is now conspicuous in the political, professional, literary or scientific world?

To the rear of the buildings was a rocky orchard, where troops of merry boys and bright-eyed girls, from the little red school-house hard by, had played "hide-and-seek" many a summer noon-time. Farther up the hill, at the end of the long green lane which flanked the orchard on the right, was a wide stretch of pasture, with a sugar orchard beyond, and thick woods, reaching far up to the summit of the hill. In front and to the right were well-tilled fields, rocky and uneven in places, to be sure, but whose strong soil produced the fair reward of faithful labor, as evidenced in the luxuriant "patches" of corn, wheat, oats and potatoes here and there to be seen. Across the valley, toward which the hill sloped to the eastward, rose a grand old

mountain, whose summit (now become a favorite resort of tourists) had been regarded by many a young and wondering mind as the highest point of earth—a rendesvouz for the spirits of the blessed, from which they made their final flight to upper worlds. Through the intervening valley ran a sprightly river, bordered by beautiful meadows above and below the "Falls," a point which afforded an excellent water-power, partially improved by a grist and saw mill, which, with a clump of two or three dwellings, stood near the junction of the winding highway, coming down from the hillside past the farm we have described, with the "river road"—the great thoroughfare of the region.

Does any reader recognize the locality? More than one whose eyes these lines will greet have travelled along that "river road," passed up the hillside highway, and some, among the number, we venture to say, have "confiscated" apples from the rocky orchard of the farm.

But the boys? Young men, rather, we may call them, for they have attained the stature of manhood. Both are, physically, fine specimens of young manhood, though very unlike in appearance. The eldest may be twenty years of age. Tall and symmetrical in form and graceful in movement, with a restless, dissatisfied look upon his dark face, he is, indeed, a striking contrast to his shorter, sturdily-built companion, whose ruddy, open countenance, half surrounded with a luxuriant mass of curling, light-brown hair, tells at once of a genial, hopeful nature, as he stands wiping the perspiration from his uncovered brow.

The last load of hay has just been stowed away above the "high beams," and as Charles Bradley sticks his fork in the mow and springs to the floor, he gives utterance to the words recorded above. His younger companion and co-laborer Edward Watson, replies:

"I am sorry, Charles, that you cannot be contented upon the old farm. There is enough for both at home, and work enough to do. Nor is a farm life so disagreeable after all. It is the healthiest and most independent calling that a man can follow."

"Nonsense, Edward!" said Charles. "If *you* think so, all right, since you have decided to spend your days on the farm, and it is best for one to be contented with his lot; but as for me, I am thoroughly tired and disgusted with farm life. It is a life of drudgery in which the best powers of man are wasted—the same routine of toil from morning to night, year after year, with no compensation but mere existence. I am glad to be done with it, and when I leave for Boston Monday morning to make my way in the world and win a place among men, it will be the happiest hour of my life. It is true I have had here a good, pleasant home. Father, mother, yourself and Nellie have always been kind and loving, und it grieves me to part with you, but I must do something in life to develop my manhood and win an honorable position. I shall never forget all your kindness, and when I have made my way in the world I hope to return to find you all happy and prosperous, and to take Nellie away with me to share my home and position."

Charles Bradley and Edward Watson had been reared together as brothers upon the old farm. The former was adopted by Edward's parents when but an infant of a few months, being the child of farmer Watson's dearest friend, who had followed a delicate young wife to the grave, leaving the tender babe to the care of his friend and neighbor—a trust which Mr. and Mrs. Watson had willingly accepted, and to which they had ever been most faithful. The young Charles had grown up bearing his dead father's name, but treated with the same parental tenderness and affection as Edward, who was born a year after his adoption, and the fairy-like Nellie, the pet of the household, a year and a half younger than Edward, now a slight, graceful girl of seventeen, with tender blue eyes, and a complexion rivalling the blended charms of the lily and the rose. Together the three had grown from childhood to youth, sharing their joys and sorrows, sympathizing in each other's hopes and ambitions, and caring for nothing so much as contributing to one another's happiness. Together they

had attended the little district school until they had passed the scope of the instruction it afforded. No berrying trip in summer, or nutting in the autumn, no coasting time on a moonlight winter night afforded pleasure for one without the others. But Charles was ever the special attendant and protector of Nellie. No knight-errant in chivalric ages ever manifested more ardent devotion to his lady love than that shown fair little Nellie by her foster brother Charles. They two had also attended, for a few terms, the academy in a neighboring town, an educational luxury which few of the young people of the neighborhood were enabled to enjoy, while Edward had remained at home, assisting his father in the farm work, an occupation to which he was ardently attached. And here was one of the marked points of difference between the two boys. While Charles warmly returned the affection of his foster parents, and never shirked any labor or duty, his heart was not in the work when engaged upon the farm. His restless spirit longed for contact with the world. Farm life was to him a humdrum existence, productive of neither honor nor satisfaction, and so it had been finally determined that he should follow his desire and find occupation in the city. "After haying" he was to go, and the time had come. There was one day—the Sabbath—only remaining for him at home. That day was one long to be remembered by the little household at the Watson farm. It was the last, as it proved, which the unbroken family were to spend together upon earth; the day, too, which brought to Nellie the realization of the fact that her affection for Charles was something stronger than a sister's love, though the latter had spoken no word of his intense love for her. But the day passed, as all days must, the evening was soon gone, and when the family retired for the night, it was with sorrowful thought of the parting which the early morn must bring, for the stage which was to carry Charles to the railroad station at E——, a dozen miles away, passed the "Falls" at seven o'clock.

There were no late risers at the Watson cottage that Monday morning of Charles Bradley's departure. While Nellie was preparing breakfast, Mrs. Watson, with all a mother's thoughtful care, attended to the final packing of Charles' wardrobe, and many a little article of comfort and convenience which none but a mother would have thought of, was snugly stowed away in the big trunk which held all the earthly possessions of the young aspirant for worldly position and honor. Mr. Watson, a man of three score years and feeble health, walked the floor in silence, with sad and downcast look, uttering no word of regret, but evidently feeling as keenly as any could the grief of coming separation from him whom he had reared and loved as a son, and fain would have kept at home through his declining years, though consenting to his departure when he found the young man's heart was so ardently set upon going. Edward busied himself without, doing up the morning work at the barn, and harnessing "Old Billy," the favorite family horse, to the Concord wagon, to take Charles and his baggage to the "Falls" in time to meet the stage.

Charles himself had gone out for a last visit to certain favorite localities about the farm. He took a run through the orchard, raised himself once more into the top of the old "August sweet" tree, from amid whose branches he had year after year plucked the first ripe apple of the season, passed up the old land to the pasture, down through the "west field," by the great elm, under whose cooling shade he had so often rested from labor in the hot summer afternoons, thence home through the "south lot," passing the "big rock," around and upon which in childhood days, with Edward and Nellie, he had played many a sportive game.

Breakfast was soon over. None felt like eating, and scarcely a word was spoken during the meal. Every heart was too full for utterance. And now the hour of parting had come. A broken "goodbye and God bless you," with a hearty hand clasp from Mr. Watson; a warm embrace, a tender kiss, and a whispered benediction from her who had been to him all that the truest mother could

be to her child; then Charles turned to look for Nellie. He found her in the old sitting-room, nearly convulsed with grief.

"Nellie, darling, do not cry," said Charles. "I shall come back ere many years, and we shall meet, let me hope, not to part again. I love you, Nellie, with more than a brother's love. I had thought to go with the words unspoken, but could not. If you care for me as I do for you, the knowledge of the fact will encourage and strengthen me more than anything else in my efforts to win my way to honor and fortune. If you do not, cannot give me such return, the future will be cheerless indeed to me, and the success I would achieve scarcely worth the winning. I ask no promise, Nellie; even if you love me, I would bind you with no pledge. But if there is ground for hope that I may sometime win you for my own, give me some sign of encouragement to gladden my heart and strengthen my purpose in the long days to come, and I shall leave you with a cheerful spirit and full confidence of success."

He stood by her side and clasped her hand, and her drooping head rested upon his shoulder as he spoke. Raising her eyes, brimming with tears, and yet filled with a joyful light from the assurance that the love she had just come to realize within her heart was so earnestly reciprocated by Charles, the fair girl said:

"I love you, dear Charles, with all my heart, and will be true to you always."

His arms were about her in an instant, and she was clasped to his heart. A lingering kiss, a fond farewell, and he was gone. Edward was waiting in the wagon at the door; Charles sprang lightly in by his side, and they drove away. Few words were spoken during the ride to the "Falls," where they arrived just as the stage was coming in sight.

"Goodbye, Charles," said Edward. Keep up your courage whatever happens, and when you have seen enough of the world and long for the old home comforts and farm life, remember there is room for you at home and we shall all be glad to have you there."

"Thank you, Edward. I shall miss the home comforts for a time, I have no doubt, but am sure I shall never long for the farm life, and as for returning, that I shall never do till I have made my mark in the world; but I hope to be with you all again ere many years."

The stage was at hand. The driver drew up his horses with a jerk, and, springing to the ground, had Charles' trunk strapped upon the huge pile behind in a moment's time. "All aboard," and Charles mounted the box by his side, and with a hurried "goodbye" to Edward, they were far down the road in a moment more. Thus day after day from our farmers' homes the young men take their departure, some to win renown in other fields of labor, others to fail utterly and drag out a miserable existence, glad when the end shall come! How will it be with Charles?

WOMAN'S INCONSISTENCY.

Last night you made complaint against the moon,
Because the sun had gone and she had come to soon;
But now, forsooth, you must upbraid the sun,
Because he wakes you when your night's begun!

—*Lucia Moses.*

NEW HAMPSHIRE MEN AT BUNKER HILL AND BENNINGTON.

BY PROF. E. D. SANBORN.

Dr. Belknap, who wrote his history of New Hampshire near the time of the Revolutionary war and published it in 1791, says: "On the first alarm about twelve hundred men marched from the nearest parts of New Hampshire to join their brethren, who had assembled in arms about Boston. Of these some returned; others formed themselves into two regiments, under the authority of the Massachusetts Convention." These regiments, under the command of John Stark and James Reed, were among the bravest fighters on Bunker Hill.

The population of New Hampshire in 1775 is supposed by Dr. Belknap to have been about eighty-two thousand two hundred. From this number of inhabitants the Provincial Congress of New Hampshire raised three regiments, containing, in all, two thousand men. Each of these regiments, when full, contained at least six hundred and sixty-six men. In the Provincial Papers, edited by Dr. Bouton, we find a Return of Col. Reed's regiment on the fourteenth of June, 1775, amounting to six hundred thirty-seven men. Of these one hundred and forty-nine were unfit for duty. We may reasonably suppose that additions were made to this number by new enlistments before the day of battle. I do not find a Return of Stark's regiment. He was unanimously elected Colonel, by hand vote, of a regiment formed at Medford, Mass., where the New Hampshire volunteers had assembled. The regiment had ten or twelve companies. The exact number is not stated. But doubtless Stark's regiment was much larger than Reed's, for the people followed him with great enthusiasm and delighted to serve under him. In a letter written by Gen. Stark, on the nineteenth of June, he says: "In the morning [of the day of battle] I was required to send two hundred men, with officers," to the aid of Col. Prescott. "About two o'clock in the afternoon, express orders came for the whole of my regiment to proceed to Charlestown to oppose the enemy who were landing on Charlestown point."

The number of killed, wounded and missing of his regiment was sixty; in Reed's regiment, thirty-three; total, ninety-three. We infer that Stark's regiment was much the largest of the two. Says Bancroft, "Col. John Stark, next to Prescott, brought the largest number of men into the field." At the commencement of the action, Prescott's men had diminished to seven or eight hundred. Bancroft concludes that not more than fifteen hundred men participated in the fight; if so, a majority must have been from New Hampshire, for Stark's regiment alone so crippled a regiment of Welsh fusileers, consisting of seven hundred men, that on the next day only eighty-three were fit for duty. If Stark's regiment alone disabled six hundred and seventeen out of one thousand and fifty-four of the British troops killed and wounded, the larger part of the fighting must have been done by New Hampshire men; and they, too, must have constituted the larger part of the troops fit for service. According to contemporary records, "no one appeared to have any command but Col. Prescott;" and he gave no orders to New Hampshire men. Gen. Pomeroy fought as a private with the Connecticut men, and when the men left their position "he walked backwards, facing the enemy and brandishing his musket, till it was struck and marked by a ball." The main body of American troops had left the hill before Knowlton, with the men from Connecticut, and Stark, with his heroic band from New Hampshire, who had twice repulsed the Veterans of Minden, led off their sol-

diers "*in good order!*"

Let us now inquire how American historians record these facts. After reciting the fact that Col. Prescott, with about one thousand men, including a company of artillery with two field pieces, had, during the night of June 16th, 1775, thrown up a considerable redoubt, Mr. Hildreth proceeds to say: "Such was the want of order in the provincial camp, and so little was the apprehension of immediate attack, that the same troops, who had been working all night, still occupied the intrenchments. General Putnam was on the field, but he appears to have had no troops and no command." Other historians make Putnam the commander-in-chief on that memorable day. He adds: "Two New Hampshire regiments, under Stark, arrived on the ground just before the action began and took up a position on the left of the unfinished breastwork, but some two hundred yards to the rear, under an imperfect cover made by pulling up the rail fences, placing them in parallel lines a few feet apart and filling the intervening space with new-mown hay, which lay scattered on the hill." This is all he says of the New Hampshire troops; and the phrase above, "*under Stark*," is the only mention of that commander. This is small credit for the part he took in that battle. Col. Reed is not named at all; and these two men brought on to the hill more than one-half of all the available troops there engaged. Mr. Hildreth gives the British loss as one thousand killed or wounded; the Provincial loss was four hundred and fifty; and among the slain was General Warren. He makes no mention of the brave McClary from New Hampshire.

In his account of the battle of Bennington he is equally forgetful of New Hampshire. He shows the spirit of a clown in the mention of Gen. Stark. He never gives him title or honor; but simply calls him "Stark," without recognition of previous services or present laurels. Of the battle of Bennington he says: "Langdon, the principal merchant of Portsmouth, and a member of the New Hampshire Council, having patriotically voluntered the means to put them in motion, a corps of New Hampshire militia, called out upon news of the loss of Ticonderoga, had lately arrived at Bennington under the command of Stark." Now, who was this Stark? All the information we get is, "that he had resigned his commission in the Continental army, and having command of the New Hampshire militia, declined to obey the order of Lincoln to join the main army—a piece of *insubordination* that might have proved fatal; but which, in the present case, turned out otherwise." How many "rustics" followed "*Stark*" from New Hampshire? It would be pleasant to know how many of our fathers heard and obeyed that distant call to duty, and how large a share of the glory of one of the most important battles of the Revolution belonged to them. Mr. Hildreth gives no information on these points, and is as dry as "a remainder biscuit" in the entire account of the battle. Only one page is given to it! He records "Stark's" speech at the beginning of the onset thus: "There they are!" exclaimed the *rustic* general,—"We beat to-day, or Sally Stark's a widow!"

Bancroft, in his expansive history, embracing in it the diplomatic history of all Europe, is less specific is his account of New Hampshire's role in the Revolutionary war than he is of the history of the old Germans as given by Tacitus. He says of the battle of Bennington: "The supplicatory letter of Vermont to the New Hampshire Committee of Safety reached Exeter just after the session of the legislature, but its members came together again on the seventeenth of July, promptly resolved to co-operate with the troops of the new State, and ordered Stark, with a brigade of militia, 'to stop the progress of the enemy on their western frontier.'" This is the most definite account we have of what he calls one of the most brilliant and eventful victories of the war. Langdon, whose patriotism fired the hearts, and whose money furnished the arms and shod the bare feet of the New Hampshire volunteers, is not mentioned. We should like to know how many men constituted that Brigade, and how many "Green Mountain Boys,"

and how many men from Western Massachusetts, joined them. To whom does the honor of that day belong? We are only told how the fight was waged, and where the assaults were made, and what were the results. If Mr. Bancroft had examined American State archives more and European less, we should have delighted more in his history.

Anderson's popular School History of the United States, published in 1874, and heralded by numerous recommendations from men who never read it, confines the history of the battle of Bunker Hill to less than one page, including in it a small map, and makes no mention of New Hampshire or her troops in that memorable battle. Only Col. Prescott and his thousand men are named. Stark and Reed, with their two regiments of volunteers, are consigned to oblivion. Is this the proper method of teaching history to the rising generation?

Goodrich, in his Pictorial History of the United States, devotes two pages to the battle of Bunker Hill. He mentions Col. Prescott and his one thousand men, and adds: "The Americans were re-inforced by a body of troops, and by Generals Warren, Pomeroy and Putnam. The latter, who had just been made a Brigadier General, was commander-in-chief for the day." This last statement has been emphatically denied; and Gen. Dearborn, who was present in the fight, then a captain, affirms that Putnam had no command, and brings charges derogatory to the character of the old wolf-killer. Gen. Warren, we know, declined his command and served as a private. Pomeroy, then an old man of seventy, also fought bravely as a private, as mentioned above. But where were Stark and Reed? Why was not the greatest hero of the day mentioned? Shall such writers teach American history to our children? In Wilson's History of the United States only Col. Prescott is named in the battle of Bunker Hill. The remaining description of the events of that day are vague, general and unimportant. The chief actors are left out. New Hampshire has no roll of honor for her scholars to read and reverence. Such histories might be written from memory by any man who had read the story once. Lossing, in his School History of the United States, follows the same beaten track, escorted by Col. Prescott and his one thousand heroes, but says nothing of New Hampshire troops or New Hampshire officers. He adds in a note that during the forenoon of June 17th Gen. Putnam brought in about five hundred men to reinforce Prescott. Stark, we know, led his own men to the scene of action in the afternoon. Here, again, New Hampshire is slighted. Eliot's History of the United States fails to name New Hampshire or her brave sons. After reciting Prescott's work in the night, in raising the redoubt, he says: "Reinforced by a thousand men, they partly completed the fortifications in time to receive three thousand British troops assailing them from Boston." Such dry bones are served up for the intellectual food of the children of New Hampshire. These School Histories are palmed off upon us by the score, with flaming notices; and yet they all pursue the beaten track. They make no new investigations, adduce no new facts, correct no old errors, and give nothing in return for the money received for them. Suppose the scholars in our New Hampshire schools to study one or a score of these United States Histories, written especially for common schools, what can they know of the Revolutionary services of their own State, when her great men, with a national reputation, are not named in connection with the great battles in which they formed the controlling power? In the two most important battles of the Revolution (except Yorktown), Bunker Hill and Bennington, little credit, or none at all, is given to New Hampshire troops and New Hampshire officers. In the battle of Bunker Hill more than half, in that of Bennington more than three-fourths of the fighting men were from New Hampshire; and in neither of those perilous days could the soldiers from other States have maintained the fight half an hour without them. Let the records of those glorious achievements be reviewed and corrected.

OPEN EYED.

BY W. E. W.

Blind was I, love, but mine eyes have been opened
Late, oh, too late to bring gladness to thee.
Now not a token can tell thee that spoken
Falsely were words which have sent thee from me

Pride gave the answer, my heart held its message
Hidden within,—oh, I knew it not then!
After thy wronging, revealing its longing,
Love was born unto thee, noblest of men.

Come o'er the sea, come back, I implore thee!
Must I thus ever my folly deplore?
Make no delaying, cease from thy straying,
Thine am I, mine art thou, love, evermore!

Vain my confession, and vain is my crying;
Naught but the moan of the ocean replies.
Nothing but sorrow awaits my to-morrow,
Pride may die undeplored, love never dies.

Must we thus suffer together, forever,
Never a balm nor a healing hand find?
Oh, 'twas my doing, and, love, 'tis our rueing;
Better that both had been blind, yes, blind.

"*CHOHASS.*"

BY WILLIAM LITTLE.

This was the name of the great intervals on the Connecticut River at Haverhill, New Hampshire, and vicinity. They were so called by the Indians, and the word was variously spelled, Chohass, Cowass, Coossuck, Co:os, Coos.

At the close of the old French war, this land, the most fertile in New England, was eagerly sought after, and Gov. Benning Wentworth enriched himself by making numerous grants of townships on both sides of the river. Hundreds of town charters were issued about 1760, 1765, and Haverhill and Newbury were settled in 1761. Plymouth was settled in 1764, and was on the direct road to those places. The other neighboring towns were not settled till a few years after, and the grantees who held the charters were naturally anxious as to the value of the land, and numerous parties from Southern New Hampshire went up to view the country.

Col. John Goffe of Bedford and his friends had a charter of a township on the Passumpsic River, in Vermont, and in the fall of 1764 he sent Matthew Patten and Dea. Robert Walker to look at it.

Mr. Patten was an able man. He was

born in Ireland, May 19, 1719, came to America in 1728, and to Bedford in 1738. He held the office of Justice of the Peace until his death, was Judge of Probate, Governor's Councillor, a member of the General Court two years, and he held all the offices in the gift of his townsmen. He was also a good surveyor.

Mr. Patten set out in October, and was gone six weeks and three days. He kept an interesting journal during that time. It gives a good idea of the roads or rather paths that then led to that almost unknown region, the time it took to reach it, nearly two weeks, the journey can be made by railroad in five hours now, the cost and manner of traveling, the character of the lodgings on the route, the names of many of the early settlers, who preached there, and some of the wild game that was found in the woods. His journal* has never before been published as we are aware, having recently been found in an old trunk once his, and is as follows:

A journal of Deacon Robert Walker's & Matthew Patten's journey from Bedford to up Peezumsuck River in Oct'r & Nov'br 1764.

October 15th 1764 Set out and arived at Pennykook and Lodged at Mirs Osgoods

16th got Pork and some other Articles we wanted for our journey and arived at Mr Bowins in Bakerstown

17th We set out before sun rise and arived within about 5 or 6 miles of Plymouth and Campt

18th We arived at Mr Zechariah Parkers on Bakers River and Lodged there

19th We intended to sent home the Boy and horse but omited it by it being a very Rainy day

20th the morning still wet but we had Some thoughts of sending him away but had the promise of Company if he tarried untill the next morning and this Evening Mr Ward came to Town in order to preach to morrow.

21st The Company would not set out being Sabath day but went and heard Mr Ward.

22d Went to Capt Hobarts Camp and fitted of the boy and returned to Mr Parkers and moved to Mr Jotham Cumings;

23d & 24th Tarried att Mr Cumingses and Hunted.

25th After fitting our Packs Set out for Chohass. Traveled up Bakers River as far as we could and Campt in the night it began to Snow that by next morning it was some Depth

26th yt Continued to Snow all Day The Snow was very Wet and Hung in abundance on the trees and bushes

27th & 28th the snow being froze on the trees and bushes so that it did not fall off any and the trees and limbs were constantly breaking off and tumbling down and we lay by and could not March forward The Snow was 7 inches deep on the Low land and very solid

29th being Monday Set out Early in the morning and when we came to Chohass Road met with a number of men and horses & Cattle Carrying one Mr Locks family to Chohass which was a great help to us in Breaking the path on the high land the snow was harder. we arived at *the 15 mile tree* and Campt

30th We arived at Maj'r Tapplines two or three hours after dark the first house in Chohass after the hardest days march that perhaps ever we traviled and Exceedingly fateagued

31st After breakfast went up the River to Col: Bailys and the Col: was not at Home the afternoon tryed for a Cannoe

November 1st Spent the forenoon trying for a Cannoe but cou'd not get one in the afternoon fell a white pine to make one

2d & 3d Workt at our Cannoe.

4th Sabath day lay by

5 & 6th Workt at our Cannoe Was hindered because we could not get provision to march as soon as we cou'd have been ready.

7th In the forenoon finished our Cannoe and padles and after Dinner set off up the river and got above the Goose Islands and Campt in the night rained

*It is now in possession of John A. and Isaac N. Riddle of Bedford.

hard so that we had to strech a blanket

8th We went a Little above the mouth of Amunoosuck River to a Camp it rained all day before we got to the Camp we were very much wet and lay the night following

9th Set up the river early in the morning and went up a smart pair of Falls and got in Sight of another pair and Campt

10th Set up again early and went up three pair of falls this day and between sunset and dark arived at the mouth of Peezumsuck River Campt on an island

11th being Sabath day it began to Snow We searched and found some bark that an Indian had peel'd and we peel'd some White burch bark and erected a Camp it snowed all day and John Lahee came and Campt with us

12th We borrowed Lahees burch bark Cannoe and went up Peezumsuck as far as we could so as to get back that night it was an hour or two after dark before we got to our Camp

13th Went up Conecticut River and found the Corner between the River towns that we were to run from and run as far as we could for Huricane and Snow on the bushes so that we see where about we should cross Peezumsuck and returned to Camp

14 Set up Peezumsuck on foot for we could not take our Cannoe by reason of Exceeding Steep and Great falls traviled up we suppossed 10 or 12 miles and Campt

15th & 16th Spent in viewing the Country we went up the river as far as the first Crotch and back of the river and returned to our Camp at the mouth of the river the Wether Exceeding Cold we crossed the mouth of the Peezumsuck on the Ice the river was froze over in general and Snow ancle Deep

17th We set off for home and traviled the most of the day on ice could go from point to point of land in General.

18th being Sabath day we got in to Col: Bailys by night Crost the mouth of Amunuzsuck on the ice

19th & 20th fitted out with Provisions and came to Maj'r Tapplins and lodged there that night

21st Set out and came as far as the 10 mile tree and Campt

22d lay by

23d Traviled 12 miles to Capt Brainards camp in Rumney

24th Came to Capt Hobarts camp in Plymouth and Campt

25th being Sabath day Traviled 18 miles

26th Came to Boscawen and lodged at Capt Fowlers

27 Came to Capt Tods and lay there

28th Came home.

MATH'W PATTEN
ROBERT WALKER

Mr. Patten also kept a diary for many years and we extract from it the following further information about "Chohass," as he was pleased to spell it:

"1764 Oct. 15th I set out with Deacon Robert Walker to go and view a township above Cohass that Col: Goffe is getting and arived at Pennkook and lodged at Mirs Osgoods

16th I lodged at Bowins at Bakerstown

18th Ariv'd at Plymouth

25th We set out from Plymouth to go Co: os and Campt over Bakers River and afterwards was Informed that my mother Departed this life about Midnight after a considerable lingering Illness

26th It fell a snow at Bakers River of 7 inches deep Exceeding wet and Solid and we built a Camp

27th My mother was inter'd and we lay by

28th was Sabath day we lay by

29th We proceeded on our journey in Company with Mr Locks family and Campt at the *15 mile tree*

30th We arived at Co: os and lodged at Maj'r Tapplins

31st ariv'd at Col: Bayleys and tarried there untill the 7th of November in which time we made a Log Canno

November 7th Set up Conecticut River

10th We arived at the mouth of the

Peezumsuck River and Search'd the land untill the 16th at night

17th The River was froze so that we could not move our Canno & left her in the mouth of Peezumsuck River and Set out on foot for Co: os

18th ariv'd at Col: Bayleys

20th Came to Maj'r Tapplins and lodged there

21th Set out for home and Campt at the *10 mile tree*

24th ariv'd at Plymouth and lodged at Ens'n Hobarts Camp

28th ariv'd home home about the middle of the day I was absent 6 weeks and 3 days we spent about a week in Hunting and we Catch'd 5 Beaver and a Sapple While I was at Peezumsuck River I sold my traps te John Lahee for a Gun and a pair of Silver Buckles and pay us Beaver skin which I got and took his note of hand for 12 saple skins or their full value in money to be paid on demand with interest at 10 pr. cent pr annum untill paid Which note I left with Maj'r Tapplin of Co: os to receive for me when Lahee came in our Entertainment at Col: Bayleys and what Provisions we Carried out with us came to 2 : 3 : 6 Lawful money being 7 1-4 Dollars which he had advanced to us on an order from Col: Goffe which acct. we Settled and Signed a Receipt on the back of the order to the amount of 2 : 2 : 0 Lawful money and brought a bill from under his hand for the Charge"

Mr. Patten surveyed the town of Piermont in 1765, and the following from his diary will be of interest to those who may be acquainted with the "Chohass" country:

"1765. September.

25th I set out for Chohass to help lay out Piermont and arived at Pennykook and lodged at Mirs Osgoods and I borrowed 1 pound and the weight of six spoons of pewter from Deacon Gilmores wife

26th I received 12 £ old Tenor from Mrs McMillen that Col: Goffe left for me and I bo't some Pork and other things I wanted for to carrie me over the woods and I arived at Bakerstown and Lodged at Calls

27th I arived at Lieut. Brownsin Plymouth and Lodged there

28th It rained all the fore part of the day in the afternoon I arived at Jotham Cumings the uppermost house in Plymouth and Lodged there

29 was Sabath day and I had a Sore on the Sole of my right foot that I was lame and lay by

30th *I set out and got a little more than 3 miles beyond Bakers river Falls in the new road and I Campt and Col: Greeley, Esqrs. Webster & Bartlett and one Page came to me and Campt with me*

October

1st I arived at Cohass about one or two o'clock in the afternoon. Lodged at Mr Atkinson in Haverhill

2d I went to surveying in Piermont

21st I finished laying out what was proposed to be laid out

22d We got our things and some provisions to last us home got to Mr Ladds the last house on our way in Co: os

23d Set off Early in the morning and arived at Capt Brainards Camp in Rumney

24th We came a mile on this side of Smith's River

25th We arived at Pennykook and Lodged at Mirs Osgoods Lieut Martins Expenses and mine there was £5

26th Came home in the Evening."

Mr. Patten surveyed the town of Freemont in 1785, and the following from his diary will be of interest to those who may be acquainted with the "Chelsea" country:

"1785. September.

23rd. I set out for Chelsea to help lay out Freemont and arrived at Pennycook

THE RATIONALE OF FREE GOVERNMENT.

BY C. C. LORD.

Among the many patriotic addresses that have come to our notice since the dawn of our national centennial era, there is one that affords a sentiment of inestimable value to the rising generation. A certain speaker said, in substance: "The people of the American colonies did not rebel against society." It is another way of saying social organization was not ignored in the scheme of American independence. Indulging more elaborate expression, it means the attributes of culture, refinement and wisdom, in both their personal and symbolic characters, were intentionally endowed with their legitimate social prominence. The founders of American liberty meant that the wisest, noblest and best should execute the functions of authority and be surrounded by the proper insignia of lawful and chaste government. In this respect the founders of our liberty were not rebellious against the traditions of their fathers. Yet the fathers of our country had in potential intellectual reserve at least, if not in full, actual, mental expression, a distinctive idea of human government, for the maintenance of which they risked "their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor." It was the idea of *elective*, individual representation in government. Observe the emphasis. An individual interest may be represented in the governing social compact by proxy, but without election. In the hope of securing election, our fathers cast their fortunes upon the tide of war.

Though a successful fulfillment of the ends of government demands virtue, the founders of our republic assumed that the people were virtuous enough to effect it. Though the execution of the functions of government requires wisdom, the framers of our political system allowed that the masses were wise enough to maintain it. Yet, though virtue and wisdom were accredited with a potential residence in the common breast of humanity, it was the practical assertion of the fathers of our country that neither of these two qualities could express themselves without the developing processes implied in combined intellectual and moral culture; the collective and individual elective force could be exerted only in the channels afforded by a practical comprehension of the "wisdom of this world." Hence arose the public free schools, so many times avowed to be the peculiar safeguard of our national institutions.

The foregoing brief review of fundamental principles asserts the rational absurdity of interpreting our political system to be in any sense a protest against the rational unity of the national social compact. It rather declares the acknowledged privilege of the individual to bear allegiance to the scepter of American constitutional liberty. Because the government is the structure of one's own coparcenary erection, his pride in and devotion to its integrity is only the more natural and legitimate expression of that true citizenship which is ever the test of disinterested loyalty. Shall a man refuse to cherish the wife he has freely taken to his bosom, or neglect to inspire by correct example the children he has begotten from his own loins?

An expression of true loyalty, however, implies more than a mere passive obedience to law in the execution of the functions of the common citizen. It means that abhorrence of usurped privileges that will cause a man to blush at the thought of prostituting his manhood at the threshold of mercenary political favor. True American citizenship is like the apostolic "gift of God" that "cannot be purchased with money." Happy will it be for the American nation

if no existing popular depravity requires the opposite "gall of bitterness" to be sensibly revealed! Will a man render the state the obedience required of a citizen? Let him do it as one who freely discharges a duty he owes to himself, looking to himself for his reward. Is a man qualified for the discharge of the functions of an official servant of the commonwealth? Let him show his capacity by his improved social walk and conversation, waiting upon an intelligent and free people for their approval and appreciation. By no means the least of all, let every citizen especially acknowledge and honor that personal integrity with which an individual has fulfilled the duties of public position.

We have spoken incidentally of our free schools. We would speak further of them. A sovereign must of necessity possess culture. Every American citizen is a sovereign. Every American citizen should possess culture. Our common schools should be eminent means of culture. However, we do not use the term *culture* synonymously with the expression *thorough education in the sciences and classics*, implying a consummation we regard as utterly impossible to the indiscriminate capacities of the masses of any nation. Still we mean that every child of the republic should become informed in regard to the practical laws governing the individual, the nation and the world in essential harmony. We wish we could avoid the unhappy suggestion implied in the statement—unless we can secure this degree of common culture, we may not realize our peculiar anticipation as a people.

To mention a law the lessons of human history teach us to be true, the possibility of the development of a great ruler out of the humblest citizen does not imply the potential endowment of that possibility in the person of every individual. Now, as ever, rulers, though sometimes developed from cruder individual possibilities, are born, not simply made. No nation on earth may expect to contravene this law. Hence the importance of careful, intelligent and deliberate selection of men to fill the offices of public trust. We may further suggest, the natural production of persons of potential public executive capacity seems hardly sufficient to warrant the too great multiplication of offices. Does history show that any generation has produced many good rulers, though in every age numbers have tried the experiment of governing? We submit to the mind of the intelligent reader whether it may not be that a part, to say the least, of our present national difficulties arises from the fact we have more offices than we have men of adequate capacity to fill them. Think of the multitude of offices, every one legitimately demanding a good deal of intelligent governing capacity, frequently crowded into the executive departments of one small township, before you answer the question.

We will pass the consideration of the fact we have men in our nation who would not only have a great ruler to preside over the destinies of our forty millions of inhabitants, but would change him every four years, or six years at most, and will not ask how good rulers are to be found, proved and changed so rapidly.

In a closing profession of our faith in the intelligent possibilities of elective representative government, we will briefly state a few of the elementary conditions entering into our ideal. There should be an erection of graded offices, invested with proper dignity and honor, sufficient in number to fulfill the wants of the nation, and none to satisfy the greed of a selfish partisanship. All offices should be filled by men whose natural adaptation, intelligence and integrity are beyond reasonable question. In other than cases of manifest inability, malfeasance, resignation or death, the individual should be allowed to retain an office for a term of years lengthened in proportion to the importance and honor of the position. Stated assemblies of the people and of their legislators should be held for the supply of vacant offices, election of new incumbents, and other legitimate purposes of free government. There should be actual or provisionary supplies for *ad interim* purposes on the occasion of unexpected vacations of office. The intelligent reader cannot

fail to see that by this plan not merely the law itself, but the more permanent availability of the men who can best fulfill the law, is the desideratum in vogue; it is also apparent that, the offices being graded, and the more subordinate ones of shorter terms, the opportunities of suppressing incompetency are abundantly adequate.

HEART AND I.

BY MARY HELEN BOODEY.

Singing, singing through the valleys;
Singing, singing up the hills;
Peace that comes, and Love that tarries,
Hope that cheers, and Faith that thrills,
Heart and I, are we not blest
At the thought of coming rest?

Singing, singing 'neath the shadow;
Singing, singing in the light;
Plucking flowerets from the meadow,
Seeing beauty up the height,
Heart and I, are we not gay
Thinking of unclouded day?

Singing, singing through the summer;
Singing, singing in the snow;
Glad to hear the brooklets murmur,
Patient when the wild winds blow,
Heart and I, can we do this?
Yes, because of future bliss.

Singing, singing up to Heaven;
Singing, singing down to earth;
Unto all some good is given.
Unto all there cometh worth;
Heart and I, we sing to know
That the good God loves us so.

"*ONLY HIS WIFE.*"

BY MAUD MULLEN.

Will Sears was a gentleman—everybody said so, and what everybody says (as the little boy remarked of his mother) "is so, if 'tain't so!" Honest and upright in all his business transactions—polite and gentlemanly to every one who had the pleasure of his acquaintance—even kind and considerate to the little ones who blockaded his pathway. None tipped the hat with more grace than he when he met the ladies, stooped with more gallantry to pick up their fallen kerchiefs, or apologized with more bewitching regrets for a tread upon their flowing skirts!—oh, they thought him a jewel of a man!

But there was one who never received these little marks of politeness—the hat never tipped when passing her on the sidewalk—the knee never bent to return the missing handkerchief—her long train was "always in the way" when his holy feet chanced to rest upon it—and why? Oh! she was "only his wife!" She took charge of his domestic little nest; reared him beautiful children; was willing to sacrifice strength and happiness—aye, life itself, were she conscious it would add to his pleasure; while he—provided for her physical wants; clothed her body with suitable garments, and when sickness overtook her, provided her with a physician and a nurse to administer to her wants—absenting himself on a plea of "business," and mentally excusing himself by saying:

"How silly 'twould be to be loving and polite to *her*, only my wife!"

She saw the difference, struggling bravely to win to herself those little attentions which she saw others eagerly gathering up—for the "littles" it is which make up the sum of a woman's happiness—using more care to beautify her personal appearance—making home more attractive by renewed attentions, and answering with loving readiness every requirement to his happiness. But all to no purpose! and by-and-by *she* began to realize that she was "only his wife!" The roses began to fade upon her once handsome cheeks, the fresh blush grew dim upon her loving lips, while she drooped and hungered for the food upon which others subsisted! They would wonder why she smiled so sadly, giving back an answering sigh to their congratulations of her possessing such a fine, gentlemanly husband. They could not lift the veil of mystery—only two could loop back its corners and peep beyond—*she*, whose heart it covered, and He who watches from His throne in the heavens!

After a little the Angel came and dropped the curtain upon the closing scene, and tears bedewed a new-made grave under the willow!

Do virtues like these go unrewarded? Changes go by reverses, we are told—therefore wait patiently until Father Time shall have raised the curtain again, and Mrs. Sears, Jr., comes upon the stage, and then—we'll have the pleasure of seeing his hair combed with a three-legged stool!

Encore, if you please!

HISTORY OF EDUCATION IN NASHUA.

BY T. W. H. HUSSEY.

[From the N. H. School Report of 1876.]

The first settlement in Nashua, then included within the limits of Dunstable, was made October, 1673. For nearly sixty years from that date, there is no information leading us to suppose a school of any kind was kept within the precints of the township.

This apparent neglect should not be attributed to a want of interest in the matter of education, but to the many difficulties surrounding a frontier town. Indian wars were constantly occurring; the inhabitants dwelt in garrisons; and the settlement was every day liable to an attack from the wily enemy.

The dense forest, where the quiet of the school-room might be broken at any moment by the yell of the savage, was no fitting place for helpless children; moreover, the few inhabitants were scattered over a wide extent of territory;—but even in these perilous times home instruction was probably not neglected.

Dunstable at this time was within the limits of Massachusetts, and subject to her laws. In 1730 the town was indicted for not maintaining a school as required by law. The town at this time probably contained fifty householders, the number requisite for a grammar school, according to the law of 1647.

To comply with this law, in November of the same year the town voted that "it be left with the selectmen to provide and agree with a person to keep a writing-school in the town directly, and that the sum of ten pounds be granted and raised for defraying the charges."

In those days there were no school districts, no school committee: the selectmen managed the schools. Here we find the first mention of a school in this town; but whether the proposed writing-school was ever kept is uncertain, as no allusion to this or any other school is made for about sixteen years.

The town was rent by religious feuds, and harrassed by Indian warfare. Merrimack, Hollis, and other towns were incorporated out of Dunstable.

Sept. 29, 1746, the first year the town acted under a New Hampshire charter, we find the following record:

"Voted that a schoolmaster be hired to teach children to read and write until next March, also voted that two places be appointed for the school to be kept at, also voted that one place be at the house of John Searles if it can be had for that purpose, and the other place at the house of Mr. James Gordon where John McClure now lives, also voted that the school be kept at John Searles House the first half of the time agreed to hire."

The house of John Searles occupied the site, or nearly, where Mr. Noah Searles now lives, near Salmon brook and Dunstable, Mass. The Gordon house mentioned here was situated near Reed's pond in the town of Merrimack.

It would appear from the records that some years there were schools, and others none, Three years later a more extended arrangement was made for this object, as follows: "July 24, 1749. Voted to hire a school for eight months and that three months part thereof be improved the north side Nashua river in two places; one, the most convenient place near Indian Head, and one in some convenient place at one pine hill; and that two months be kept in the middle of the inhabitants between Nashua river and the Province line; and that the other three months be kept the one half at the south end and one half at the north end to be determined by the committe to be chosen, the most convenient place for that purpose; also voted and chose Messrs. John Snow, Ephraim Butterfield and Ephraim Adams a committee to hire for the school and to determine the

places as aforesaid, and to draw the money to pay those charges out of the town treasury. Also voted that 140 pounds be voted for payment of the schools as aforesaid."

This seems to be the begining of five districts, as subsequent records direct the selectmen to divide the town into districts as has been in times past;—here, also, is the first mention of a school committee.

Soon after this the French war commenced, and the frontier was constantly exposed to Indian attacks, and for twelve years no mention is made of schools; either there were none, or they were kept at irregular intervals, and without much expense to the town.

"Oct. 19, 1761. Voted that one hundred pounds, new tenor, be raised and assessed on the polls and estates in the town to hire schooling and houses for that end in the several quarters of this town and that the selectmen do it."

Almost every year from this date more or less money was raised for schools, and we may well suppose that no subsequent year passed without a term of school kept within the town.

The amount of money raised varied from 20 to 200 pounds per year, or more.

It would be very interesting to know the names of the teachers, the salaries received, their joys, their sorrows; but the grave that covers their bodies conceals also their names and fortunes. Every modern teacher knows their anxieties, their ardent love for those beneath their care.

A little item, bearing date Nov. 3, 1766, states that the account of John Snow for keeping school the previous winter, being £2 8s. lawful money, be allowed.

In 1772 Joseph Dix was school-master, and he continued to teach in town for many years: this year the town refused to raise money for erecting school-houses, and not until 1775 did such a vote prevail. Previous to this time a room in some private house served as a school-room. Probably some are now living, in this and other towns, who can remember when they attended school in a neighbor's sitting-room, and the teacher boarding "round." But the men of '75 thought it better the school should have a "local habitation and a name," and voted that "a school-house be built in each of the several districts, and that eighty pounds be raised for the purpose." The districts referred to here are probably the same divisions indicated heretofore. The first school-house erected in town was located near the old burial-ground in the south part of the town, on the hill just north of Spit brook. This was subsequently replaced by another near the site now occupied by the brick building of modern architecture, bearing date of 1841. The records of this district have been well preserved for about seventy years. In 1811 Thomas French, Esq., who seems to have been a very prominent man, "bid off the master at $1.30 per week." In 1812 the master was paid, for keeping school eleven weeks and one day, boarding himself, $50.25, or $4.50 per week; and the mistress, for keeping fourteen weeks, $14.00, while Thos. French, Esq., received $14.00 for boarding her.

Another school-house of the last century was situated near the residence of Dea. Swallow. This was called the Gasco district, and here Hon. Amos Kendall, postmaster-general under Gen. Andrew Jackson, received his early education.

A third old school-house was situated south of the old church, and a little north of Mr. Alfred Godfrey's, on the Lowell road. This, too, has long since been replaced by a neat structure adapted to the wants of the present times.

Near the beginning of the present century, 1804, Mr. David Wallace taught here, and continued his labors until 1812. A little incident will illustrate his wonderful abilities as a pedagogue: An aspiring youth, after much study, carried the word "spermaceti" to the master for the correct pronunciation. Examining the word very carefully, and with due deliberation, he at length said, "You may call that 'spermaketi.'" Our esteemed citizen, the late Gen. Hunt, attended school here many years, and could well remember his useless endeavors to keep warm on the "Cold Friday" of 1816.

In 1796 the town voted to raise £200

places as aforesaid, and to draw the money to pay those charges out of the town treasury. Also voted that £40 pounds be voted for payment of the schools as aforesaid."

This seems to be the beginning of five districts, as subsequent records direct the selectmen to divide the town into districts as has been in times past;—here, also, is the first mention of a school committee.

Soon after this the French war commenced, and the frontier was constantly exposed to Indian attacks, and for twelve years no mention is made of schools; either there were none, or they were kept at irregular intervals, and without much expense to the town.

"Dec. 19, 1761. Voted that one hundred pounds, new tenor, be raised and assessed on the polls and estates in the town to free schooling and horses for that end to the several quarters of this town and that the selectmen do it."

Almost every year from this date more or less money was raised for schooling, and we may well suppose that no subsequent year passed without a term of school kept within the town.

The amount of money raised varied from 30 to 200 pounds per year, or more. It would be very interesting to know the manner of the teachers, the salaries received, their joys, their sorrows; but the years that drive their bodies onwards also their names and fortunes. Every modern teacher knows their anxieties, their ardent love for those beneath their care.

A little item, bearing date Nov. 3, 1788, states that the account of John Snow for keeping school the previous winter, being £2 8s. lawful money, be allowed.

In 1772 Joseph Dix was school-master, and he continued 63 weeks in town for many years; this year the town refused to raise money for erecting school-houses, and not until 1775 did such a vote prevail. Previous to this time a room in some private house served as a school-room. Probably many are now living, in this and other towns, who can remember when they attended school in a neighbor's sitting-room, and the teacher boarding "round." But the men of '75

for the purpose of building school-houses in this town; also, chose David Alld. Nathan Fisk, Frederic French, Albert Roby, and James Jewell, a committee to settle or fix upon a place to build a school-house in each district in this town, provided such district cannot agree among themselves.

So the good people of the last century had some difficulty in deciding upon the most appropriate place for the new houses, as well as those of to-day.

How many school-houses were erected in accordance with this vote, or how many with that of 1775, does not appear.

Almost every year since 1802 the town has voted to raise more money than the law requires for the support of schools,—thus showing its interest in the cause.

Dunstable felt the importance of having singing taught in the public schools as early as 1810. In that year the town voted to raise $50 for the purpose of teaching a singing-school.

The district just north of the river was called for many years the Nashua district. Here, previous to 1816, the schools were kept in private houses; sometimes in one part of the district, again in another. The teacher, of course, "boarded round" and thus "fared sumptuously every day." In 1816 the district voted to build a school-house in the fork of the two Concord roads, as near as convenient north of the tavern; or on the spot now occupied by the elegant residence of General Stark.

One year later, the good people felt the importance of carefully preserving the new house, and accordingly passed the following vote:

"That the committee who may hereafter be chosen to hire a schoolmaster or mistress, give instructions to the said master or mistress to observe that the scholars do not cut or in any way deface the seats or writing-benches, or any part of the school-house."

In a few years this house became altogether too small to accommodate the increasing population. Consequently, in 1833, the house was moved back on what is now called Rural street, enlarged, and arranged in two rooms.

Schools are frequently the scenes of trouble and sorrow. To remedy some difficulties not now known, in 1840 this rule was adopted: "That parents, and those dissatisfied with the management of the school, shall state their grievances to the prudential committee, or to the teacher out of school hours."

Soon after this, other houses were erected, to accommodate the increasing wants of the village.

Daniel Abbott, Esq., was very prominent in advancing the interests of the schools in this district, and, after the usual amount of opposition was encountered, he, with several others, succeeded in securing a beautiful lot, and causing to be built a new house, known as the Mt. Pleasant High School. The house was erected in 1849, and gave a new impetus to the cause of education in this vicinity. Four years ago this building gave place to the present structure.

In 1869 this ceased to bear the name High School, but assumed and still bears the name of Mt. Pleasant Grammar School.

In 1825 the town of Dunstable voted to form a new school district, including all the lands owned by the Nashua Manufacturing Company south of the Nashua river, excepting the Hale farm. A school-house was immediately erected on Pearl street, a little back of the present brick house; and doubtless many are now living who can well remember the huge triangle in front, used, muezzin like, to call the children to school.

Mainly through the efforts of Rev. Daniel March, a high school building was secured for this district in 1853, located on Main street. A course of study was arranged, and the school commenced in the early part of September, 1853. The principals were as follows: M. C. Stebbins, elected in 1853; H. A. Littell, 1858; S. M. Freeland, 1859; R. C. Stanley, 1860; M. W. Tewksbury, 1865; Mary Gillis, 1867; T. W. H. Hussey, 1867. This building has been remodelled, and is now occupied by the lower grades.

In 1826 another district was formed, embracing the lands owned and occupied by C. C. Flanens, Esq., and the proprietors of the Indian Head Factories, bor-

dering upon the Nashua river. This is called the Belvidere School.

Upon the division of the town in 1842 the districts were somewhat changed; also, again, when the city charter was granted in 1853.

By act of the legislature in 1869 the districts were abolished. This step improved the schools more than any other one thing.

In 1874 a new High and Grammar school-house was erected on Spring street, whither the high school was removed in April, 1875.

Any historical sketch of the schools of Nashua would be defective, unless it included some mention of the Nashua Literary Institute. This flourishing school was established in 1835, and since 1840 has been under the immediate management of Prof. David Crosby.

Many of the prominent men of Nashua and the surrounding towns attribute their success in life to the faithful instruction of this noble man. Few teachers have labored in the cause so many years, or proved themselves more worthy.

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

BY A. J. HOYT.

'Tis after the uplands and meadows are mown,
When song-birds have mated, and builded, and flown,
And leaves of the maple drop silently down
To carpet the meads with their crimson and brown;
And first the faint hues of the ripening year
Do shadow full autumn, crisp, yellow and sere,
When beauty seems changing for harvest of worth,
The cricket is heard in his song on the hearth.

When oceans recede 'neath the land-blown breeze,
O'erladen with fragrance from evergreen trees,
And the squirrel's sharp chatter is heard far aboon,
The gloom of the wood at the heat-oppressed noon;
While the mischievous jay half-derisively yells,
Or plaintively calls to his mate in the dells;
When melodies vernal are hushed of their mirth,
The cricket's low cadence is heard on the hearth;

Bespeaking content 'mid the jarring and strife,
A note of repose 'mid the discord of life;
Low murmur of promise to servants of toil,
Ere yet they have gathered the fruits of the soil;
A strain to disperse the vexed cares of the day;
Of the largess of years to open the way,
Or lull to their slumbers the wearied of earth,—
This song of the cricket is heard on the hearth.

In no year of the recent past have the American people in all States and sections had such substantial cause for genuine thanksgiving as in this year of our Lord 1877. Politicians of all parties may enunciate their grievances, but there are two simple facts standing out in bold relief, which, together, are sufficient to justify the most general and hearty thanksgiving observances. The harvest has been rich and abundant in every part of the land. There is bread enough and to spare, and the overflowing wealth of our granaries, finding a ready market in Europe, is turning the balance of trade, so long against us, in our favor.

Secondly, the country is at peace. Sectional hostility has subsided. Each State is in control of its own domestic affairs, and general business prosperity promises to follow restored local self-government and fraternity between the sections.

The earnest of better times to come, irrespective of party advantage or disaster, cannot be mistaken.

A correspondent, "F," suggests the inquiry—"What are the advantages offered at agricultural colleges that farmers do not appreciate?" In connection, "F" makes the following statement of fact or opinion: "When the student of medicine receives his diploma, he is prepared to earn his living by his acquired knowledge. When the practical mechanical student leaves his master, it is with a knowledge of his trade that may be coined into money. The boy who follows his father upon the farm, keeping in the ruts his father made, learning, during his minority, the frugal habits of his ancestors, may live as they have lived, uncultured as he may be. But send the farmer's son to Hanover and keep him there through an agricultural course, and what is he fitted for when he leaves with his diploma? Not for the ruts his father made—not for contentment in the frugal habits of his sire! Nor does he take with him a knowledge of his profession that will enable him to draw from the sterile hills of New Hampshire the means of living in a style corresponding with the culture he has received in college. The truth is, most New Hampshire farmers *must* earn their daily bread."

The drift of "F's" argument is apparent. It is against the practical utility of agricultural colleges. If there are those who are prepared to prove his position fallacious, it is proper that they should speak.

A recent article from the pen of E. H. Cheney, formerly editor of the Lebanon *Free Press*, a brother of ex-Gov. Cheney, who has spent much of his time, for several years past, at the South, upon the relative condition of the cotton manufacturing industry, here and in that section, has attracted much attention, and been the subject of no little comment and criticism. Mr. Cheney maintains, and not without some show of reason, that cotton manufacturing in New England has seen its best days, and that the seat of this great industry will be—is now being—transferred to the South, where there is unlimited water power in easy access of the cotton producing sections, thus saving largely in transportation of the raw material, and proportionately lessening the cost of production.

It is claimed, on the other hand, that notwithstanding the progress that has been made at the South in this direction, there is a constant and even greater progress here; that even if some minor manufacturing establishments in the smaller towns have suspended operations, the great corporations in the larger towns and cities have been constantly increasing the magnitude of their business, so that on the whole the increase here exceeds what has been accomplished in the South.

We opine that both positions are right and both are wrong in a measure. The manufacturing interest will grow up at the South, but will not go down in New England. When the barriers of "protection" are broken down and free trade is established, New England skill and industry will be enabled to compete successfully in the markets of the world.

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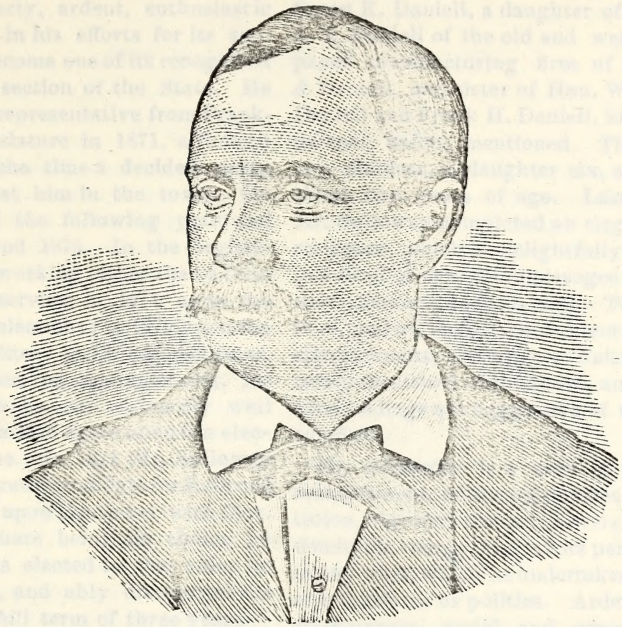
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HON. ALVAH W. SULLOWAY.

New Hampshire is reputed to be "a good State to emigrate from." At all events there are now, and have been for nearly a century past, natives of New Hampshire occupying pre-eminent positions among the distinguished citizens of other States in all sections of the Union, embracing governors, congressmen, senators, judges of the supreme court, cabinet ministers, eminent jurists, divines and journalists, as well as many of the leading minds in the various departments of active business. But while we at home are proud of the names and the achievements of those in other States who have gone out from our midst, as well as those who have won distinction and honor at home, we should not entirely forget the fact that New Hampshire, while contributing so largely to other States, has received something in return—that while numbers of her sons have performed honorable service in various fields of action abroad, not a few from other States have made their home with us, winning honorable position and contributing to the material prosperity and general welfare of the State. Many of the prominent representative men of the State, known to the present generation, in public life—at the bar and on the bench, including such names as Burke, Bingham, Hibbard, Foster, Benton, Ray, and others, were born in our sister State of Vermont, while many others, not less eminent and successful, came from Massachusetts and other States.

Among the representative men of the State, in active business life at the present time, not only upon the ground of business success, but from his connection with public and political affairs, ALVAH W. SULLOWAY of Franklin may properly be regarded as worthy of mention.

Mr. Sulloway is a native of Framingham, Mass., born Dec. 25, 1838. His father, I. W. Sulloway, who is still living, and now resides at Waltham, Mass., was an overseer in the Saxonville Woolen Mills. He had a family of four children, one son and three daughters Alvah W., the son, being the eldest. Of the daughters, two are living, one still unmarried, and the other the wife of Herbert Bailey, a hosiery manufacturer now in business in the town of Claremont. When Alvah was ten years of age his father removed to the town of Enfield in this State, where he engaged in the manufacture of yarn and hosiery, remaining some sixteen years, when he sold out to his son-in-law and retired from business. When not attending school, in his youth Mr. Sulloway was engaged in his father's mill, and thus became thoroughly familiarized with the details and general operation of the manufacturing business in which he has subsequently been so actively and success-



HON. A. W. SULLOWAY

ademical education, attending school at Canaan, and at the academies in Barre and Woodstock, Vt. When twenty-one years of age Mr. Sulloway went to Franklin and went into business in the manufacture of hosiery, in partnership with Walter Aiken. He continued in business with Mr. Aiken about four years, when the partnership was dissolved, and, in company with Frank H. Daniell, he put in operation another hosiery mill, running in company with Mr. Daniell until 1869, when he became sole proprietor, and has since carried on the business alone. Possessed of good judgment, business tact and energy, and devoting his personal attention, in a large degree, to the superintendence of the work, with the details of which he is familiar from early experience, he has been highly favored in point of business prosperity, and is apparently well on the way to competence and wealth, while at the same time benifitting the public by furnishing employment to numbers of people.

Mr. Sulloway's mill is situated on the lower power of the Winnipiseogee River, a short distance above its junction with the Pemigewassett, by which it is operated in common with the lower mills of the Winnipiseogee Paper Company, well known as one of the largest paper manufacturing corporations in New England, of which Hon. Warren F. Daniell, a brother-in-law of Mr. Sulloway, is agent and manager. The mill is of brick, three stories and basement, running four sets of woolen machinery and fifty knitting machines, and giving employment to about seventy-five hands, beside the large numbers of women throughout the surrounding country engaged in finishing the work which the machines leave incomplete. The goods manufactured are known as men's Shaker socks, or half-hose, and the amount annually produced averages one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in value, while the monthly pay-roll at the mill is about two thousand, exclusive of the large amount paid for outside work.

From his youth Mr. Sulloway has taken much interest in political affairs. Strongly attached to the principles of the Democratic party, ardent, enthusiastic and persistent in his efforts for its success, he has become one of its recognized leaders in his section of the State. He was elected a representative from Franklin to the legislature in 1871, although there was at the time a decided party majority against him in the town. He was re-elected the following year and again in 1874 and 1875. In the legislature he was a working rather than a talking member, serving in 1871 upon the committee on elections; in 1872 upon the railroad committee; in 1874 as chairman of the committee on manufactures, for which position he was eminently well qualified, and in 1875 again upon the elections committee. In 1871 Mr. Sulloway was the Democratic candidate for Railroad Commissioner upon the ticket with Gov. Weston, and, there being no choice by the people, was elected to that office by the legislature, and ably discharged his duties for the full term of three years.

Mr. Sulloway was one of the delegates to the National Democratic Convention at St. Louis, in June, 1876, which nominated Samuel J. Tilden for the Presidency, and was selected by the delegation as the New Hampshire member of the Democratic National Executive Committee, which position he now holds. Last winter he was nominated as the Democratic candidate for Congress in the Second District, against Hon. James F. Briggs of Manchester, the Republican nominee, and, although his party was in a hopeless minority in the District, he made a vigorous canvass and ran several hundred votes ahead of his ticket. He has been for several years an active member of the Democratic State Committee, and for the last two years one of the advisory committe of three having charge of the active work of the canvass.

Mr. Sulloway married, in 1866, Miss Susan K. Daniell, a daughter of the late J. T. Daniell of the old and well-known paper manufacturing firm of Peabody & Daniell, and sister of Hon. Warren F. Daniell and Frank H. Daniell, his former partner, before mentioned. They have two children, a daughter six, and a son about two years of age. Last season Mr. Sulloway completed an elegant new residence, which is delightfully located in a bend of the Winnipiseogee River, a short distance from his mill. The house is of modern design, convenient in all its appointments, thoroughly finished and richly furnished throughout, and all the surroundings are suggestive of taste and comfort.

Mr. Sulloway is a man of sanguine temperament, of strong physical constitution, vigorous mental powers, and indomitable energy, and labors persistently in any work which he undertakes, whether in business or politics. Ardent in his attachments, social and generous, he has many warm personal friends, which accounts in part, for the large vote he always receives in his town and vicinity when a candidate for office. In his religious sentiments Mr. Sulloway is liberal, having been reared in the Universalist faith, while his wife is a Unitarian. In all matters pertaining to the public welfare he always manifests a strong interest, and is among the foremost in supporting and carrying out all reasonable projects of local improvement. In this respect the town of Franklin is highly favored, numbering among its citizens many public-spirited men, to whose efforts, along with its superior natural advantages, it owes the prominent position it now occupies among the flourishing manufacturing towns of the State.

NEW HAMPSHIRE AT SARATOGA.

BY HON. GEORGE W. NESMITH.

In this centennial period it becomes our duty to put in our claim in behalf of the brave men of New Hampshire who participated in the two memorable struggles under General Gates of September 19th and October 7th, preliminary to the important surrender of General Burgoyne and his army on the 17th of the same October, 1777. The truth of history will allow us to claim for our men, who then fought, a more prominent place than has generally been assigned to them. A brief statement of the recorded facts as they occurred on those eventful days, we think, will justify our position, without reflecting any injustice upon those distinguished men from other States who so bravely and successfully co-operated with us. As safe authority, we rely much upon the historical record of General James Wilkinson, as published in the second volume of his "Memoirs of his own Times." He acted under General Gates as Deputy Adjutant General of the Northern Army, and was an eye witness to many of the events described by him, had good means of knowing the truth, communicated the orders of the Commanding General, and has left for our guidance a faithful official record of the troops ordered into each battle, and especially a full return under his hand of the killed, wounded and missing of each Corps engaged in the battle of September 19th. From the evidence furnished from such sources, confirmed by other original documents, we are enabled to gather a correct comparative estimate of the achievements and sacrifices of the New Hampshire men who participated in this engagement.

This battle of September was fought almost entirely by the left wing of the American army. Wilkinson says that only about 3000 of our troops were engaged, and they were opposed by 3500 of the best men of Burgoyne's army. The battle was obstinately fought, and without immediate decisive advantages or results to either side. The ground on which they contended was broken, or uneven, and much of it covered with trees. The Americans used no cannon. The British employed a battery of about six pieces, which were taken and retaken several times, but were finally left in the possession of the enemy. Each party took and lost some prisoners. The British loss was reported to exceed 600, while the American loss in killed, wounded and missing, as returned by Wilkinson, amounted to 321. Of this number, 80 were killed, 218 wounded, and 23 missing. Of the Americans engaged, we first mention Col. Morgan's Regiment of Riflemen, not exceeding in number 400 men; second, Maj. Dearborn's Battalion of Infantry, partly made up from Whitcomb's Rangers, Col. Long's Regiment and some new volunteers, supposed to not exceed 300; third, Gen. Poor's Brigade of Infantry, which was reported on the 4th of October subsequent to the battle then to embrace 1466 men, and probably must have numbered at least 1600 in its ranks at the time of the battle. It lost 217 men in killed, wounded, etc., on that day. The balance of the troops, who took a part in the contest, was made up from Gen. Larnard's Brigade of Massachusetts troops and a detachment commanded by Col. Marshall of Patterson's Brigade. The analysis of Gen. Poor's Brigade would show about the following result: First, the three New Hampshire Continental Regiments. These Regiments had been enlisted for three years, or during the war, and organized under their several commanders early in the year 1777. Most of them had seen service in some previous campaign. The first Regiment was commanded at this time by Col. Cil-

ley of Nottingham; the second by Col. Geo. Reid of Londonderry; the third by Col. Alexander Scammell of Durham. The number in all these Regiments would not exceed 1000. Their whole number on the 28th of the preceding June was only 1119, and the unfortunate battle had since occurred at Hubbarton, in which Hale's Regiment (now Reid's) had suffered a severe loss of nearly 75 men (mostly prisoners). The balance of Gen. Poor's Brigade was made up from Militia from Connecticut, one Regiment of which was commanded by Col. Cook, also by two small detachments of New York Militia. Wilkinson says, "The stress of the action on our part was borne by Morgan's Regiment and Poor's Brigade." The battle commenced about three o'clock, P. M., and continued until dark. Each party then retired to their respective camps. Wilkinson says also that Larnard's Brigade went into the battle late in the day. The impetuous Gen. Arnold complained because Gen. Gates declined to order more troops into action. Hence severe language passed between them, and harsh feeling was exhibited by both Generals.

In order to ascertain with some degree of accuracy those who actually fought the battle of September 19th, we refer to Wilkinson's *Return* of the whole loss in killed, wounded and missing, as assigned by him to each, and all the troops engaged on that day, according to his summary of the loss, and we believe he has reported accurately, the New Hampshire troops suffered as much, or more, in officers and men than all the others combined. The figures will show the comparative sacrifice, and to whom the honor and glory of this contest justly belong.

Morgan's Reg't lost in killed and wounded,	16
The New York Militia,	33
The Connecticut Militia,	66
General Larnard's Brigade,	35
Colonel Marshall's Regiment,	10
	160

Maj. Dearborn's Battalion of Infantry,	43
Col. Cilley's Continental Reg't, First N. H.,	58
Col. Reid's Second N. H. Reg't,	32
Col. Scammell's Third N. H. Reg't,	28
	161

It will thus be seen that New Hampshire lost, in officers and privates, 161 out of 321 men, or 118 from Poor's Brigade, which lost, as before stated, 217—leaving 99 for the other corps belonging to this Brigade. Honorable mention should be made of Col. Cook's Regiment of Connecticut Militia, which encountered the loss of 53; Col. Latimer's Connnecticut loss, 13—66 total loss.

In this struggle New Hampshire lost many valuable officers. In Scammell's Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew Coburn of Marlborough was killed; also Lieutenant Joseph M. Thomas and Ensign Joseph Fay of Walpole were mortally wounded. In Reid's Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Winborn Adams of Durham was killed. Captain Frederick M. Bell of Dover was also mortally wounded, and died in hospital soon after the battle. Lieutenant Noah Robinson of Exeter and Ensign Bell of New Castle were both wounded, but survived. In Col. Cilley's Regiment, Captain William Scott of Peterborough, Lieutenant James Gould of Groton, Lieutenant Jonathan Emerson of Dunstable and Lieutenant Barzillai Howe of Hillsborough were all wounded, and Captain Jason Waitt of Alstead and Lieutenant John Moore of Pembroke were made prisoners. In Maj. Dearborn's Battalion, Lieutenant William Read and Ensign Foster were killed, and Captain Ball was wounded.

In the next battle, of October 7th, we find the same brave men, who had so well and so obstinately fought the first, again commanded to take the field. Gen. Gates' order to Wilkinson was: "Tell Morgan to begin the *game*." He did begin it, attacking the enemy on the right flank. The New Hampshire troops receive and obey the next order, and are soon found both in front and on the left flank of the enemy. Wilkinson says: "After I had delivered the order to Gen. Poor, directing him to the point of attack, I was commanded to bring up Ten Broeck's Brigade of New York troops, 3000 strong. I performed this service, and regained the field of battle at the moment the enemy had turned their back, only fifty-two minutes after the first shot was fired. I found the courageous Col. Cilley astraddle of a brass 12-pounder, and exulting in the capture,"

The whole of the British line was broken. It was commanded by Gen. Burgoyne in person. It gave way, and made a disorderly retreat to their camp, leaving two brass 12-pounders and six brass 6-pounders on the field, with the loss of more than 400 officers and privates killed, wounded and prisoners. Gen. Frazar was killed, while Maj. Ackland, Williams, Clarke and many other officers were wounded and prisoners. The battle thus far had been between the two camps, which were located about two miles apart and at right angles with the Hudson River. After the retreat of the British to their entrenchments, then came the furious attack upon their defences. In this general charge upon the British works Generals Larnard, Patterson. Nixon, Ten Broeck, Colonels Brooks and Marshall, urged on by Arnold, all participated. Many of the Militia from New England and New York also lent essential aid. Col. Breyman, at the head of his troops, was killed, and a decisive victory was gained. Subsequently, Burgoyne undertook to extricate himself from his perilous position, but was baffled in his efforts, and finally surrendered his army on the 17th of October. The American Army, or the Returning Officers thereof, failed to furnish a correct statement of the loss in killed and wounded in this last battle. The New Hampshire troops suffered severely. Many of the new levies, or militia, belonging to Gen. Whipple's Brigade, shared in the dangers of the conflict in common with the regular soldiers. One of their most worthy officers, Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel Connor of Pembroke, was killed. Also Captain John McClary and Ensign Tuck were mortally wounded, and Captain Nathan Sanborn of Deerfield was severely wounded. In Poor's Brigade, Scammell's Regiment, Scammell himself was wounded. Also Lieutenant Thomas Simpson of Orford, Lieutenant Joseph Huntoon of Kingston, Lieutenant Joseph Hilton of Deerfield and Ensign Nathaniel Leavitt of Hampton were wounded; while Lieutenant Amos Webster of Capt. Livermore's Company, and a resident in Plymouth, and Ensign Lieman of Hollis were killed. In Col. Reid's Regiment, Lieutenant James Crombie of Rindge and Ensign William Taggart of Hillsborough were wounded.

Our inspection of the Rolls of the New Hampshire Continental Regiments engaged in both battles enables us to confirm Wilkinson's list of the killed and wounded and missing of the battle of September 19th, and to render the other *fact* quite certain, that our loss in the battle of Oct. 7th was quite equal to that of September 19th. We give a comparative statement of the killed in both battles, embracing the names of subalterns and privates, with their places of residence, so far as we could ascertain them, commencing with Col. Cilley's Regiment, September 19th, 12 killed:

Serg't Benjamin Dike, Amherst.
" Rawlings Coburn, New Ipswich.
Private Orson Locke, Kensington.
" Benjamin Neally, Meredith.
" John Watts, Londonderry,—hired by Sutton.
" Luther Wheatley, Lebanon,—died of wounds Sept., 1777.
" John Bartlett, Kingston.
" Benjamin Parker, Swanzey.
" Wm. Goffe, Bedford.
" Nathaniel Bates, Dublin.
" William Dodge.—died of his wounds Sept. 30, 1777.
" Wm. Vinton,—died of wounds Sept. 27.

List of killed in the same Regiment, October 7th, 1777; 16 killed;

Private Ebenezer Sinkler, Weare.
" John Berry, Chester.
" James Russ, "
" Amos Kenney, Hudson.
" Joel Judkins, Kingston.
" Charles Lynes, Claremont.
" Jeremiah Smart, Dunbarton.
" Jonathan Smith, " died of his wounds Oct. 26.
" Timo. Hutchinson, Milford.
" Moses Brown, Rochester.
" John Dore, "
" Peter Brewer (Negro), New Boston.
" Eph. Severance, New Ipswich.
" John Elliott.
" Ebenezer Collins, Hopkinton,—died of wounds Oct. 26.
" Joseph Eastman, do., Oct. 30.

We give next the killed, subalterns and privates, in Col. Geo. Reid's Regiment, Sept. 19th:

Serg't John Demeritt, Madbury.
" Andrew Bearce, Portsmouth,

Private Barnabas McBride, "
" William Gray, Barrington.
" Bradstreet Taylor, Kensington.
" Silas Stone, Dublin.
" Joseph Hovey, Dunstable.
" Joshua Holmes, Rochester.
" John Tucker, Epping.
" Wm. Abbott, Conway.
" Christopher Marsh, Plaistow.
" Timo. Page, Hampstead,—wounded, dying Sept. 26.
" Jona. Marston, North Hampton, wounded, dying Sept. 30.

13 killed Sept. 19th.

October 7th, killed:

Private Daniel Grant, Exeter.
" Edmund Smith, Kensington.
" Ebinezer Gove, Seabrook.
" Wm. Moreland, Salem.
Corp. Moses Rollins, wounded, died Oct. 13, 1777.
Private Stephen Batchelder, Newmarket, wounded, died Nov. 2, 1777.
" Jacob Flanders, South Hampton.
" Samuel Magoon, Brentwood.
" Richard Goss, Rye.
" Paul Pearl, Rochester.
" Nath. Briggs, Keene, died of his wounds Oct. 18.

11 killed Oct. 7th; 24 in all.

The subalterns and privates of Col. A. Scammell's Regiment, killed Sept. 19, 1777, at Bemis' Heights, or Saratoga:

Serg't Iddo Church, Gilsum.
Private Jonathan Fuller, Claremont.
" Daniel Snow, Keene.
" Jonah Stone, Temple.
" Benjamin Warren, Winchester.
" Azariah Comstock, Richmond.
" John Magoon, Sanbornton.
" Stephen Fifield, Brentwood.
" Abraham Potter, Deerfield.
" John Crawford, Chester.
" Abram Cummings, Greenland.
" James Flagg, Moultonborough, wounded, died Sept. 24, 1777.
" Edward Peavey, New Durham, wounded, died Sept. 23, 1777.
" James Hastings, Canterbury, wounded, died Sept. 28, 1777.

October 7, 1777:

Serg't Samuel Baker, Newmarket.
Private Seth Shackford, Newington.
" Frederick Freeman, Marlborough.
" Obadiah Kimball, Concord.
" Abial Stevens, " wounded, died Oct. 20.
" John Mason, Loudon, mortally wounded, died Oct. 25.
" John McCarty, Hawke.
" Collins Eaton, Goffstown.
" John Rollins, Chichester.
" Dudley Marsh, Pelham, mortally wounded—died Nov. 1, 1777,
Private John Crossfield, Keene, died of his wounds Oct. 12, 1777.

Total killed Oct. 7,—11.

Recapitulation of number killed:

Col. Cilley's	Reg't, killed Sep. 19,	12
" Reid's	" "	13
" Scammell's	" "	14
		39
Battle Oct. 7, Cilley's	Reg't,	16
" " Reid's	"	11
" " Scammell's	"	11
		38

In both battles—officers killed, 8; subalterns and privates, 77; rank and file, 85.

We have on hand a list of over 90 men who were wounded or died in the Northern Army of 1777, belonging to the aforesaid Regiments, without including their loss at Hubbarton, July 7. The enumeration of the names of these men would only fatigue your readers.

As the New Hampshire Troops, including Poor's Brigade, Dearborn's Battalion and Gen. Whipple's Brigade of Militia, were all actively engaged in the battle of Oct. 7, we may infer from the test of the killed here furnished that their loss on that day equalled or exceeded that of Sept. 19th. Scammell's Regiment had previously experienced the loss of Capt. Richard Weare, who was mortally wounded at Fort Ann, on the 4th of August, 1777, and had died at Albany soon after. He was a valuable officer, and the favorite son of Chief Justice Weare. The same Regiment suffered the loss of Capt. Hezekiah Beal of Portsmouth, on the 6th of November, 1777, having been wounded in one of the previous battles with the enemy.

We would not omit to state the fact that two full companies of New Hampshire men, commanded by New Hampshire officers, were enrolled in Col. Michael Jackson's Massachusetts Regiment and Gen. Larnard's Brigade. This Regiment participated in both of the battles that led to Burgoyne's surrender. The amount of the loss of these Companies we have not ascertained, nor have we had access to the rolls of Whipple's Brigade or Dearborn's Battalion to ascertain the extent of their loss.

In conclusion, history tells us that the campaign of the Northern Army, in the

fully engaged. He secured a good advantage at the beginning of 1777, commenced in defeat and gloom to our good cause, and terminated in success and glory. From the facts and figures before stated the candid reader can easily determine or apportion the just amount of praise and gratitude due to the New Hampshire troops for their achievments in that eventful year. We have stated our claim with no intent to do injustice, or to disparage the distinguished services rendered by the men from the other New England States, as well as New York and Virginia, in contributing their aid and well-concerted measures, which resulted in the final surrender of Burgoyne and his army.

Gen. Jacob Bailey of Vermont, who participated in that campaign as one of the commanders of the forces there employed, on the 20th of November, 1777, wrote to Hon. Meshech Weare, in his plain, characteristic style, viz.:

"Dear Sir:—I congratulate you on the happy reduction of Gen. Burgoyne's army by Gen Gates, in which New Hampshire State, first and last, was *very instrumental*. The *turning out* of your volunteers was *extraordinarily advantageous* in that affair," etc.

Such was the judgment of an honest and impartial eye-witness.

There is no doubt that the active, bold and fearless conduct of Arnold in both battles infused life and energy into the American troops. He had the credit, as commander, in the first battle. It is said that Captain Samuel Ball of the New Hampshire Volunteers was wounded on the head by a blow from Arnold's sword. That in return Ball raised his gun and would have shot Arnold had not his Lieutenant interfered and seized Ball's arm. The cause of the difficulty was not stated. Arnold made a subsequent apology to Ball. The killing of Arnold may have been pronounced wrong, or rash in the case of Ball, if his purpose had been carried out, but it might have saved to the name of Arnold the terrific word *traitor!* Capt. Ball lived to a good old age, and died in Acworth in this State.

WON AT LAST.

BY HELEN M. RUSSELL.

CHAP. I.

There is an undefinable sadness in the dying out of Nature's beauties; the withered and frost-killed verdure lying desolate and neglected at our feet; the sad, dreary moaning of the leafless trees, the chill wind, and, above all, the knowledge that the year is soon to draw to a close. To a devoted lover of Nature these thoughts come with a force which overshadows the heart, causing painful reflections. It is at such times one's mind naturally turns to holier things, and we feel more thankful for this blessed truth:

That when this life is ended
We may gather at the Throne,
And not, like leaves and flowers,
Be left to die alone;
Oh, 'tis a thought most priceless,
A jewel bright and fair,
To know a home in Heaven
Awaits our entrance there.

This thought brings a sweet, restful feeling into our otherwise sad hearts, and we go on our way with a deeper realization of our manifold blessings, and our Father's watchful kindness o'er us all.

In a valley, nestled cosily between some of New Hampshire's many hills, is the village of S——, small and unpretending, with only one church, two stores, a blacksmith shop and a school house, beside the old-fashioned dwelling-houses standing here and there along the straggling street. It is a chilly day in October. Rude gusts of wind cause the dead leaves to fall in showers from the

few maples which in summer form the only beauty the village boasts. A dreary, desolate picture, perhaps, but nevertheless one which is often seen. Directly opposite the church, and near the centre of the village, stands a small red cottage, enclosed by an unpainted picket fence. Beside the walk leading from the gateway lay the dead and dying flowers, which have evidently been tended by some careful hand, but which have been rudely touched by the early frost. Let us enter the house.

The sitting-room is a small, square room, the floor covered with a home-made carpet, the furniture consisting of a few straight-backed chairs and a large, old-fashioned rocker, a small looking-glass between the two windows, which are shaded with white curtains, and underneath it a small work-table covered with needle-work. In one corner a small table stands, whereon lies a large Bible. A fire burns in a small stove, and near by, upon a stool, is seated a young girl, her elbows resting upon her lap, her face resting upon her hands. Her hair is dusky brown, with a tinge of gold, and hangs in wavy, luxuriant masses over her shoulders. Her dress is composed of a dark-brown fabric, made very plainly, but fitting her slender figure perfectly. Upon the forefinger of her right hand gleams a plain gold ring. At length she raises her head, revealing a lovely face, dark-brown eyes with a "far away" look in their depths, rosebud lips, and cheeks red as roses. Fannie Gordon is the only child of Deacon Jonas Gordon and wife, and the light of the Deacon's home, as well as

> "The pride of all the village,
> And the fairest in the dell."

Fun-loving and full of gentle impulses, a thoroughly "good girl," it was no wonder she was beloved by all who knew her. Indeed, it seemed almost like a flower springing up amid weeds and thistles, so different seemed her sweet face from those surrounding her.

On the day in question, however, the usually bright face is somewhat clouded, and there is a subdued look in the brown eyes, showing at once that some weighty matter is being revolved in her mind. Rising at length, she approaches the window and looks out upon the cheerless street, and its cheerlessness seems to strike her more forcibly than ever before. With a sigh she turns aside and takes up her work, her fingers plying her needle rapidly, her thoughts very busy, if one can judge by the sigh which ever and anon escapes her lips. Soon the door opens and her father enters the room. A tall, spare man, with iron-gray hair and beard, and a rather stern and forbidding look about the closely compressed lips, is Deacon Gordon. Rigid in his views, stern and unyielding, yet a thoroughly good man and one who filled his office in church as he did his place in the home circle, with credit to himself and satisfaction to those surrounding him. Perhaps the pretty Fannie would hardly have coincided with the latter remark, however, just at present, as the sequel will show.

"A cold, rough day for the season, Fannie," said her father, as he replenished the fire and seated himself in the rocking-chair, newspaper in hand.

"Yes, sir," replied Fannie, without looking up. Something in the tone of her voice caused her father to readjust his spectacles and give her a scrutinizing look, while a decided frown became visible upon his face. He said nothing, however, but instead of opening his paper, as had been his intention, he fixed his gaze upon the church spire opposite and seemed lost in thought. That his thoughts were disagreeable ones his stern face plainly showed. At length the sound of carriage wheels coming down the street arrested his attention, and soon the carriage appeared in sight, its occupant, a dark, handsome young man, looking eagerly towards the house. As his eyes caught sight of Fannie he bowed politely and smilingly as he touched his horse with his whip and hurried on his way. Over the sweet face of the girl there came a flush, while the dusky brown eyes danced and sparkled a joy that she vainly endeavored to conceal as she bent more closely over her task.

"Fannie!" Deacon Gordon's voice was very stern as he pronounced his

daughter's name.

"Yes, papa," she replied, raising her pretty face, the color coming and going in waves of crimson and white.

"I believe I told you not to encourage the attentions of Ralph Carey. Do you intend to obey me?"

The bright lips quivered slightly as she answered sadly: "Papa, I have given Ralph no encouragement whatever since your words of a fortnight since. Then you would not or could not give me a reason for your dislike to him. Please tell me why you are so opposed to him."

"He is a poor, idle, worldly-minded young man, with brains enough, perhaps, but inclined to use them the wrong way. Is not that enough?" queried the Deacon sternly.

"Papa, you mistake him, indeed you do. That he is poor I grant, but that he is idle I cannot admit. He is studying law with Esquire Jones of R——," replied Fannie with some spirit.

"Studying law, is he? He has chosen his right vocation in life, then, I'm thinking. I suppose you know what I mean without my saying more, as you have heard my opinion of lawyers many times before this. I do not wish to be severe with you, my child"—for the good Deacon had caught sight of the tears trickling down her cheeks and dropping one by one upon the work lying in her lap—"but I cannot consent to your having anything more to do with Ralph Carey."

Hastily brushing away her tears, Fannie arose from her seat and left the room, meeting her mother, who was just coming in from the kitchen. Mrs. Gordon gave her daughter a pitying look as she closed the door behind her retreating form, and in a low voice addressed her husband, saying:

"Jonas, *do* let Fannie alone; the poor girl feels down-hearted enough without a sermon from you every other day, I am sure."

Deacon Gordon raised his eyes to his wife's face in utter astonishment, for never during the two and twenty years of their married life had she ventured to raise her voice in opposition to his before. Perhaps he allowed his feelings to be ruffled rather more than was becoming in a Deacon, as he replied:

"Mrs. Gordon, I intend to be obeyed in this matter. Fannie is young, and this is but a passing fancy at most. I do not expect you to take up for her, and what is more I *will not* put up with it," saying which the Deacon arose, put on his hat and left the house.

"Oh, dear me!" sighed Mrs. Gordon, "I wish Fannie had never gone to M—— Academy. I never did see such an ado over anything as the Deacon is making over this. *I* don't know any harm of the young man, though I suppose he is not a church member, but no more is Fannie, so what is the use of making so much trouble? Fannie is as sober as she can be all the time. Well! well!" and the good lady smiled softly to herself as she picked up her daughter's neglected work and busied herself in folding it up nicely and laying it safely away.

For two years past Fannie Gordon had attended the academy at M——, a large village, distant some twenty miles from her home, and while there had become acquainted with Ralph Carey, a law student, and a noble young man. Of course it was the same old story over again, with its bright hopes and happy hours, until Fannie's school days ended and she was compelled to return to the old homestead, so plain in itself and unpleasant in its surroundings. Her father was not a wealthy man, though at the same time he was far from being a poor one. He calculated upon having laid aside enough to support himself and family when old age overtook him and he should be unable to work. He had worked in the little blacksmith shop near by his home for many years, but he did not own it.

Fannie's innate love of the beautiful had matured during her school days, and consequently upon her return home everything seemed plainer and more dreary than ever before. The Deacon was very fond, and—if the truth must be told—very proud of his pretty daughter; but he would not listen to a word about making home brighter for her comfort. "Her presence brightened everything about the house," he told her, when she broached the subject. Not that he was penurious, but he thought any unneces-

sary expenditure of money foolish if not sinful, and consequently refused to comply with Fannie's wishes. All this she endured uncomplainingly, but when Ralph Carey was forbidden the house, the bright eyes grew mournful and the gentle heart heavy.

From the day our story opens, for several weeks no mention was made of a subject so painful to Fannie and her father, but the latter missed the happy, laughing face of his daughter—a quiet, sad-faced girl had taken her place, and the good man felt very uneasy whenever he looked at her, and he felt at times a half wish that he had not been quite so decisive in his action.

In the meantime Ralph and Fannie had met but once since the day the Deacon had politely told the young man that his visits could be dispensed with. Sadly but decidedly she had told him of her determination never to marry without her father's consent.

"He is a good man, Ralph, and he thinks he is doing right," she had said, by way of vindicating him.

"I have not given you up yet, Fannie, by any means. My studies terminate the first of December, and then I launch out upon the sea of life for myself. I must either "sink or swim," and I think it will prove to be the latter. I shall always love you, Fannie, and you have promised to wait for and be true to me. I will not seek to meet you in secret, for I do not consider it strictly honorable to do so. I do not despair of winning you even yet. One kiss, dear, and good-bye."

His encouraging words filled her little trusting heart with a vague hope, and she grew more cheerful.

About this time one of the merchants of the little village, an old friend of the Deacon's, standing in need of pecuniary assistance, applied to the good man for aid. Pitying his friend he unhesitatingly advanced him the needed money, taking his note as security. It made quite an inroad upon his property, but he felt confident of his friends ability to repay all he had borrowed in time, and really delighted in lightening his burden, but he placed far more confidence in the merchant, Samuel Black, than he should have done.

CHAP. II.

Ten months have passed and gone since we took a glimpse within Deacon Gordon's humble home, and August, with its sultry heat, finds but little change therein, if I may except the fact that the Deacon himself had grown older and grayer, with many an added wrinkle in his face and a decided stoop in his once erect form. Fannie, with her sad, thoughtful face and dusky brown eyes, has changed but little since we last saw her. She but seldom met Ralph; never to exchange more than the common civilities of life. His success as a lawyer was established, and she heard his praises on every hand.

Deacon Gordon had been very unfortunate during the past few months, losing first a valuable cow, and afterwards his horse. He was also troubled in regard to money matters. His whilom friend, Samuel Black, had not made him the payments agreed upon, and his other losses made the use of this money almost a necessity. He bitterly regretted his want of forethought in not taking a mortgage of goods to secure the note, for there was a premonition of trouble which would make itself felt, causing him, as well as his wife and daughter, many anxious hours. We shall soon see how their forebodings were realized.

It was in the evening of the 17th of August that Fannie went to spend the night with a young lady friend who resided at the upper end of the village. Mrs. Gordon was also away, watching at the bedside of a sick neighbor, and thus the Deacon was left alone. For several nights he had slept but little—the constant worry of his mind was beginning to tell upon him—but upon this evening he sank into a deep slumber, which lasted until past midnight. He was awakened by a cry of fire upon the street and the ringing of the church bell. He sprang from his bed and saw to his horror that his own house was on fire and that the flames had already burst into the room he occupied, which was upon the ground floor and adjoined the sitting-room. To draw on his clothes and spring from his window was the work of a moment, and in his excitement he never thought of

the box standing in the little closet opening from his room, and which contained all his valuable papers, including the note given him by Samuel Black, besides all the money he possessed. When he did think of it he gave one cry, "My papers—they are lost!" and started to reenter the doomed house, but strong hands held him back. It would have been the height of madness to have entered the building then, which soon, with a crash, fell in, burning with it the coveted box. The buildings, not being insured, were of course a total loss. The fire caught in the barn, but whether the accidental work of a tramp, or purposely done by some one else, was never ascertained, although efforts were made to discover its origin.

Like one in a dream, Deacon Gordon suffered himself to be led away from the smoking ruins by his weeping wife and daughter. A kind neighbor welcomed the homeless family. Mrs. Gordon was completely prostrated by the shock, while Fannie thought with regret how she had disliked the old house. At least it had been a shelter and home for them, and now they were homeless and penniless.

Upon the afternoon following the fire the Deacon went over to Samuel Black's store. There were several of the villagers there, lounging about the store and talking of the fire. Various were the surmises as to how it had caught. When the Deacon entered the conversation was stopped, however. Mr. Black sat behind the counter, his feet perched upon a stool, reading a newspaper; his face flushed as the Deacon approached him.

"Mr. Black, I have called to see if you would not let me have a little money. I am homeless, as you are aware, and, with the exception of the money loaned you, penniless. I must have the whole amount as soon as possible, but will give you a few days in which to obtain it, if you do not happen to be prepared."

Deacon Gordon spoke quietly and pleasantly, but a close observer could have seen a nervous tremor in the hands resting upon the counter. Mr. Black arose slowly to his feet, a strange expression crossing his face.

"Deacon Gordon, I do not understand you. I thought I had paid you your due."

"Paid me my due! In Heaven's name and for the sake of my wife and daughter, do not try to cheat me out of my hard-earned money, Samuel Black!" cried the Deacon, his pale face growing paler.

"Deacon Gordon, I can assign only one reason for your strange behavior, which is this—your loss last night has turned your brain." Mr. Black's voice was pitying and low as he said this.

"I am not crazy, and you know it," returned the Deacon sternly.

"Indeed! then if I do owe you, you will please show these gentlemen the note which I gave you at the time I borrowed the money," returned the merchant sneeringly.

With a groan that came from the depths of his heart, Deacon Gordon turned around and gazed upon the men sitting there, his eyes full of the keenest anguish. He remembered now of having told two different men that Black was to pay him the Saturday before. He had hoped for and expected the money, as Black had promised faithfully to pay it, but, as the reader already knows, he had failed to keep his promise, and the Deacon had nothing to prove that he had not done as he agreed.

He said no more, but turning left the store, his trembling limbs hardly able to support him. Indeed, he seemed a complete wreck, and his best friends, passing him in the street, would have failed to recognize in the bent and tottering figure the once erect form of Deacon Gordon. There had been a spectator to this little scene that neither the Deacon nor Mr. Black had observed. Ralph Carey had entered the store soon after the Deacon, and seeing who stood at the counter, had stepped one side and stood screened from view by a pile of boxes, his object being a desire not to be seen by the Deacon. As the door closed behind his retreating form, Ralph approached the merchant, and looking him sternly in the face, said:

"When did you pay Deacon Gordon the money?"

"Last Saturday," said the man, turning first red and then pale.

"Can you prove that you did?" he next demanded, without removing his searching gaze from the man's face.

"I—I—think I can, sir? But what business is this to you, if I may ask?" said Black, getting angry.

"It may, perhaps, become my business to see that that poor old man receives his honest dues. Good day," and Ralph left the store without saying anything further, but he inwardly resolved upon seeing Fannie at once, to learn more of this unfortunate affair.

For the next few days nothing was talked of but the fire and the Deacon's encounter—if such I may call it—with Mr. Black. Every one believed the Deacon's word, but in order to get the money it must be *proved*, and there seemed no way of doing that. At first he refused to go to law, but at length his friends overcame his scruples, and soon the villagers were electrified by the announcement that there was a law-suit impending between Deacon Gordon and Samuel Black, and what made the news more startling was the fact that Ralph Carey was engaged to act as the Deacon's lawyer. Even Fannie, through whose instrumentality it had come about, could hardly realize the wonderful fact.

CHAP. III.

The court room was filled to repletion. Samuel Black, confident that he should win, wore a smile of self-satisfaction and was very pompous. Deacon Gordon, on the contrary, was very much cast down, for he had hardly a hope of success. Fannie was there, her little heart beating wildly, for she realized how much depended upon the day's issue. If Ralph won the case, he won comfort for her parents' declining years, and he also won her. She knew that her father would never refuse her to Ralph again, if by his means the property was restored to them.

Witness after witness was examined, and everything seemed to be going in favor of the merchant, and Fannie's heart sank like lead in her bosom. At length a young man, rough and uncouth, but good natured and intelligent, named James Waite, was called, and after being duly sworn testified to a conversation he had accidentally overheard between Samuel Black and his wife upon the night of the fire, which was substantially as follows: He was returning from the ruins, and had stopped, when near Samuel Black's house, to light his pipe. He was upon the point of striking a match, when he heard voices approaching him, and naturally enough paused, thinking he would let the owners pass before doing so. They proved to be Mr. Black and his wife. The moon coming out from behind a cloud revealed their faces, even if he had not known their voices. Mr. Black was saying in a low voice, but distinctly heard by the witness: "He has lost all his papers, and with them that note. I shall not pay him, for he cannot prove that I owe him anything. I am in luck for once in my life." Mrs. Black had replied by cautioning her husband about speaking of such a matter upon the street, and they had passed on, entering the gate close by, not observing Waite, who stood screened from view by a clump of lilacs. He was cross-examined, but no new facts were elicited.

Fannie sat like one in a dream until a voice—the one voice in all the world to her—reached her ear, and then she sank back into her seat, drawing her veil closely over her face, and listened.

Ralph Carey was sure he was in the right, and he worked with his whole soul. He pictured the aged man, homeless and penniless, prematurely aged by his losses and the wickedness of one he had aided in the kindness of his heart. He related the scene in Black's store, the day following the fire, picturing the anguish of the good Deacon in words of inspiration, and when at length he closed the argument there was a silence like that of death throughout the court house. The jury retired, but were out but a few moments, their verdict being unanimously declared in favor of Deacon Gordon. Of course there were rejoicings among Deacon Gordon's friends, and the Deacon himself seemed half wild with joy. Ralph did not approach the happy group and when they looked for him he had gone.

Christmas Eve; the stars shining brightly, the full moon sailing majestically through a cloudless sky, clear and intensely cold; snow everywhere, crowning lofty hill tops and covering with a mantle of white the lowly valleys; cold, sparkling Christmas Eve. The morrow bade fair to be a lovely day—bright as Christmas ever should be. Perhaps Queen Luna shone down upon no happier household in all the world than that of Deacon Gordon. A new house has been erected on the site of the burned cottage, handsomer and more commodious, and furnished tastefully throughout. The money, principal and interest, amounting in all to nearly three thousand dollars, Samuel Black had paid over without a word, but with the inward conviction, let us hope, that "honesty is the best policy."

One month ago Deacon Gordon had sent for Ralph, and with tears in his eyes acknowledged his injustice, and at the same time had placed Fannie's hand in that of her lover, giving his full consent to their marriage,—and to-night, while the Christmas stars shine so brightly, and amid the best wishes of her numerous friends, sweet Fannie Gordon becomes Ralph Carey's wife.

FAVORS, FAULTS AND FUTURE OF THE AMERICAN SYSTEM.

BY C. C. LORD.

The sentiment of domesticity owes much to America. The love of home is strong in the human breast. It is confirmed by a sense of absolute proprietorship. The privilege of a real home has induced many a stranger to seek the American shores. The possession of a home has encouraged a sentiment of true patriotism. The consciousness of domestic possessions is the basis of a nobler citizenship.

American citizenship has been truer for the sense of an individual coparcenary interest. Men are truest to that from which they anticipate returns of individual advantage. This sentiment is the stronger for the advantage of improved individual possibilities. To live and hope is greater than simply to live alone. The prospect of social elevation, confirmed in many instances by practical example, has made many an American citizen more zealous of his country's integrity and honor.

The honor of our land has been increased by the consciousness of the freedom of moral and intellectual expression. The soul, released from fetters, expands her wings with alacrity. With its powers in free play, human nature multiplies its proofs of nobler excellency till they are as many as the changes of the kaleidoscope. Forms of love and moulds of thought, like a multitude of blossoms upon one parent stalk, have been evolved to the enlargement of the scope of social benevolence and activity, from that life of freedom which is lived easiest on our own soil.

The favors of the American system are not more numerous than the faults that have arisen from its misinterpretation. Men have mistook a domestic privilege for an abnegation of all moral obligation to society. When once the strong man has built his house, he has shut the door and kept it barred against the ingress of social liberality. Men have fondled, feasted and fattened their own selfishness. The language of their lives is: "As for me and my house, we will serve ourselves." They love self, live for self, die for self; the world derives no benefit from them except it comes from their unavoidable external dependence upon it. They will do nothing for social mor-

ality, intelligence or civility, unless action be wrested from them by the strong arm of individual or local necessity. Apparently unable to comprehend citizenship, they call this a "free country," and hug their "independence," unmindful of the hinderance society incurs by their steadfast indifference to all true social interests.

Society in America suffers from a misconstruing of the royal privileges of national citizenship. The conception of the rights of free citizens is distorted into an apprehension of the wrongs of all citzens. The conception that free citizenship does not mean a free defiance of all the laws of true citizenship apparently fails of a residence in the minds of many aspiring to prominence in our social affairs. The idea that it is practically impossible for a person to assume the duties of public use, except for an absolutely private end, is too painfully prevalent in America. The sensitiveness of the truly loyal citizen is often shocked by remarks betraying the wide-spreading dominance of the ascription of abject selfishness to all public acts. To the public apprehension it seems to be unhappily true that the public servant is a thief, and the thief cometh not but to appropriate the revenues and destroy the reputations of others. The unfortunate state of mind portrayed can be encouraged by no other means than the irrational attitudes and acts of public men who have turned royal freedom into servile license.

Our American social intelligence is intoxicated with a false notion of the laws of real development. A fungoid exhalation is mistaken for a gigantic growth. The many moral and intellectual perfections, the tedious developing processes of which are all unseen by the indolent observer, are not only estimated as products of a single day's creation, but are imitated and substituted by the frailest forms the soul's evolving agencies can afford. As the fungi spring rapidly from accumulated heaps of fertilizing material, so vapid thoughts and feeble things arise profusely from the rich fields of moral and intellectual production laid open by our local system of free cultivation. Because of the possession of freedom, men have apparently concluded that greatness can not only be effected speedily, but in practical ignorance of the constructive laws which wisdom has always held inviolable throughout the historic past.

We do not feel adequate to an exercise of the faculty of prescience sufficient to state in emphatic detail the future of our common country. We know it is in its infancy, toddling in its first steps. We feel sure its fulfilled life will be distinctive. Life in America can never be just what it is anywhere else. As the individual man is endowed with a person and features that are uncopied in the form of any one else, so this nation will have a constitution and executive policy unlike that obtaining in any other political realm. The distinctive life of our American nation will be unitary in expression. Potentially, it is so now. The American citizen cannot now go abroad without betraying his nationality by his distinctive personal bearing and address. It only remains for the American people to actualize their unified identity in the deeper consciousness of their souls, to make it a bond of permanent social unanimity. But the unity of our nation will be composite in character. Human nature cannot do less than material—assume an organic form. While our American system will leave out nothing coming within the legitimate circle of its influences, it will embody all in a structure of harmonic national proportions. Its strength will make every man acknowledge his obligations to society, its judgment will make men forbear their abuse of its royal privileges, and its wisdom will effectually dispossess its subjects of presumption and folly in the assertion of their individual moral and intellectual aspirations.

ality, intelligence or civility, unless secured from them by the strong arm of individual or local necessity. Apparently unable to comprehend citizenship, they call this a "free country," and brag their "independence," unmindful of the hideous society inputs by their steadiest indifference to all true social interests.

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RECOMPENSE.

One law, among all wondrous laws,
For us the great Creator made,
Linked closely with effect and cause;
Bold contrast—light and shade.

Deep in its mystical reserve
Explores the artist, wrapt in strange
Excitement, as with trembling nerve
The brush is working change.

Deeper, and with a ruling touch,
Sublime in each conception, paints
Dame Nature, rearing contrasts, such
As harmonize with saints.

Extending on to ev'ry soul,
By it God speaks: "Drink ye who thirst."
While onward pressing to the goal—
"The last shall enter first."

Emerging from the deepening night
Into the brightness of mid-day,
To that vain-longing, clouded sight,
Intense would glow each ray.

Crusts to the famishing beggar-child
As sweetmeats to the favored are;
To sharpened taste unreconciled,
Those sweets, how sweeter far!

We, who could always lightly trip
O'er the bright greensward of our youth,
Guessed not our crippled mate could sip
Joys greater; yet 'twas truth.

So martyrs in life's tangled way,
Deep sunk in secret darkness, will
With eyes re-opened in that day
See beauties greater still!

—*Boreas.*

"*NEW HAMPSHIRE MEN AT BUNKER HILL AND BENNINGTON.*"

BY HON. S. T. WORCESTER.

The opinion widely prevails in this State that no history of some of the earlier and more important battles of the Revolution, yet written, does full justice to the New Hampshire troops engaged in them. Emphatic expression is given to this sentiment in an interesting paper contributed by Prof. E. D. Sanborn to the November number of the Granite Monthly, with the above caption.

In that paper, Prof. S., with unquestioned truth says: "That at Bunker Hill the New Hampshire regiments under the command of John Stark and James Reed were among the best fighters in the battle." Again, after stating that at the commencement of the action, Prescott's men had been diminished to seven or eight hundred, Prof. S. further says that the historian "Bancroft concludes that not more than 1500 men participated in the fight, and if so, a majority must have been from New Hampshire."

It is not proposed in *this* article to say anything of the proportion those two New Hampshire regiments bore to the whole number of American troops engaged in that battle; but it would be a natural, not to say a necessary inference from the paper of Pof. S., that the only New Hampshire soldiers known or supposed to have participated in it were those two regiments commanded by Cols. Reed and Stark. But there still exists an abundance of the best evidence that such was not the fact. An inspection of the original company Rolls of Col. Prescott's own regiment, still preserved in the office of the Massachusetts Secretary of State at Boston, will show that one full company of his regiment were New Hampshire soldiers from the town of Hollis, and also that there were *four* other Hollis soldiers in the company of Capt. Moor in the same regiment. Besides these men from Hollis, it is shown by the same original Rolls that in other companies in this regiment there were *seventeen* men from Londonderry, *eleven* from Merrimack, *six* from Raby (now Brookline), and others from other New Hampshire towns, making in all not less than *one hundred*, or more, New Hampshire soldiers. As the article of Prof. S. is wholly silent in respect to these New Hampshire soldiers in this regiment, and as no known history of this State or of the battle gives New Hampshire, or the towns above named credit for them, it may be a pertinent supplement to that article of Prof. S. to tell briefly the story at least of that portion of these New Hampshire men who went from the town of Hollis.

Hollis (spelled *Holles* in the town charter, and all the early town records), was on the south line of New Hampshire, about forty-five miles N. W. of Boston, and twenty-three from Concord, Mass., as the roads were in 1775. By the Province Census, taken in September of that year, it then contained 1255 inhabitants, being next to Amherst the most populous town in Hillsborough county.

Late at night of the 18th of April, the detachment of British troops under the command of Lt. Col. Smith, crossed over from Boston Common to East Cambridge on their march to Lexington and Concord. The alarm of this expedition, as is well known, was at once spread through the country by mounted messengers. According to a well established tradition, the news of it was brought to Hollis early in the morning of the 19th, by Dea. John Boynton, who lived in the South part of the town, near the Province line, and was a member of the Hollis "Committee of Observation"—who came riding through the town at the top of his horse's speed, calling out to his townsmen, as he passed, "*The Red Coats are coming and killing our men!*" Riding

at full speed and out of breath (as the tradition is), Dea. B. announced his message at the door of Capt. W., another member of the same Committee, living near the middle of the town, who had just risen from an early breakfast, and was then standing at his looking-glass, with his face well lathered and in the act of shaving. Capt. W., without stopping to finish his work, with his face still whitened for the razor, at once dropped that instrument, hurried to his stable, mounted his horse, and in that plight aided in spreading the alarm. Other mounted messengers were soon despatched to other parts of the town, and in the afternoon of the same day ninety-two minute men were rallied and met on the Hollis Common, each with his complement of bullets, powder-horn, and one pound of powder supplied from the town's stock.

Among the incidents of the same day a story is told of five brothers of the name of *Nevins*, then living in the North part of the town, all of whom were afterwards in the army, which well illustrates the spirit and promptness with which these minute men met this alarm. On the morning of the 19th three of these brothers were at work with their crowbars, digging stone for a wall, at a short distance from their home. As the messenger came in sight, they had just partially raised from its bed a large flat stone in a farm road-way. Seeing the horseman spurring towards them at full speed, one of the brothers put a small boulder under the larger stone to keep it at the height to which it had been raised, and all stopped to listen to the message. Having heard it, leaving the stone just as it was in the road-way, with the little boulder to support it, they all hastened to the house, and each of them with his gun and equipments at once hurried away to join their company on the Hollis Common. One of the brothers was afterwards killed at Bunker Hill; another, the next year, lost his life in the service in New York. As a family memento of this incident this large stone, with the small one supporting it, was permitted to remain for more than seventy-five years in the position the brothers had left it on the morning of the 19th of April.

These minute men, having made choice of Reuben Dow as their Captain, John Goss Lieutenant, and John Cumings Ensign, on the evening of that day, or before day-break the next morning were on their march from Hollis to Cambridge. An original muster roll of this company, preserved by Capt. Dow, is now among the Revolutionary documents of Hollis, and a copy of it, showing the names of its officers and ninety-two members, with the date of their enlistment, time of service, daily wages, pay for travel, and the amount paid each of them by the town, may be found in the New England Historical and Gen. Register for 1873, pp. 332, 333. Thirty-nine of the privates of this company, after an absence of from six to twelve days, returned home. The residue, with but few if any exceptions, remained at Cambridge and enlisted in other companies for eight months. A large majority of those men who stayed at Cambridge enlisted in a new company commanded by the same commissioned officers chosen at Hollis, and were afterwards mustered into the Massachusetts regiment of Col. Prescott. This new company, commanded by Capt. Dow, including officers, consisted of *fifty-nine* men, that number making a full company under the Massachusetts act for enlistment. That the whole fifty-nine were from Hollis is shown by the Return Muster Roll of the company, dated October 6, 1775, exhibiting the names of the living, wounded and dead, now to be found with the muster rolls of Col. Prescott's regiment in Boston, and this was the only company of the regiment in which all the men were from the same town. Besides the company of Capt. Dow, and the four Hollis soldiers in the company of Capt. Moor, *nine* others from Hollis enlisted in a company commanded by Capt. Archaleus Towne of Amherst, afterwards mustered into a Massachusetts regiment under Col. Hutchinson, and *eight* others in the company of Capt. Levi Spalding of Nottingham West (now Hudson) in the New Hampshire regiment of Col. Reed. These numbers added make *eighty* eight months men enlisted

from Hollis, at Cambridge, of whom *seventy-two* were in Massachusetts regiments.

Capt. Dow's company, with the other companies of Col. Prescott's regiment, marched on to the battle ground in Charlestown, on the night of the 16th of June, aided in the night work of building the redoubt, and in its defence the next day. From an original descriptive list of this company, still among the Hollis documents, exhibiting the ages of the men and also their height and complexion, it appears that Peter Cumings, a son of the Ensign, and the youngest member, was of the age of thirteen years, and that the oldest, Jonathan Powers, was sixty. Noah Worcester, Jr., the fifer of the company, and Major fifer at Bennington, the youngest next to Cumings, was sixteen. He was the son of Capt. Noah Worcester, and many years after was known as Noah Worcester, D.D., whose monument now stands in the Cemetery at Mt. Auburn, Mass., with the following inscription:

"TO NOAH WORCESTER, D.D."

"Erected by his Friends in commemoration of his zeal and labors in the cause of Peace and of the consistency of his character as a Christian Philanthropist and Divine." "Speaking the truth in love."

The following terse and touching record of the Orderly Sergeant, copied verbatim from the foot of the Return Roll of the company, now in the office of the Secretary of State at Boston, tells the sad tale of the company's dead:

"*These are the Names of the Dead.*"

Sergt. Nathan Blood,	Hollis,	died June 17.
Phineas Nevins,	Hollis,	died June 17.
Thomas Wheat,	Hollis,	died June 17.
Peter Poor,	Hollis,	died June 17.
Caleb Eastman,	Hollis,	died June 19.
Isaac Hobart,	Hollis,	died June 17.
Jacob Boynton,	Hollis,	died June 17.
These two Died by Sickness.		
James Fisk,	Hollis,	died May 29.
Jeremiah Shattuck,	Hollis,	died May 29.

[Signed] JOSHUA BOYNTON, *Orderly Sergt.*"

Besides the six Hollis soldiers above named, killed on the 17th of June at Bunker Hill, Thomas Colburn and Ebenezer Youngman, two of the minute men who left Hollis on the 19th of April, and enlisted in the company of Capt. Moor, were also killed in the battle, making *eight* in all; a loss in killed, as is believed, greater than that sustained by any other town in Massachusetts or New Hampshire. Six of Captain Dow's company were also wounded in the fight, including the Captain himself, who was afterwards a cripple and pensioner for life.

It appears from Frothingham's Siege of Boston (p. 192) that the whole loss in killed in Col. Prescott's regiment, was forty-two, and twenty-eight wounded. Of those numbers nearly one-fifth of the killed, and more than that proportion of the wounded were Hollis soldiers.

Col. Stark, in his letter to Matthew Thornton, written two days after the battle, says that the loss of his own regiment in *killed* and *missing* was fifteen—the killed and missing in Col. Reed's he states as four. (N. H. Collections, p. 145.) It appears from the above statistics that the loss of Hollis in killed at Bunker Hill was fully equal to two-fifths of both the killed and missing of the two New Hampshire regiments.

It is now impossible to learn with certainty how many of Capt. Dow's company were present in the action. But it is shown by a return of the losses of the men made after the battle, exhibiting the articles lost and their value, now in the possession of the writer, that twenty-eight of them, not reckoning the killed or commissioned officers, lost more or less of their equipments. From this return it appears that twenty-five of the men lost their knapsacks, nine of them their guns, two their bayonets, three their cartridge boxes and one his sword. It may not be impertinent to state in this connection, that the eight Hollis soldiers in Captain Spalding's company, in Col. Reed's New Hampshire regiment, were all present at the battle, as it is shown by a like return of losses made afterwards that each of the eight lost some portion of his equipments. See N. H. Prov. Papers, vol. VII., p 591.

At this late day it is difficult to ascertain with certainty all the reasons that may have influenced so many of the Hollis soldiers to enlist in the regiment of Col. Prescott. But the following well known facts undoubtedly had their influence.

Col. Prescott at the time lived very

near the North line of Pepperell, Mass., adjoining Hollis, a large part of his farm, (still the country seat of his descendants), being in Hollis. Both Capt. Dow and Lieut. Goss, of the Hollis company, lived in the South part of Hollis, and were the neighbors, and may well be supposed to have been the personal friends of Col. Prescott. Another reason that would naturally have much weight with the private soldiers of the company, was the fact that a very large part of the early settlers of Hollis were from Billerica, Chelmsford, Littleton, Groton and Pepperell, and other towns in Middlesex county, in which most of the companies in Col. Prescott's regiment were raised. It may be added to these motives that Col. John Hale, one of the leading and most active friends of the Revolution in Hollis, and at the time the Colonel of the regiment of militia to which the Hollis soldiers belonged, was brother-in-law of Col. Prescott, Abigail Hale, a sister of Col. H., having become the wife of Col. Prescott.

THE USE, MISUSE AND ABUSE OF TEXT BOOKS.

BY PROF. E. D. SANBORN.

American literature is most prolific in newspapers and school books. The best minds in the country have labored in both these departments, for two potent reasons: such works are popular, and they pay well. Foreigners regard this condition of things as proof of the general education of the people and of the superficial character of their knowledge. The many read; the few think. There is a general desire for information, but no deep love of learning. Knowledge is more widely diffused, but scholarship is less profound than in the old world. What we gain in surface we lose in depth. The political press stimulates, fires and almost maddens the public mind; but it fails to elevate, expand and instruct. It *tells* wonderfully in molding public opinion, but it does not tell the truth. It requires months to sift a popular rumor before it can be pronounced reliable. It may be doubted whether, during the war, with all the aid of steam and electricity, the people of New England ascertained the exact results of a battle in the South so soon as our fathers did, in Revolutionary times, when a dispatch was carried from the commander-in-chief by a single courier on horseback. Unwelcome intelligence is always softened or suppressed by a partisan press, and if our public journals were simply vehicles of political opinions they would scarcely deserve the patronage they receive. Every newspaper contains much valuable matter of a literary, moral and religious character. Such compositions give to the press its power to *please* and *instruct*, and thus to *educate* the common mind. By such agencies the American people have become the best *informed*, though by no means the most *learned*, people in the world. In general information, in extemporaneous tact and practical skill, the Yankee has no peer; but in thorough discipline, in exact knowledge and artistic culture, the French and Germans surpass the New Englander.

But the present is emphatically an age of text-books. The press fills the land with the multitudinous products of busy minds, in the shape of grammars, arithmetics, readers, geographies, charts, maps, keys and interpretations to relieve weak minds of the "insupportable fatigue of thought," and make the arcana of science intelligible to the meanest and feeblest capacity. Well may we address most assemblies of teachers as Paul did the Corinthians who coveted novelties in religion: "How is it, brethren? when ye

come together every one of you hath a psalm, hath a doctrine, hath a tongue, hath a revelation, hath an interpretation. Let all things be done unto edifying." The world's teachers in past ages were educated without helps, except from the living voice. The Greeks and Romans were well trained by reading, studying and criticising their own standard authors. The writing of themes and public declamations daily constituted the chief mental training of Greek and Roman statesmen, orators, historians, poets and philosophers. Science, so far as they cultivated it, was taught by problems, theorems, dictation and lectures. Libraries were few, text-books rare, and tutorial helps unknown. In the dark ages, Latin and Greek authors were the chief objects of study. In logic, rhetoric and metaphysics, Aristotle has been the great educator of all the generations of scholars that have lived since his day. His works gave birth to the scholastic philosophy and to modern dialectics.

The text-books that existed prior to the seventeenth century were chiefly grammars and lexicons for the study of the learned tongues, and commentaries on the ancient poets and philosophers. The physical sciences were almost unknown, and mathematics included only arithmetic and geometry. From the fifth to the fifteenth century, learning belonged chiefly to the clergy. Schools and colleges were founded for their benefit. Between the Conquest, A. D. 1066, and the death of King John, one hundred and fifty years, five hundred and fifty-seven religious houses of all kinds were established in England. This would be equivalent, in a population of perhaps two and a half millions, to the founding of several thousand colleges, in a similar period, with ten times the population and one hundred times as much wealth as they possessed. It must be remembered that these monasteries were all richly endowed. A single monastery has fed five hundred beggars daily for years. They owned large landed estates, with imposing and commodious buildings and libraries of respectable size, when a manuscript was worth as much as a small farm. The chief schools of the age were connected with religious houses. A small number or secular schools existed, in large cities, for laymen. London had three in the reign of Henry II. The twelfth century is the age of new universities. These institutions first existed as schools or "studies" before they were incorporated as universities. The oldest are those of Bologna, Paris, Oxford and Cambridge. Oxford is said to have been founded by Alfred, because there existed a school in that city in his day. In 1109, Cambridge University was set up, in a barn, by three monks from Croyland. This private enterprise grew so rapidly that, in less than one century from its humble beginning, Peter of Blois, the historian, says of it: "From this little fountain, which hath swelled into a great river, we now behold the city of God made glad and all England rendered fruitful by many teachers and Doctors issuing from Cambridge after the likeness of holy Paradise."

The studies of this period were embraced in the celebrated trivium and quadrivium of the schools; the first comprehending grammar, rhetoric and logic; the second, music, arithmetic, geometry and astronomy. These seven studies constituted the whole curriculum of a liberal education. The mastery of these, by seven years of toil, made a man master of arts, and authorized him, with consent of the magnates, to set up a schola or studium of his own and become a learned Doctor in the liberal arts. The process of instruction was principally by dictation and lectures on the part of the teachers, and by themes and discussions on the part of the pupils. The historian informs us that in a very few years after the opening of a school in Cambridge the number of scholars had increased so much that there was no barn, house or church capable of containing them. Consequently they divided their flock and met in different parts of the town where they could find temporary accommodations. "Brother Odo read grammar, according to the doctrine of Priscian, to the younger students in the morning At one o'block brother Terricius, a most acute sophist, read the logic of Aristotle to those who were more advanced. At

three o'clock brother William read lectures on Tully's Rhetoric and Quintilian's Institutes. But Master Gislebert, being ignorant of English, but very expert in Latin and French, preached to the people on Sundays and holidays." Think of the absurdity of attempting to enlighten the illiterate men of that age by Latin homilies. The painted windows, pictures, statues, and the miracles and moralities of the infant drama were all introduced to aid the people in understanding the priest, who spoke in an unknown tongue. Often, when the discourse was upon a parable or a portion of the sacred history of the Bible, a neophyte stood before the pulpit and held up a banner to the people on which the scene which was the text of the day was portrayed, so that some gleams of knowledge might enter the eye when the ear was closed.

What a harvest for a modern book agent would Oxford of the thirteenth century present, where 30,000 students were congregated, and where there was neither horn-book nor primer, key nor chart, translation nor commentary on which these young men, thirsting for knowledge, could fasten their eager eyes! But without helps they became mentally great, for "there were giants in those days." Be it remembered, also, that the founders of English literature and science, such men as Spenser and Shakespeare, Raleigh and Hooker, Bacon and Hobbes, Sidney and Milton, were educated by the study of classic authors, with very imperfect helps. The thoughts which they *originated* require dilution to make them palatable to a modern student. All these men presented the best models of pure, vigorous and elegant English, without a dictionary of the language they used and perfected. There existed in the Elizabethan age some Latin and English, some Greek and Latin lexicons, but no complete vocabulary of the English tongue. Some attempts were made, from time to time, to define the "hard words" and explain technical terms in English; but the majority of English terms remained without explanation till Bailey's Comprehensive Dictionary appeared, about the year 1720. Prior to the publication of Johnson's great work, in 1755, about sixty lexicons of all languages studied in England had appeared; but few of these attempted to define common English words. "The object of the first lexiographical labor in England was to facilitate the study ofthe Latin language; afterwards, that of the Greek, and also of foreign modern languages, and it was in these bi-lingual dictionaries that the common English words were first collected." The great excellency of Johnson's Dictionary was the historical illustrations of the language which he furnished by quoting, from the best English authors, passages to show how every important word in the language was used. He thus made his dictionary a store-house of the best thoughts of standard writers and a very readable and instructive book apart from its definitions. Since the publication of Johnson's Dictionary more than one hundred English dictionaries have appeared, and nearly two hundred others, which are styled glossaries, encyclopædias, professional, technical and artistic dictionaries. During the same period other textbooks have multiplied in a similar ratio. The Germans have investigated and copiously illustrated every department of archæology. The classics have received special attention. Every author of antiquity, every chapter, sentence, word and letter of every author, has been carefully examined, criticised and explained. We have lexicons which give the history of every word in the language, illustrated by quotations from successive authors who lived through the entire period in which the language was used in composition. We have grammars explaining every anomaly, exception and deviation from the best usage, with philosophical analyses of every particle, including its etymology, distinctive meaning, and both its regular and exceptional use during the whole history of the language. An entire volume has been written upon a single Greek particle, and its contents have been quite well mastered by English students who could not give the etymology of a single particle of their native tongue, and who would not dare to affirm that our con-

nectives had any meaning at all. They are generally regarded as mere insignificant hooks and bands, which use has employed to unite the significant parts of speech. With all this apparatus for the study of the classics, it may be doubted whether they are, to-day, so thoroughly mastered as instruments of thought and speech as they were two centuries ago. When scholars learned the Greek and Latin from extensive reading and comparison of ancient authors, they were enabled to think, write and speak in them as well as in the tongues in which they were born. The languages are not now studied for the same purposes as formerly. They used to be the only media of communication among learned men, hence they were compelled to learn to speak and write them with facility. Now they are studied for discipline, for information, as models in grammar and rhetoric, as a grand thesaurus of philology, etymology and scientific nomenclature. Webster's Dictionary contains 114,000 words; yet the scientific terms alone derived from the Greek and Latin, all told, would probably amount to double this number. Numerous helps are often an encumbrance to the learner; as too heavy armor impedes the warrior. They are unfavorable to originality.

Martin Luther made his address before the diet of Worms first in German; but the Emperor preferring to hear it in Latin, when exhausted by his long speech before this august body, he was required to repeat it in Latin. After a moment's breathing time he began again and repeated his address in Latin with undiminished power. It may be doubted whether the man now lives who could, extemporaneously, perform such a task. Yet our helps for the study of all languages, living and dead, have, since his day, increased a hundred fold.

We have too many introductory books. When an author makes one successful effort in text-book venture, he feels bound to make a score. Dr. Anthon made at least forty. Only one grammar should ever be used in learning any language. The declension and paradigms, the rules and exceptions of the language should all be learned from one book. There is great advantage in associating the facts and principles with the pages where they are recorded. They are then easily found when needed for use. The grammar first put into the learner's hand should accompany him through the college and seminary. A single preparatory reader, adapted to the grammar in use, is all that any pupil needs to introduce him to the classic authors themselves. It would be better to have but one lexicon, and thus, very early in the course, learn to select the right meaning for each particular sentence. In this there is great utility in point of accuracy and thoroughness. Forty years ago, one text-book in any department of education was deemed sufficient. Now a boy does not use any one book long enough to know its contents so as to find what he needs by the power of association. No author is content to publish a single school book of any kind, at the present day. They come in series now: and in the modern "battle of the books" the warriors march no longer in single file, but move in companies, regiments and battalions. "Single misfortunes," said an Irish priest, "seldom come unattended." Our books are mostly "progressive," showing the unparalleled march of intellect in our day; in fact, it has, in some schools, marched out of sight. Precisely at the time when the price of books is double what it used to be, and when purchasers have not one-half as much money as they once had, the number of text-books has increased ten fold. I have seen an advertisement of Robinson's complete mathematical series, amounting to twenty-one volumes. Here are more books than most farmers and mechanics ever own. In my boyhood it was rare to find intelligent laborers who owned that number of books. One arithmetic then sufficed to make good accountants. One book then made good arithmeticians, and no keys were used. Now, no arithmetic that has any difficult problems to be solved is published without a key. How absurd is it for an author to scour the world for "hard sums," as they are called, and then work them all himself and offer the solutions, for a consideration, to the young aspirant for mathematical prizes!

I remember working, with another boy, through many long winter evenings, by fire-light, on the "hard sums" in Walsh's arithmetic, because our teacher, who could not or would not work them, made us believe that we were "right smart at figures," and that it would be infinitely to our credit to have it said at the examination that we worked every problem without the teacher's aid. We made our own keys. We not only solved every problem but wrote it out neatly and elegantly in a manuscript prepared for the purpose. This is the only true method of success.

"He who depends on his own wind and limbs
Needs neither cork nor bladder when he swims."

Who needs a key to common arithmetic? If any, speak, for him have I offended. If the poor blind guide who affects to keep school, and does not teach it, can not solve such problems as are necessary to fit men for ordinary business, there are always found bright boys in every school who can do the work for him.

In the same advertising pamphlet before quoted I find nine readers, constituting "Sargent's Series of Readers." If but one series existed, we might be content to bear the burden with uncomplaining patience, but the number of these series is legion, and like Greeks and Trojans they maintain a ten years war with one another. The very recommendations which urge their respective claims would make a respectable library. Every series contains five or six volumes. Thirty years ago one reader and one spelling book satisfied the wants of common schools, high schools and academies. Murray's English Reader with Webster's Spelling Book were the only reading books I ever used in the town school and academy. When I became a teacher, Porter's Rhetorical Reader was generally substituted for Murray's. These were excellent books, and they have never been surpassed in the excellence of their selections. When once read, they were read again, till most of the finest passages from the old English authors were learned by heart. The educational power of such books cannot be over-estimated. They furnish the current maxims and apt quotations of practical life. Now, as soon as the stories, dialogues, humorous narratives and political orations, which crowd the pages of modern text-books, have been once read, the prurient fancy of the learner, like Oliver Twist, asks for more, and a second reader is furnished. The great objection to one book is that they have read it till they are weary of it; and yet not one pupil who uses the book can read with the best expression and emphasis one single piece of the selections, or give the rhetorical rules for emphasis, cadence, accent, pitch and melody of a single paragraph. Elocutionists, who astonish the unsophisticated with their oratorical skill, practice upon one piece for months, possibly for years, before they venture to read it in public for criticism. Repetition is the law of success in teaching any art or science.

The great defect in our diversified culture is the want of certain information. We know a little of many things, but have not much definite knowledge of anything. It is in vain for pupil or teacher to exclaim: "I know, but can't tell." No such mental condition is possible. If a man knows, he can tell. Clear conceptions are not, like farewell emotions, too deep for utterance. Hence, it is better to master the first book before we pass to the second; for it is as true of the kingdom of knowledge as of the kingdom of grace: "Whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance." Books are now changed so often as to tax the memory of the pupil to tell what subjects he has studied or where he first heard of them; and they tax the purse of the parent still more to pay for them. How are the poor to be furnished with books? Where the books used in town schools are multiplied by tens and scores, people of limited means cannot supply large families with the mental food required without abridging their material food. Greenleaf's popular sesies of mathematics numbers ten volumes. In teaching arithmetic two only are needed; all beyond this is a mental and pecuniary encumbrance. With Colburn's Intellectual Arithmetic and some good manual of written arithmetic thoroughly studied and understood, any

I remember working, with another boy, through many long winter evenings, by dim-light, on the "hard sums" in Walsh's arithmetic, because our teacher, who could not or would not work them, made us believe that we were "right smart at figures," and that it would be unlikely to our credit to have it said at the examination that we worked every problem without the teacher's aid. We made our own keys. We not only solved every problem but wrote it out neatly and elegantly in a manuscript prepared for the purpose. This is the only true method of success.

bright boy may become the nation's champion in figures. One algebra and one geometry are sufficient for all the wants of all the inventors, designers, engineers and architects in the world while under tutors and governors. When thus educated, they can pursue the higher mathematics without a teacher. Grammars, geographies and philosophies for infant minds, are all comparatively worthless; for children should be confined to the elementary branches of learning, reading, spelling, writing and arithmetic, till they have sufficient mental maturity to understand any well prepared treatise on those higher subjects. Then one book in either of those departments will supply all their reasonable wants.

The ornamental branches, as well as the useful, like Tarpeia, are overwhelmed by their treasures. Book-makers, like Neptune of old, if they cannot govern Attica, seem determined to flood it. A new French grammar, reader, phrase-book and text-book, crowded with questions, notes and explanations, come to us every year, possibly every month. A young lady who has practiced music for five or six years, under different teachers, will have about half a cord of sheet music to be stored with other worthless lumber in the attic. The hymn-books and choir-books for divine service are counted by scores, and each denomination has its own divine songs and sacred music; and these become obsolete in a few years. The laws of the material universe all tend to unity; the world of mind is developed in infinite diversity.

Sabbath schools, too, have felt the pressure of book-makers, who, even in this department of sacred labor, are as manifestly moved to write by "neediness, greediness and vain-glory" as the veriest political scribbler of the hour. The Bible is over-loaded with annotations, commentaries, question-books and paraphrases. The books provided for Sabbath reading are chiefly tales, stories and biographies of consumptive children of precocious piety. Menzel, in his history of German literature, thus speaks of such Christian essays prepared for young ladies: "These sentimental people think that because they have young girls in view, towards whom one should always be polite and tender, God's word, too, must be spoiled by softening down, diluting and sweetening it for them. The language of the Bible seems to them altogether too rude and unmannerly, and so they extract from it, as from the powerful forest plants, a little drop of essence only, mingle it with sugar, put it up in fine post paper, with a neat device, and give it to the dear little babes of grace to swallow, as a godly sugar-plum."

Indeed, our popular literature upon all subjects, sacred and profane, is assuming the form of narrative, and finds expression in stories, novels and romances. It is, therefore, rather superficial, entertaining and attractive, than profound, analytic and didactic. If a man were to read stories till he reached the age of Methuselah, he would not probably grow wiser or better. Novels do not make thinkers, inventors, discoverers or benefactors. Neither do the miscalled helps of the school-room make able reasoners, wise counsellors and eloquent orators. Whoever helps a boy to do what he can accomplish by the industrious use of his own unaided powers, does him an irreparable injury. It is the business of the teacher to awaken curiosity, excite enthusiasm, stimulate industry and, by judicious suggestions, enable the student to achieve his own victories. The three great ends of education, discipline, information and expression, are secured by the hard study, careful reading and frequent speaking of the student himself. By application he acquires mental strength, by reading, intellectual stores, by speaking, oratorical skill. A good teacher may render invaluable assistance to his pupil by showing him *how* to think, *how* to learn and *how* to speak. But *toil* is the price every learner must pay for discipline, knowledge and utterance. A good book greatly aids the teacher in his arduous labors. But if the edge of the tool be blunt, he must put forth the more strength; and, by that very process, become a more vigorous mental athlete. A book, like a key or copious commentary, that makes everything plain to the meanest capacity, is the meanest kind of a book. It degrades

the teacher and demoralizes the pupil. It discourages industry and promotes indolence. Innovation is not necessarily improvement. New processes of teaching are not always royal roads to learning. *New* books are not, as a matter of course, *true* books. In many instances they are lsss valuable than the old. We boast of our freedom of thought and action, and yet much of our intellectual labor is performed by self-constituted agents. Candidates for office make our political creeds; bankers and brokers regulate our finance; speculators control our markets; neighborhood gossips supervise our domestic affairs; and last, though not least, booksellers determine what school books and how many we shall use. Where we need only one, they furnish six; where we need only two, they furnish twelve, and, by the arts of the trade, constrain us to buy them. The number of text-books, like the king's prerogative in Revolutionary times, has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished. We, like our fathers, are taxed without representation. We have no delegates in the councils of the Sanhedrim that decrees the issue of the books we must buy. It is high time for parents to assert their inalienable rights and contend manfully for life, liberty and the pursuit of knowledge. Not a study pursued in our common schools can be named that has not at least twenty authors competing for the public patronage; and there is not one of these authors who has not a large intellectual progeny, and if you adopt one of the children the whole family will come and settle with you. From these rival claimants for popular favor it matters little which you choose, for they are all compilers, and the text which an old divine advised his young disciple to prefix to his *new* sermon would answer as a motto for them all: "Alas! master; for it was borrowed." One series of text-books in reading, arithmetic or grammar is about as good as another; sometimes a little better; but as they are all derived from the same sources, when one is in use it is not wise to exchange it for another. Good teachers and industrious scholars will succeed with any one of them; and the positive excellence of any one of them is far less than the noisy puffers would have us believe.

But if there is no end to the making of books, there is an end to writing about them, and an end to the patience of readers; and, having written enough to call forth the sympathy of those who buy and the hostility of those who sell, I will, here and now, put a period to my desultory criticisms upon authors and books, and leave economy and cupidity to decide the controversy upon other fields. I will close with the poetic advice of Charles Matthews:

"Now, to sum up the whole
Of this long rigmarole,
It's wise to give each man his station;
It's really absurd
To treat all as one herd,
And drive all by the same education,

Try and humor the bent
With which each man is sent
Duly stamped at the hour of his birth,
And assist the poor creature
To better his nature
And act well his part upon earth."

A FANCY.

Long years ago the lily was red as any rose that blows;
The rose was pure and pale as if she slept in Arctic snows.
A gay young zephyr kissed, one day, the trembling rose;
Redly she blushed with pride, and straightway grew a queenly flower;
But the poor lily, with her broken heart, has been a nun from that sad hour.

—*Lucia Moses.*

THE OLD FARM.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

BY EARL ANDERSON.

CHAP. II.

A year and more has passed since Charles Bradley left his New Hampshire hillside home to win fame and honor and worldly wealth, as he fondly hoped, in the New England metropolis. During all this time the friends who have loved him so well have received no message from him in answer to all their anxious letters of inquiry as to his situation and success in life, save a single brief note to Nellie, assuring her of his devotion, but announcing his determination to write no more to any, not even her he loved so well, until he could tell of some sure progress toward the goal of his ambition; so waiting, watching, hoping, the little family in the cottage on the hill have pursued the daily routine of labor and duty.

It is midnight in Boston. The streets are dark, deserted and desolate. The lamps afford but a dull flickering light, and the air is filled with a sleety moisture which congeals on the pavement. Now and then a belated individual passes hurriedly along, to home of comfort or abode of wretchedness—who shall say? "Boston by gaslight" is far from being attractive now, however different at times the case may be. Yonder, across the street, a party of young men emerge from a drinking saloon, and separating with careless words, go their various ways. Let us follow him, who crossing near us, turns into a side street and walks leisurely on, as though communing with his thoughts. His figure seems familiar, and as he passes a street lamp, we discern the well-known features of Charles Bradley. There is less elasticity in his step than on that bright August morning of the previous year when he took his last walk over the old farm, and a look of dejection is discernable upon his countenance. We follow him onward, turning from street to street, till finally he passes up a narrow alley, and, entering a dingy-looking boarding-house ascends to the third story, where he enters a little room with bare floor and walls, and a single window, looking out upon no green fields and waving forests in summer, or snowy expanse of hill and vale in winter, such as greeted his waking eyes each morn from the window of his room at the old homestead; but against a blank brick wall scarce a dozen feet away, across the little back court. Not a golden ray of sunlight in the morning or a glimmer of stars at night finds entrance to the room. No breath of flowers or music of wild birds, wafted on the breeze, could ever greet the senses of its occupant. A narrow bed, a solitary chair, a cheap wash-stand and a small looking-glass, with the same trunk in which he had packed his earthly possessions on the morning of his departure from home, constitute the entire furnishing of Charles Bradley's room. It is indeed a desolate retreat; and yet it is in just such close, bare, uncomfortable rooms as this, with just such cheerless surroundings, and none of the comforts of the happy though humble homes they have left upon the farms all over New England, that hundreds and thousands of our young men are quartered after their hard day's toil in shop, or store, or market-place, or less desirable field of labor, if it so be that they have been fortunate enough to find *any* honest employment! What wonder that some of them, yielding to despondency and desperation, wander into the dark and devious ways of crime and dishonor, and that many more, unable to resist the temptations that beset them, are led by

THE OLD FARM.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

BY MARY ANDERSON.

the allurements of vicious pleasure to spend their leisure hours in the gilded haunts of impurity, leading no less surely if not so directly, to the same deplorable result!

"Fifteen months in Boston and nothing yet accomplished," exclaims the young man, as, having lighted his little lamp and thrown off his hat and coat he drops listlessly upon the bed. "It is enough to make the bravest heart despair; and yet I must resist these temptations or I can never hope to succeed." Then with a firmer tone he adds, "I will break away from these young men whose acquaintance I have made, pleasant as their company is. It is dangerous, I know. A few more nights like this and I shall be beyond recovery."

In these few words of soliloquy we have the key to Charles Bradley's experience in Boston. Arriving in the city a total stranger, young and inexperienced, he soon found that instead of entering at at once on the high road to success his ambitious fancy had pictured, the most he could hope for for the time being, was to secure the opportunity of earning a bare subsistance; and this, indeed, was no easy matter. Several days of fruitless enquiry passed before he found anything to do, and it was only when the small fund of ready money which Mr. Watson had furnished him with when he left home was nearly exhausted, and he felt compelled to search in those directions which his pride had previously kept him from exploring. Finally, and partially by accident, he fell in with a job teamster who wanted some assistance in loading and unloading goods which he was transporting from one of the depots to a large retail grocery store. It was a short job, hard work and small compensation, but better than nothing, and he had absolutely no alternative; he must do something at once, and he accordingly went to work and did his best. In a day or two the work was done; but the teamster promised him the chance to assist whenever he needed help again, and he thus had occasional employment for two or three weeks, till he finally secured steady work at a grocery where he was engaged in putting up and delivering parcels, receiving therefor a weekly compensation but little beyond the amount required for board at the cheerless boarding-house where we now find him, and which has been his only home since the state of his rapidly lessening means compelled the selection of the cheapest attainable accommodations. There he has labored steadily and faithfully, though constantly hoping and anxiously looking for a more favorable situation, but hoping and looking in vain, as it appears thus far.

Of late he has become intimate with several young men of about his own age, employed in neighboring stores, and instead of going to his boarding-house when the long day's work is ended, which is not till late in the evening, he has joined them in visiting cheap places of amusement and resorts of dissipation, where he has at times, although against his convictions of propriety, indulged in drinking, but never to excess; but to-night, as we have seen, he has realized his danger, and with the firm spirit, happily not yet broken, fortified by that innate pride which often does more than all other influences to save young men from ruin, he has determined to break away from his associations before it is too late.

A few weeks have passed since the night when we saw Charles Bradley. There has come no change in his situation. It is the same constant round of arduous toil from early morn till late at night. His employers are satisfied with his labors and know him to be honest and faithful, but they have no better situation to give, and will make no increase in his wages, for, as they claim, they can hire others equally industrious and serviceable for the same, or even less. Indeed, hardly a day passes but they are besought more than once by intelligent appearing young men from the country, who have been long seeking in vain for work in the city, to give them employment at just such wages as will pay for the cheapest meals and the poorest lodging. With no chance for promotion or increase of wages where he is, and no prospect of more desirable or remunera-

tive employment elsewhere, Charles has determined to make a change. His present condition seems hopeless; he can be no worse off anywhere, and there is a possibility at least that he can do better in another place. But where shall he go, and how?

He has thought much of the West, and many a time wished himself in Chicago. If he could only reach that great, growing Western city, where there is so much to do and where great fortunes are quickly made, it has seemed to him a hundred times that he could find almost any position he might desire, and that advancement and wealth would surely and rapidly follow. But all the money he had in the world, after paying his week's board and other necessary bills, would go but a little way toward purchasing even a second-class ticket to Chicago. It would barely be sufficient to take him back to the old home in New Hampshire. Should he return, like the prodigal son, and resume his place in the old home circle? They would all gladly welcome him there, he had no doubt, and he would be happy indeed to see them all again, especially the bright-eyed, warm-hearted Nellie, whom he had not ceased to love, though he had sent her no missive of affection for so many long months. Once he was almost tempted to go back, and, surrendering his ambitious hopes, resume the old round of farm labor. Certainly it was not the mere dread of "drudgery," as he had once termed it, that prevented him from so doing, for he had already learned enough of the outside world to realize that he could nowhere walk on to success through paths of ease and pleasure. His pride came up in the way, and he could not vanquish it. He could not humiliate himself sufficiently to go home and admit his mistake and failure. A false pride we may term it, and yet it is the same obstacle which in thousands of cases has stood in the way of human happiness and prosperity. Few among us, indeed, there are who, at some time or other and perhaps very often, have not been influenced to a greater or less extent by this same sentiment. Again the vision of his ambition came up before him, and he determined to continue its pursuit.

To Chicago, then, he is resolved to go, but how to get there is a difficult question to solve. Some way he will accomplish his purpose, even if he has to go on foot and earn his bread and lodging on the way by working at the farm-yards, or at any odd jobs he may secure. Fortune, however, favors him for once. Driving down a crowded street in the store wagon, on his way to deliver goods, a day or two later, he sees just ahead an old man who has missed his footing in crossing the street, and fallen to the pavement almost under the feet of a pair of horses attached to an omnibus, whose driver has not perceived the fallen man. Springing to the ground in an instant, Charles seizes and stops the horses and assists the old man to his feet. He is only slightly bruised, and is soon able to go on his way, which he insists upon doing, though Charles urges him in vain to accept his assistance. Thanking Charles warmly for his fortunate aid, he asks his name, and, giving his card in return, invites him to call at the Tremont House, where he is stopping, that evening.

"John Austin, Chicago, Ill.," was the address which appeared upon the card. All through the day Charles is thinking more of his adventure, of the old man he had assisted, and the city in which he lived, than of his wearisome labor, which, however, he performs with a lighter heart than for many months, for he has a presentiment that some good fortune is in store for him. Through the good offices of a fellow employe, who consented to do what was required of him for the balance of the evening, Charles was enabled to leave the store at a much earlier hour than usual, and having put himself in as presentable condition as the limits of his plain wardrobe allowed, he was soon on the way to the Tremont House. Entering the office, he presented the card he had received and asked for him whose name it bore. A waiter was sent to conduct him to Mr. Austin's room. Rapping at the door, a cheerful voice bade him "come in," and, entering, he was most cordially received by the old gentleman to whom he had so luckily been of service. Mr. Austin was about

seventy years of age, but with a slightly stooping figure, which gave him the appearance of an older man to the casual observer. His benevolent countenance and cheerful voice were well calculated to inspire the confidence of all with whom he came in contact, and in a few moments Charles felt perfectly at ease in his presence, entering readily into conversation, so that he had soon imparted all the essential facts in the history of his short life, and all his hopes and aspirations, and especially his great desire to go to Chicago. Mr. Austin had recently retired from business in that city, where he had lived many years and which was still his home, but now, having lost all his family by death, he was travelling about the country by easy stages, seeking physical rest and mental diversion. He gave Charles much good advice, and assured him that he would find no easy road to success, even in Chicago; but finding him anxious and determined to go, insisted upon his accepting from him, as a slight testimony of his regard and partial compensation for the service he had rendered him, a through railway ticket to that city, and a sum of money sufficient to support him for several weeks.

Charles hesitated at first about accepting the gift, but it being urged upon him not as a reward but as a return service, which his venerable friend could readily and most gladly render, he hesitated no longer.

Two days later, having closed his labors at the store, and with a letter of recommendation from his employers, and another from Mr. Austin, introducing him to a business friend in that city, Charles had left Boston on a through train for the new "Mecca" of his ambition.

PHYSICAL DEGENERACY.

[From the Nashua School Report for 1876, by John H. Goodale, Superintendent.]

The deterioration of the people of New England in physical strength, size and energy is a fact which constantly confronts us. It is clearly evident that under the present conditions of city life, at home and at school, a child of American parentage stands a poor chance to enter upon a career of life having a good physical system—a body healthy, strong, well formed, and of good size.

The saying of Ralph Waldo Emerson that "the first requisite to success in life is to be a good animal," embodies a fundamental principle in the science of education. Without a sound constitution the most intelligent and laborious man is comparatively powerless. The sport of painful maladies, he finds himself fettered at every step in his career. Letters, science, the arts, crafts the most humble, and the higher professions—nothing is possible without good health. The rare exceptional cases, like that of Pope, in which a prodigious amount of work is accomplished by a life-long invalid only shows that a mighty pressure of steam may do wonders with a crazy engine, one time in a thousand. In all other cases the result is speedy wreck.

The physical training of school children should, therefore, command the most careful attention of parents, teachers, and school authorities. Let them give earnest heed to the care and development of the body as well as of the mind. It is the home, the instrument, the perpetual companion of the soul. Let the children themselves be taught to know that feeding on sweetmeats, sipping coffee, and lounging on the sofa will not make them scholars or fit them for the severer emergencies of life. Rather, let them eat brown bread and beef in generous slices. Let them wield the axe,

and sledge, grasp the hoe, trundle the wheelbarrow. Let them leap into every day as into a new paradise, "over a wall of eight hours' solid sleep." Let them of a Saturday hie away over the breezy hills, with fit companions, in utter forgetfulness of lessons, drills and examinations, until "every drop of blood in their veins tingles with the delight of mere animal existence." Let them in the absence of practical toil, poise the dumb-bell, pitch the quoit, glide on skates, or dash down the frozen hill-side. Only let all these things be done in such measure and manner as shall develop brawn and muscle, health and vigor, and with a distinct recognition of their own higher nature and capacities.

We are led to be the more emphatic in calling attention to this subject from our knowledge of the conditions of health now existing in the schools of Nashua. Of the girls fourteen years of age and upwards thirty-three per cent. (one-third) are either invalids, more or less affected with a disease of the heart, liver, lungs, or some other vital organ disqualifying them for the mental work of the school-room, or they are suffering from that "nervous sensibility" which was unknown to New England girlhood half a century ago. In truth, so prevalent and so well understood is this general debility of school girls, that during the past year a petition numerously signed by the matrons of this city and by several well-known physicians was presented to the School Board requesting them to abolish the regulation of marching up and down the stairways at recess—an exercise requiring but little more exertion than the ordinary marches and countermarches on the pavements.

During last term, of the eighty-three girls in the High School twenty-nine presented a written statement from the family physician certifying that on account of feeble health it was desirable that they should be relieved from some of the regular exercises of the school.

Now, this physical inability does not mainly arise from the influences of school life, but rather from causes over which teachers and school authorities have no control. Home counsel and home influence are the controlling force in determining the habits and health of our children. Especially is this true of girls, who are usually the earliest to betray physical infirmity. The indulgence of a morbid appetite for improper food; transition from over-heated rooms to a piercing atmosphere; late hours and insufficient sleep; free indulgence in the exhausting excitements of fashion and fanciful reading furnish a solution to the mystery of degenerate health and vigor so visible among school girls. At an age when nothing should be left to the uncontrolled will of the inexperienced and thoughtless, it is unnecessary to argue that the young school miss, who leaves a heated hall or a social circle at ten or eleven o'clock at night all aglow with physical exercise and an excited imagination, will not be in good preparation for the school work of the next day. Dull recitations, heavy eyes, and drooping spirits will constitute the day's experience—to be succeeded in due time by failing health.

These conditions of health so prevalent in all the Eastern States are attracting the careful attention of the highest scientific and medical authorities of the country. Their investigations will at least awaken attention to existing facts, and suggest to parents the inquiry as to what changes must be made in the industrial, the social, and the moral training of the young to correct these evils. In a recent paper written by Dr. Lincoln of Boston, an able and intelligent investigator of sanitary facts, alluding to the wide-spread sources of nervous degeneracy, he says:

"Our nation is suffering from certain wide-spread sources of nervous degeneracy. Give the child a constitution derived from excitable parents; a diet in childhood most abundant, but most unwholesome, and based upon a national disregard of the true principles of cookery; a set of teeth which early fail to do their duty; a climate which at its best is extremely trying; add to these influences those of a moral nature, arising from the democratic constitution of our country, spurring on every man, woman and child to indulge in personal ambition, the desire to rise in society, to grow rich, to get office, to get everything under the heavens; add a set of social habits, as

and sledge, grasp the hoe, trundle the wheelbarrow. Let them leap into every day as into a new paradise, "over a well of eight hours' solid sleep." Let them of a Saturday bie away over the brown hills, with fit companions, in utter forgetfulness of lessons, drills and examinations, until "every drop of blood in their velvet thighs with the delight of mere animal existence." Are there in the absence of practical toil, poise the dumb-bell, pitch the quoit, glide on skates, or dash down the frozen hill-side. Only let all these things be done in such measure and manner as shall develop brawn and muscle, health and vigor, and with a distinct recognition of their own higher nature and capacities.

We are not to be the more complete in calling attention to this neglect from our knowledge of the conditions of health now existing in the schools of Boston. Of the girls between years of age and upwards thirty-three per cent. (one-third) are either invalids, more or less affected with a disease of the heart, liver, lungs, or some other vital organ disqualifying them for the mental work of the school-room, or they are suffering from that "nervous sensibility" which was unknown to New England girlhood half a century ago. In truth, as previous and as well understood is this general debility of school girls that during the past year a petition, numerously signed by the matrons of this city and by several well-known physicians was presented to the School Board requesting them to abolish the regulation of marching up and down the aisles—a rare—an exercise requiring but little more exertion than the ordinary marches and countermarches on the pavement.

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applied to the life of young girls and boys, which is utterly atrocious, which robs so many of them of their childhood at the age of ten or twelve, and converts them to simpering, self-conceited flirts and men of the world, *ruses*, and independent of control, a depraved and pitiable breed of 'little women and little men'; add finally that we have now a population of twelve millions dwelling in cities, and exposed to those deteriorating influences which notoriously belong to city life; give the child these conditions to grow up under, and can you wonder that he or she 'deviates from the type' of the sturdy Anglo-Saxon pioneer who settled this continent?"

EDITORIAL MEMORANDA.

We are glad to note the announcement of a "Dictionary of New Hampshire Biography," the preparation of which work has been undertaken by Rev. Silas Ketchum, formerly pastor of the Congregational church at Bristol, a man of large culture and historical and antiquarian research, who from his tastes and habits, as well as his great interest in everything pertaining to the history and progress of the State, is eminently well qualified for the faithful performance of the work. In a future issue we shall have something farther to say, relative to the proposed work.

During the past year quite a number of the prominent citizens of the State in the various walks of life have been called to their final home. Among them were some of the ablest and most distinguished in their several professions and occupations. Among the more prominent may be mentioned, Hon. Daniel M. Christie of Dover, the Nestor of the New Hampshire bar, Prof. Alpheus Benning Crosby, one of the ablest physicians and surgeons in the entire country, Rev. Dr. J. H. Eames of Concord, the distinguished Episcopalian divine, and President Asa D. Smith of Dartmouth College, well known in the educational world.

The prevalence of political corruption in our country, manifesting itself in various forms, and especially in that most deplorable phase—the barter and sale of the elective franchise—has long been viewed with deep concern by all patriotic citizens. That it is even more prevalent in our own than in most other States, is a lamentable fact that cannot be gainsayed, and yet we are not ready to concede that our citizens are more susceptible to corrupting influences than those of other States. The truth is New Hampshire has long been a sort of political stamping ground for both of tne great contending parties. The closely balanced relation of the parties in the State, and the fact that the New Hampshire election, coming as it does first in the year, has always been regarded as the "signal gun" of the political campaign, fully account for the lamentable degree of corruption manifested in influencing the result. This has originated in a comparatively large extent outside the State. Unprincipled partisans in all parts of the country, and especially at the federal capital, have exerted themselves to the extent of their power, and with little regard to the character of the means employed, to carry the New Hampshire election for the one party or the other for the sake of the prestige to be gained, and the influence of the result upon elections to follow in other States; so that ours has been made, to a large degree, the "scape goat," so to speak, for the political iniquities of the country at large. Fortunately this condition of things is to continue with us no longer. After the election now nearly at hand New Hampshire will not be called upon to open the political campaign of the year, but will fall into line with the great body of States holding their election in November. The change will be generally hailed with joy, as a relief from undue partisan excitement, and extraordinarily corrupting influences.

THE

GRANITE MONTHLY.

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, HISTORY AND STATE PROGRESS.

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HON. FRANK A. McKEAN.

In the first number of the GRANITE MONTHLY we gave a sketch and portrait of GOV. BENJAMIN F. PRESCOTT, who has since been nominated by the Republican party for re-election to the gubernatorial office. In accordance with the suggestion of many of our patrons, and as most appropriate at this time, we present our readers in this number with a biographical sketch and accompanying portrait of the HON. FRANK A. MCKEAN of Nashua, who received the nomination of the recent Democratic State Convention for Governor.

Mr. McKean's paternal ancestry was of the staunch old Scotch-Irish stock which settled in the north of Ireland more than two hundred and fifty years ago, and from whose midst, in the fall of 1718, there came over to this country a colony of emigrants, who in the following year located in the region then called "Nutfield," subsequently called Londonderry, from Londonderry, Ireland, the town from which most of the colonists had come, and in whose memorable defence against the forces of King James II. some of them had participated. James McKeen (the name was originally spelled *McKeen*, and is to the present time by most branches of the family), of whom the subject of our sketch is a direct descendant of the sixth generation, was a determined supporter of the Protestant cause, and took an active part in the defence of Londonderry. He had three sons, James, John and William. James and John joined the company which prepared to emigrate to America, but John, who was the ancestor of Frank A. McKean, died before the embarkation, yet his widow and four children (three sons and a daughter) with his brother James and his family, including his son-in-law, James Nesmith (great-grandfather of Hon. George W. Nesmith of Franklin), came over with the colony. James McKeen was a prominent member of the colony and became a leading citizen of the new town of Londonderry, being the first commissioned Justice of the Peace in the town, and prominent in the management of public affairs. He had a large family of children, his son John marrying Mary, the daughter of his brother John, and among their children was Rev. Joseph McKeen, D. D., first President of Bowdoin College.

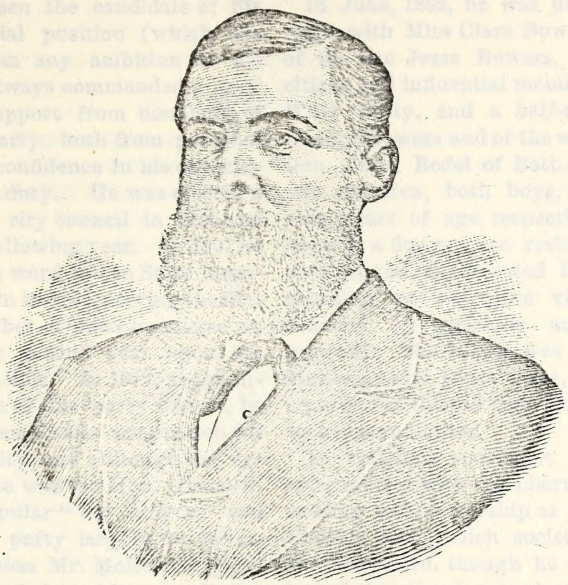
The three sons of John McKeen, above mentioned, who came over with their widowed mother, were James, Robert and Samuel. The latter subsequently settled in the town of Amherst. He reared a family of ten children, six sons and four daughters. Three of the sons were soldiers in the French and Indian war, and all lost their lives at the hands of the Indians, one at the capture of Ft. William Henry, and another, Robert, at the battle of Wyoming. The latter was the grandfather of Hon. Samuel McKeen, Senator in Congress from the State of Pennsylvania. His sixth son, William, who settled in Deering, also

had a large family, one of whom was William McKeen, Jr., the grandfather of Frank A. McKean, who became a prominent citizen and was a member of the State Senate in 1844 and 1845.

Hon. Albert McKean, son of William McKeen, Jr., and father of Frank A., was born in the town of Deering in the year 1810. When quite young, he took his worldly possessions in a bundle and walked to Francestown, where he secured a position in the country store of Messrs. Clark & Dodge, a well-known firm in that region, in whose employ he remained several years, till he commenced business for himself in a general store at Hillsborough Bridge. He remained at Hillsborough but a short time, however, removing to Nashua in 1833, where he has ever since resided, being successfully engaged in trade in a general store until 1851, when he disposed of his business and became cashier of the Indian Head Bank, which position he retained until 1867, when, the bank having been reorganized as a National Bank, he established a private banking house. Mr. McKean has always been a decided Democrat, taking a deep interest in public and political affairs. He was a member of the N. H. House of Representatives in 1843 and 1844, of the State Senate in 1851, and a member of the Executive Council in 1874. He is still living, in the full enjoyment of his bodily health and mental powers. He married, soon after commencing business, a Miss Paine of Rhode Island, by whom he has had four children, a son—Frank A.—and three daughters. One of the daughters died in infancy. The others are now the wives of two brothers, George F. and Isaac N. Andrews, both residing in Nashua.

FRANK A. McKEAN was born in Nashua, Oct. 13, 1840, and is, therefore, now in his thirty-eighth year. He attended the public schools of his native city, which, by the way, have long been known as among the best in the State, and was afterward for about a year a student at the Green Mountain Liberal Institute, at South Woodstock, Vt., where he was a classmate of Hosea W. Parker, now of Claremont, late member of Congress from the Third District. After this he was for some time under the tuition of Rev. Farrington McIntire, who kept a private school for boys, where he finished a thorough college preparatory course,

From early boyhood it had been young McKean's ambition to enter the Military Academy at West Point. To that end his prepartory education had been directed, and having attained the proper age for admission and the requisite preparation, he made application, through the Secretary of War, for an appointment at large by the President, knowing it to be useless to apply for the appointment by the member of Congress in that District, who was a Republican and entirely unlikely to consider such a request from the son of a prominent Democrat. His application was aocompanied by letters of recommendation from Hon. Harry Hibbard, Hon. John S. Wells, and other distinguished Democratic politicians, and he was also personally recommended by ex-President Pierce. Soon afterward he received a communication from the Secretary of War, John B. Floyd, stating that his application and accompanying recommendations were duly received and submitted to the President, and adding that he might rest assured he would receive the desired appointment. Time passed, and he heard nothing further until he saw the list of appointments of cadets at large made by the President, but his name was not among them. Some time after, when in Washington, President Pierce, who as a personal friend of Albert McKean had taken an interest in the matter, in the course of an interview with President Buchanan alluded to the subject and inquired how it happened that the appointment was not made, when Mr. Buchanan informed him that he had never seen the application. As all or nearly all of the ten cadets at large appointed by the President at this time were from the South, it seems entirely probable the Secretary of War, Floyd, purposely withheld from the President Mr. McKean's application, with those of others from the North, so as to secure the appointments for Southerners. This was about midway in President Buchanan's term of office, when, as it will be remembered, the Southern leaders



HON. FRANK A. McKEAN.

were preparing for the emergency of war between the sections, and consequently taking to themselves all possible advantages within their reach.

Failing to attain the object of his ambition, Mr. McKean taught school awhile, and subsequently entered the bank of which his father was cashier, in the capacity of teller, where he remained until, in 1867, he engaged as a partner with his father in the private banking house then established under the firm name of A. McKean & Co. This firm transacted a large and successful business, commanding the full confidence of the business men of Nashua, until, in 1875, the managers of the Indian Head National Bank, fully realizing the advantage to be derived by the consolidation of its business with their own, entered into negotiation with the Messrs. McKean to that end, and the arrangement was soon duly consummated. Under this arrangement Frank A. McKean became Cashier of the Indian Head National Bank, a position which he now fills, at a salary of $4000 per annum, one of the conditions of the engagement being that his father might attend to his duties in the bank for a limited portion of the time, when he might find it necessary to be absent. With a thorrough training in and natural aptitude for the business, he ranks among the most efficient and reliable bank officials in the State, and the institution with which he is connected is fortunate in commanding his services.

For three years previous to July last (when he resigned) Mr. McKean held the position of special agent or adjuster for the N. H. Fire Insurance Co., in performance of the duties of which position he was brought much in contact with business men in different sections of the State. He was recently chosen one of the directors of the company. He is also a member of the board of directors of the Nashua & Lowell Railroad, and assistant treasurer of the Nashua & Rochester Railroad.

In politics, in which he has been much interested from youth, Mr. McKean, like

his father, has always been an active and earnest Democrat, yet never so strong a partisan as to regard the public interest secondary to partisan advantage. Whenever he has been the candidate of his party for official position (which has never been from any ambition of his own) he has always commanded a very considerable support from members of the opposite party, both from personal friendship and confidence in his capacity and fidelity to duty. He was elected a member of the city council in 1866 and re-elected the following year. In 1867 he represented his ward in the State Legislature, and again in 1868, serving the first year as a member of the Committee on Banks and the second year upon the Railroad Committee. In 1873, at the urgent solicitation of his party friends, he accepted the Democratic nomination for Mayor of the city, and although the opposing candidate was the Hon. Hiram F. Morrill, the popular "war Mayor," and the Republican party largely in the ascendant, such was Mr. McKean's popularity that he was elected by a small plurality. He gave the city a vigorous, impartial and economical administration, so completely satisfactory to the people that, although all the expedients known to political warfare were resorted to to defeat his re-election the following year, he then received a plurality of 353 votes, and an actual majority of 105.

Aside from those mentioned above, Mr. McKean has held no public position except that of Bank Commissioner for a short time under Governor Weston, to which he was appointed against his own protest and finally consented to hold only till a successor could be found. It was only through the continued and earnest solicitation of personal friends and party leaders in different sections of the State, that he was finally induced to consent to the presentation of his name as a candidate for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination; but his selection at the recent State Convention of the party by a larger and more unanimous vote than had ever before been accorded any candidate of either party in the State, upon a first nomination, indicates a strong hold upon the popular confidence.

In June, 1862, he was united in marriage with Miss Clara Bowers, daughter of the late Jesse Bowers, a prominent citizen and influential member of the old Whig party, and a half-sister of Col. George Bowers and of the wife of the late Gen. John Bedel of Bath. They have two children, both boys, thirteen and nine years of age respectively. Their home is a fine modern residence on Concord St., in an elevated locality, commanding an extensive view, and surrounded by spacious and well-kept grounds. The house was built by Mr. McKean some years since, and occupies a portion of the old farm formerly owned by his grandfather.

In religious sentiment Mr. McKean sympathizes with the liberal element, attending public worship at the Unitarian Church, with which society the family are connected, though he is not a member of the church organization. He is a prominent member of the Masonic fraternity, having received all the degrees known to the order, and is at present Junior Warden of the Grand Lodge of the State. He is also a member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, belonging to both the lodge and encampment at Nashua. He was chosen an honorary member of the famous military organization known as the Amoskeag Veterans a few years since, and takes a lively interest in the welfare of that notable battalion of citizen soldiery.

Mr. McKean is of fine personal appearance and pleasing address, a ready conversationalist, and equally at home in social and business circles. Of unblemished reputation in private as well as public life, respected alike by the humble laborer and the wealthy and aristocratic citizen, because treating them alike with consideration and respect, his popularity is indeed commensurate with his merits.

PLEASURE.

BY MARY HELEN BOODEY.

Two brown butterflies, dotted with gold,
Swift of wing and fair to behold,
Sailed along with pleasure untold
Through a beautiful valley;
Flow'rets bloomed on every side,
Bright with beauty and gay with pride,
And a shining rill down the mountain side
Tinkled most musically.

On the butterflies' gold the sun shone warm,
There was naught to sadden and naught to harm,
Life was full of a varied charm,
As they loitered through the valley;
Sipping the honey and drinking the dew,
Pleased with all that met their view,
Earth so green and sky so blue,
Who would not thus dally?

Oh! this was Fairyland, I ween,
And one was king and one was queen
Of the fairest realm that ever was seen,
These butterflies brown and golden;
And so they ruled in royal state,
Full of the bliss of a happy fate,
And kept their kingdom inviolate,
Not dreaming 'twas lightly holden.

But a monster grim, whose name was Change,
Looked over the top of the mountain range,
And all the scene grew wild and strange;
Alas! for the reign of Pleasure!
The sky became one black, black cloud,
And the voice of the wind wailed fierce and loud,
The weeping mists did weave a shroud,
And Joy had won its measure.

"Alas! alas! alas!" they cry,
Saddened King and Queen Butterfly,
Drenched and chilled, they will surely die,
Their royal reign is over.
A mocking voice seems to cry "Ha! ha!"
And the rushing wind bears from afar
The secret moan of a falling star,
For Joy is a sad, sad rover.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF GEN. JAMES REED.

BY AMOS J. BLAKE, ESQ.

Gen. James Reed, the original proprietor of Monadnock Number 4, now Fitzwilliam, New Hampshire, was a native of Woburn, Massachusetts, where he was born in the year 1724. He was a descendant, in the fifth generation, of William and Mabel Reed, who sailed from London July, 1635, and arrived in Boston in October the same year; and in 1648 settled in Woburn.

He was the eldest son of Joseph and Sarah (Rice) Reed of Woburn. His ancestors had lived in Woburn since the settlement of William, the emigrant. Of the early life and education of James Reed no record remains. His official papers and correspondence, while they bear evidence of superior abilities, show that his literary advantages, like many of his cotemporaries, were somewhat limited. He married Abigail Hinds of New Salem, and first settled in Brookfield, and afterwards in that part of Lunenburg now Fitchburg. His dwelling stood upon the site of the present City Hall. The records of both Brookfield and Lunenburg show him to have been a member of the church in both places.

His military life commenced in 1755, when he served in the campaign against the French and Indians, commanding a company of provincial troops under Colonel Brown. In the same capacity he served with General Abercrombie in 1758, at Ticonderoga; and with General Amherst, in 1759. He was employed in various public services until the peace of 1763. In the year 1765 he settled in Fitzwilliam, and in 1770 he received the commission of Lieutenant-Colonel. The lapse of time has hidden from view the detailed account of his services in these campaigns; but his early selection by his countrymen for the command of a regiment at the beginning of the Revolution indicates that his military career was creditable to himself and valuable to his country. It was in this severe school that he, like many of the officers of the Revolution, acquired that military skill which gave strength and efficiency to the Continental army.

On the 19th of May, 1773, Col. Reed with several others received a grant of Fitzwilliam, or Monadnock Number 4, from John Wentworth, the Provincial Governor of New Hampshire. In 1770, he, with his family, settled about a mile northwesterly of the centre village in Fitzwilliam, where he erected a large and commodious house. Being the owner of a considerable portion of the area of the town, he was actively employed in promoting its settlement, and for those times was considered wealthy; and the first school in Fitzwilliam was taught in his house by Miss Sarah Harris, at the age of seventeen. His name appears upon the records as the leading spirit of the town. He was Proprietor's Clerk and Moderator of the town meetings for several years after its incorporation.

On the breaking out of the Revolution, he was among the first to embrace the cause of his country and serve in its defence. Upon the tidings of the battle of Lexington he raised a company of volunteers and marched at their head to Medford. His ardor in the cause did not permit him to be idle. He continued to enlist volunteers, and soon had four companies enrolled under his standard. He afterwards repaired to Exeter, and was appointed Colonel of a regiment by the New Hampshire Provincial Assembly on the first of June, 1775. On the following day he received verbal orders from General Folsom at Exeter to repair to the western part of the State and collect the men whom he had previously enlisted for the service, and in pursuance therewith he immediately set out to collect and organize his regiment. He was at Fitzwilliam on the 8th of June, as ap-

pears by his letters of that date to the Provincial Congress, recommending the appointment of Andrew Colburn of Marlborough Major of the next regiment which should be raised. He soon after marched his command to Cambridge. By his communication to the Committee of Safety at Exeter we learn that he arrived there on the 12th of the month. He waited on Gen. Ward, who ordered his command to Medford on account of the throng of soldiers at Cambridge. On reaching Medford he was informed by Col. Stark that no quarters could be there obtained. In this dilemma he again applied to Gen. Ward, who issued the order "that Col. Reed quarter his regiment in the houses near Charlestown Neck, and keep all necessary guards between the barracks and ferry, and on Bunker Hill." On the 13th he marched his regiment to the Neck, where they obtained good quarters. On the 14th he issued regimental orders—ten in number. They were stringent in their terms, and from their tenor they indicate that the position of the regiment was an important one, and that vigilance was necessary for the safety of the command.

Col. James Reed's Regimental Orders.

[Copied from MS. State Pap. Rev'n, Vol. I., p. 254.]

Charlestown, June the 14, 1775.

REGIMENTAL ORDERS.

1st. That each Capt. or Commanding officer of each company Immediately make a True Return of all the men they and their Recruiting officers have inlisted according to a form given them by the Adjutants.

2ly. That each officer see that there Companys are a quipt with ten Rounds at lest of Powder and Ball and that there Fierlocks are kept in good order at all Times and give there men spechal orders not to fire a gun on any account whatever unless Besett by the enemy.

3ly. That each Comander of a Company imbody all his Company that are of from Duty Twice a day to Exercise them in the best manar for Larning the arts of War.

4ly That each officer give spechal orders to these soldiers that they do no Damag to any of the Houses where they are Quartered or to any Garden or Grass in any parts of this Town on pain of being punished according to the ofence.

5ly. That no soldier be allowed to strool from his Company or pass from his incampment to Charlestown Ferrey or to any other incampment without leve from there officers.

6ly. That each Commanding officer of each Company cause the Rules and Regulations for the army to be Read at the Hed of the Respective Companys fourthwith and it is expected that all officers and soldiers govern themselves accordingly.

7ly. That the Officers see that the men and Barracks are kept clean.

8ly. That there be a Garde praded this afternoon at 6 o'clock of the same Number of officers and soldiers that are now on Garde to releve Capt. Whitcomb and his party and that the Adjutant and orderly Sargants keep a good Roster so that neither officer or soldier be called upon for duty out of there proper Turn.

9ly. That there be no Noyse in Camp after nine o'clock at Knight but all to Repair to their Logens or Barraks.

10ly. That Ephraim Stone is apointed Quarter master serjant until further orders.

JAMES REED, Coll.

The same day he wrote a communication to the Committee of Safety at Exeter, giving a detailed account of his movements since he had left Exeter, and closed by stating the want of a Chaplain, Surgeon and Armorer for his regiment. On the 15th he issued a supplementary order, which added to the stringency and efficiency of the former. A better idea of this order may be gathered by giving it entire:

"Charlestown, June the 15, 1775.

REGIMENTAL ORDERS—The main Gard this day is to consist of one Capt. 2 Luts. 4 sergeants, 4 corporals and 50 privets. The Capt of the main Gard is to keep a trusty Sergeant with the Senterys in the Street below the Gard house to examin all pasangers Let none pars without shoing proper pases in the Day time and none to pass after Nine o'clock at Knight without giving the counter sine and no Sentrey is to set down on his post and when any field officer pases them to stand with their firelocks Rested no soldier to swim in the water on the Sabath day nor on any other Day to stay in the water Longer than is nesasarey to wash themselves.

Signed JAMES REED, Coll.

This order is characteristic of the man and shows that no lack of discipline and vigilance was allowed in his command, that they might be prepared for a movement which, it is reasonably inferred, he was aware would soon be made. The crisis was close at hand. On the morning of the memorable 17th of June he was the first officer of his rank on the field, and his the only regiment from New Hampshire ready for action on the morning of the battle of Bunker Hill. He was stationed on the left wing, by the rail fence, where he was joined at two o'clock in the afternoon by Col. Stark. This was, by all accounts, the hottest as well as the best fought portion of the field. The ready genius of Col. Reed designed the parapet, which, constructed by the brave soldiers of New Hampshire under fire of the enemy's batteries, so wonderfully preserved them from the disasters of the day. This parapet consisted of a breastwork of stones hastily thrown across the beach to Mystic River,

and a rail fence extending up the hillside to the redoubt. It was in front of the breastwork that the British lines were three times hurled back under the deadly fire of Reed and Stark. Here the most efficient fighting was done; and here the greatest number of dead were lying when the battle had ceased. After the third and last repulse the New Hampshire troops raised the shout of victory, rushed over the fence and pursued the retreating foe until restrained by Col. Stark. This post, so nobly defended through the action and so resolutely maintained against the last assault of the British, after the redoubt had fallen, defeated General Howe's design of cutting off the main body. After the redoubt had given way, this heroic band slowly retreated, and Col. Reed was the last officer who left the field.

He remained with the army after its command was assumed by General Washington, being posted upon Winter Hill, and upon the reorganization of the forces on the first of January, 1776, his regiment was ranked second in the Continental Army.

The evacuation of the British troops on the 17th of March concluded the siege of Boston, and Colonel Reed accompanied the army on its movement to New York in the following April. On the 24th of April he was put into the 3d Brigade under General Sullivan, and was soon after ordered up the Hudson to relieve the force under Arnold. The following receipt, extracted from the American Archives, given on his departure from New York, serves to illustrate the confidence reposed in Colonel Reed:

NEW YORK, April 29, 1776.
Then received from Gen. Washington three boxes, said to contain three hundred thousand dollars, to be delivered to Gen. Schuyler at Albany,
Signed JAMES REED.

The money above alluded to was doubtless for the payment of Schuyler's army. Sullivan's command passed over the ground which was familiar to Colonel Reed by his campaigns in the previous wars, as far as the mouth of the river Sorrel. Here they met the retreating army, and Gen. Sullivan assumed the command. Col. Reed's skill and fortitude in the conduct of the retreat is highly spokon of. On one occasion, in the absence of Arnold, he received and held a talk with the chiefs of some Indian tribes. It was managed with address and successfully concluded by Colonel Reed, and the pledges of their friendly disposition were transmitted by him to the President of Congress. The retreat reached Ticonderoga on the 1st of July, 1776. A worse foe than the enemy at this time attacked the American army. Disease, the unfailing attendant of hardship and exposure, now broke out and prevailed to an alarming extent. Smallpox, dysentery and malignant fevers rapidly thinned the ranks of the patriot army. Colonel Reed was attacked with fever at Crown Point, and, perhaps for want of proper medical treatment, suffered the loss of his sight. This calamity terminated his prospects for any further usefulness in the service of his country. It was while thus suffering from dangerous illness he was created a Brigadier General of the Continental Army. He was appointed by Congress on the 9th of August, 1776, on the recommendation of General Washington. On the 2d of September Gen. Gates speaks of him as so ill at Fort George that he would probably not be fit for service in that campaign. He received orders from Gen. Washington to join him at headquarters, but on account of sickness was unable to comply. He eventually retired from the army on half pay until the close of the war.

He returned to Fitzwilliam, where he resided until the year 1783, when he moved to Keene. Here his Abigail died. The following inscription was taken from the large headstone of slate erected to her memory in the cemetery at Keene;

"In memory of Mrs. Abigail, wife of Genl. James Reed, who departed this life August 27th, 1791, in the 68th year of her age.
There's nothing here but who as nothing weighs.
The more our joy the more we know it's vain;
Lose then from earth the grasp of fond desire,
Weigh anchor and some happier clime explore."

Hale, in his "Annals of Keene," says that Gen. Reed, whose ordinary residence was Fitzwilliam, is remembered here as an old blind man, and as almost daily seen, after the close, of the war, walking up and down Main Street, aiding and guided by Mr. Washburn, who

was paralyzed on one side. He resumed his residence in Fitzwilliam, where he married for his second wife Molly Farrar of the same town. About the year 1800 he removed to Fitchburg, where he spent the remainder of his days. He died at Fitchburg, February 13, 1807, aged eighty-three years, and was buried with military honors. In the old burying ground at Fitchburg stands his monument, quite elaborate for the times, which bears the following quaint inscription:

"In the various military scenes in which his country was concerned from 1755 to the superior conflict, distinguished in our history as the Revolution, he sustained commissions in that Revolution. At the important post of Lake George he totally lost his sight. From that period to his death he received from his country the retribution allowed to Pensioners of the rank of Brigadier General."

In all the relations of a long and useful life, Gen. Reed sustained the highest character for honesty and integrity. In the numerous records relating to him there is naught found but words of praise. Wherever his name is mentioned by his comrades in arms, from Washington down, it is in terms of commendation and eulogy. He was emphatically a Christian warrior. In the church records of the various towns where he resided his name is enrolled among the records of each, and his military orders bespeak the Christian as well as the soldier. Upon the records of the Congregational Church in Fitzwilliam we find the following:

"James Reed, admitted March 27, 1771. Dismissed to church in Keene, June 29, 1783. Abigail Reed, admitted September 22, 1771. Dismissed to church in Keene, June 29, 1783."

Gen. Reed's family consisted of six sons and five daughters. His descendants are quite numerous, and among them are found brilliant names in different parts of our country. Two of his sons, Sylvanus and James, served in the war of the Revolution. Sylvanus was an ensign in his father's regiment. His commission, which is still preserved, bearing date January 1, 1776, is signed by John Hancock, President of Congress. He was adjutant in the campaign of 1778, under Gen. Sullivan, and was afterwards promoted colonel of a regiment. He served through the war, and died at Cambridge, Mass., in 1798. James Reed, Jr., also served through the war. He was disabled in service, and died a pensioner at Fitzwilliam, February 19, 1836, at the age of eighty-nine years.

CITY AND COUNTRY.

BY C. C. LORD.

The idea has been advanced that a possibility in natural economy implies that within the area of the vast watery domain in the farther part of the Eastern hemisphere was once a continent. Its place is now marked only by the interspersed islands in the otherwise present wide waste of waters. The suggestion is reached through an indirect process of reasoning. An element of implied thought recognizes the fact that the isolated inhabitants of the scattered islands mentioned have not kept pace with the continental nations in the vicinity, in the direction of mental and moral improvement. Assuming, as some do, that all human races are essentially consanguineous, it rationally follows that isolation is the harbinger of barbarism and association the friend of civilization.

Dropping the geological phase of the above theory as of no particular value to our proposed train of thought, there is consistent room for the assertion of the practical emphasis of the social part. Social community is essential to culture in its highest and truest aspect. The groping instincts of dawning intelligence unmistakably recognize the incontrovertable fact.

In this vicinity, it is becoming the chronic complaint that the young and vigorous masses are rushing into the cities. The common statement is indisputably true. The popular interpretations of the phenomena are, however,

largely an aspersion of the rational facts of the case.

The ascription of cupidity to the described phenomenon is untenable and base. It is untenable because much of the most substantial wealth is created and enjoyed in the country; it is base because it defames the fair purposes of thousands who never make money their special pursuit on entering the domain of city life. The imputation of a love of license is rationally impossible. In the confines of a great city, the law of constraint is many times more forcibly impressed than in the country; even in the city's haunts of vice is a sterner discipline and a more rigorous etiquette than is known in the halls of honorable intercourse, and the penalties of disorder are more painful in their reactions. Sequel to the fact that it is not shown that the general moral status of the mass of migrating people is degraded by the change, the cords of legal bondage are more and more sensibly felt as step by step one winds his way from the vicinity of the green fields and hedgerows to the dun, paved and crowded marts.

In the present dominant state of our country life, the springing generation inclines longingly towards the associations of city life because they are civil. Civilization is the precious boon that inspires the efforts of every true generation. Discipline and classification being the first practical effect of civilization appealing to the mind of the incipient civilian, his nature seizes them as the means of better actualizing the potential qualities locked up in the capabilities of his being. Association affording increased knowledge and broader facilities, civilized culture rapidly becomes to him more and more a grateful realization. The improved opportunities which civil culture provides for healthful and ennobling recreation secure to him a greater quickness of that vivacity that makes life a scene of enjoyment as well as a field of labor. It is the law, progress and enjoyment of the city that invites people from the country. It is not that they love the natural attractions of the country less, but that they love the civilized advantages of the city more. When people go to the city, they leave all but their recollections behind; when people go to the country, they, in their manners and customs, take something of the city along with them, fostering it as the embodiment of a cultivated privilege. It is a law of civilization that it should be so.

We do not wish to even appear to advocate an exclusive social economy. We have no prejudice against the country and no fulsome adulation to extend towards the city. If it were wholly possible, we would fain dissociate, in the mind of the reader, the terms *country* and *city* from their purely restrictive meanings. So doing, we could safely say, that, as all men begin in the country, so they should all end in the city. It is the same as to say natural crudeness should give place to civilized refinement. The Bible, you know, begins with man in a garden and ends with him in a city. Still, using the terms of common speech, all people cannot live in cities. It were better that some that are now living in cities were back again in the country. Still again, it is hardly to be expected that many of them will come back. Some cannot, if they would. Some do not wish to come back. Some—and these are they that make the city what it truly ought to be—do not wish to come back unless they can come back civilized. What to them are sunlight, air, and fresh, green earth, unless they can order their lives civilly, cultivate wisdom and beauty, and entertain themselves choicely? If they are rich, they can come into the country and bear themselves independently. If they are poor, what can they do?

Our country life should become more civilized. There should be in it more respect for intelligent order. Civil law in its etymological significance should be more regarded. The rising country population should be acquainted with order, intelligence, industry, recreation, taste, beauty and reverence. Every township should faithfully set apart its provisional accommodations for all these things. The dominant public sentiment should insist upon the improvement of them all. If the executive facilities are not sufficient for these things, a draft should be made upon the city, society adopting its suggestions, manners and models. Thus may the natural and legitimate desires of the socially ambitious be gratified, and a greater number be content to find a home by the graves of their fathers.

"*BUNKER HILL.*"

[The following narrative of the personal experience of Col. Bancroft at the battle of Bunker Hill is from advance sheets of "Sketches of Old Dunstable," and by the pen of the venerable John B. Hill, Esq., the historian of Mason, who, although eighty-two years of age, retains much of the fire and spirit of youth. It was written from dictation in 1826, and is printed for the first time in the "Sketches of Old Dunstable," which work will soon be issued and for sale by George M. Elliott, 48 Central St., Lowell, Mass., a limited number of copies, only, being printed,]

On the night of the 16th of June, 1775, my company was ordered out with the detachment to take possession of the heights of Charlestown. This detachment consisted of three regiments commanded by Col's Prescott, Bridge and Frye, and amounted in all to between 1000 and 1200 men. These regiments were principally from Middlesex county, Col. Prescott from Pepperell, Col. Bridge from Chelmsford, Col. Frye from Andover. I was that evening on a court-martial and could not get liberty to go with my company, but in the morning of the 17th General Ward granted me permission to join my company, though the court-martial was not through. Soon after I reached the hill our men left work and piled their intrenching tools in our rear, and waited in expectation of reinforcements and refreshments, but neither reached us, if any were sent. The reinforcements halted at Charlestown Neck. Whilst I was standing by the redoubt before the action began, a ball from the Somerset passed within a few inches of my head, which seriously affected my left eye so that it finally became totally blind.

When the works were planned no calculation was made for the use of cannon, and of course no embrasures were left for them. But on the morning of the 17th two ship cannon were sent up and a platform with them. About ten o'clock the British troops began to make their appearance at the wharves in Boston. General Putnam, who had been incessant in his exertions through the morning to bring reinforcements, now rode up to us at the fort and says: "My lads, these tools must be carried back," and turned and rode away. An order was never obeyed with more readiness. From every part of the line volunteers ran and some picked up one, some two shovels, mattocks, etc., and hurried over the hill. When the pile of tools was thus removed I went through the lines to form an estimate of the number of men in the redoubt, at the same time stating that those who had gone with the tools would come back, though I was by no means confident that they would. I estimated the number then left in the redoubt at 150, but was afterward informed by one of the captains of Col. Frye's regiment that he counted them, and the whole number, including officers, was 163. I was not certain that any reinforcements after this time came into the redoubt; thus the number of our effective force was very materially reduced. General Putnam had given his orders and gone, and nobody seemed to think it belonged to him to stop the men and execute the order in a proper way.

The artillery-men had all gone with the tools, and Col. Prescott came to me and said, "If you *can* do anything with the cannon I wish you would. I give you the charge of them." I directed the men to dig down the bank in order to form an embrasure, which they were forced to do with their hands, for the party that had carried off the intrenching tools had not left us a single shovel or mattock. Men never worked with more zeal. Many of them dug till their fingers bled. To loosen the earth I loaded the cannon and fired into the gap, and they dug again, and I fired a second time. Both these balls fell in Boston, one near the meeting-house in Brattle square, the other on Cornhill, as I was afterward informed by Boston gentlemen.

By this time the British had landed. They learned that we had cannon on the right or most westwardly part of the fort, which was probably the reason they

did not attempt to flank us on that quarter till the close of the action. We were not able to use these cannon in the action because the enemy advanced and the firing commenced before we had time to dig down the bank far enough to use them against the enemy. Still as the few shots that were fired gave the enemy notice that we had artillery and prevented their attempting to turn our right flank, it must be regarded as a very important circumstance, for had they attempted it, they would have succeeded, and we should not have had more than a shot or two at them. I was fully persuaded that the moment they attempted this point, we could no longer maintain our fort, and the event showed that I was not mistaken, for it was not more than four minutes after they turned this flank before we were obliged to retreat. The British troops had begun their march. They were steadily and confidently advancing directly in our front. Our men turned their heads every minute to look on the one side for their fellow soldiers who had gone off with the tools and for the reinforcements, which were expected and on the other to see a sight to most of them new, a veteran enemy marching on firmly to the attack, *directly in their front.* It was an awful moment. The enemy had advanced perhaps half the way from their station toward us, and our men seeing no reinforcements began by a simultaneous movement to draw off from the east side of the redoubt. This in my opinion was the very crisis of the day, the moment on which every thing depended. Col. Prescott hastened to them, and I followed him. We represented with earnestness that they must *not go off*, that if *they* did *all* would go; that it would disgrace us to leave, at the bare *sight* of the enemy, the work we had been all night throwing up; that we had no expectation of being able to hold our ground, but we wanted to give them *a warm reception and retreat.* It is but justice to these men to say that they cheerfully took their places again, and maintained them as bravely as any that fought on that day. As the enemy were advancing within gunshot, Col. Prescott and the officers gave orders to the men to take particular notice of the *fine coats*, and aim as *low as the waistband*, and not to fire till ordered. A firing of eight or ten guns commenced before orders, at the left of the redoubt, but was immediately stopped. We wished the fire to be held till the enemy were within six rods. Our first fire was shockingly fatal. There was scarcely a shot but told. The enemy were thrown into confusion and retreated a short distance. Their lines were broken, and it was some minutes before they had conveyed their dead and wounded into their rear. A scattering fire was still kept up by our men. They formed again and advanced, and were a second time driven back in the same confusion. They formed a third time and flanked us. A body of reinforcements which had come up in the rear of the redoubt, gave them a fire. At this moment, as I understood, Gen. Warren fell. Our ammunition was now nearly expended, which the enemy probably learned by those who had fired away all their powder, throwing stones, which were abundant in the trench. We were soon surrounded on all sides. The enemy had advanced on each side of the point of the redoubt, and were pouring into the gateway. The day was over, and we had nothing more but to retreat as well as we could. As I was loading my gun the last time, and just withdrawing the ramrod, an officer sprang over the breast-work in front of me and presented his piece. I threw away the rammer which was in my hand, and instantly placed the muzzle of my gun against his right shoulder, a little below the collar-bone, and fired, and he fell into the trench. This was my twenty-second fire that day. The wound it gave was in the same place as that by which Pitcairn died, and as near as I can recollect the person I shot answered the description of that officer who was found mortally wounded in our trench.

I had then a severe struggle to escape out of the fort, the gate-way of which was completely filled with British soldiers. I held my gun broadwise before my face and rushed upon them, and at first bore some of them down, but I soon lost my gun, a remarkably long one, which I had taken from the French at

Chamblee, in the old French war. I leaped upon the heads of the throng in the gateway and fortunately struck my breast upon the head of a soldier, who settled down under me so that I came with my feet to the ground. Directly as I came to the ground a blow was aimed at me, with the butt of a gun, which missed my head but gave me a severe contusion on the right shoulder. Numbers were trying to seize me by the arms but I broke from them, and with my elbows and knees cleared the way so that at length I got through the fort. The last man I passed stood alone, and the thought struck me that he might kill me after I had passed him. As I ran by him I struck him a blow across the throat with the side of my hand. I saw his mouth open, and I have not seen him since. A shower of shot was falling all around me as I ran down the hill. One struck my hat, several marked my clothes, one struck me in the left hand, and served off the fore-finger. Our men were all in advance of me, and I was almost, if not entirely, alone, from the time I left the fort till I came to Charlestown Neck, on which there was not a man to be seen. I thought it might be some protection from the fire of the floating batteries, to go behind the buildings, but on turning the corner I found Col. Gerrish with a body of men posted there. I said to him, "Colonel Gerrish, are you *here?* I hope to God you will be killed, but I will not stay to die with you," and took the street again. By this time I grew very faint with fatigue and loss of blood. There was a horse tied by the side of the common, and I made towards him. Colonel James Varnum saw me and came to me. He took me by the arm and led me to the horse. While he was with me, the ball of the last cannon I heard that day passed within a foot or two of me and struck the ground, at a short distance before me. We found the owner of the horse by him, and he cheerfully offered him to me to ride to Cambridge.

THE OLD FARM.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

BY EARL ANDERSON.

CHAP. III.

It was evening, when, at the end of his long journey of a thousand miles, Charles Bradley found himself in the great city he had so longed to reach. He was in Chicago at last; yet as he walked out from the depot along the crowded streets, jostled here and there by the hurrying strangers whom he met, little of the spirit of exultation and confidence filled his bosom. A dejected, homesick feeling came over him as he forced his way through the busy crowd, realizing the great distance now separating him from home and friends, and the utter uncertainty of the attainment of his object. For the first time since he left his New Hampshire home he actually wished himself back in it, and could he have flown there he would have done so at once, without making a single effort to secure that for which he had traveled so far and hoped so long. Finally he sought out a hotel, and, after a light supper, retired for the night.

He arose early in the morning, somewhat refreshed, and with his courage in a measure revived. After an early breakfast and a long walk about the city, the opening of business hours found him at the store of the merchant to whom Mr. Austin had given him a letter of introduction. His name was Johnson, and he was a wholesale hardware dealer with a large and prosperous business.

Enquiring for Mr. Johnson, Charles was directed to the counting-room, where he found him busily engaged in giving directions to a number of clerks. Waiting his opportunity Charles addressed him, presenting his letter of introduction.

"Be seated," said Mr. Johnson, pointing to a chair, as he proceeded to read the letter. Having finished the same he said: "It would certainly give me pleasure to be able to render any assistance to one whom my old friend John Austin considers entitled to his regard. He and I have been friends from boyhood. Together we fought the battle against poverty in youth. Together we left our humble homes in New England to seek success and fortune here in the West. Side by side, as it were, we toiled and struggled for more than thirty years, and our efforts have been measurably successful; though my old friend has been sadly bereaved of late. Whoever has rendered him a service has put me under obligation also, and whatever I can do to aid you, my young friend, I shall do most cheerfully. I will say, however, in the outset, that if you have come to the West with the expectation or hope of making a great fortune in a few years you are pretty sure to be disappointed. Not one in ten thousand here or any where gain great wealth, and ninety-nine out of every hundred who do acquire it, succeed only by a life time of close, persistent application and toil. While my friend Austin and myself have succeeded in good degree, hundreds and thousands of others who came West with like ambition and hopes, and many of whom have labored as industriously, have utterly failed. Here as everywhere the rule holds good—here no more readily than elsewhere are fortunes made. But I do not wish to discourage you in the start. You want work, and are doubtless anxious to secure an engagement as soon as possible. Come here again tomorrow morning at this time, and meanwhile I will see if a favorable opening is anywhere to be found."

With many thanks Charles withdrew, and, having the day before him, first sought out a boarding-house of moderate pretensions, and then spent the remaining time, till night, in further exploration of the city, which he found, after all, not so very different from Boston. Every where were the same indications of wealth possessed by the few, and poverty and want shared by the many. Every where life seemed a constant struggle with little prospect of brilliant success, and when he retires at night, if with more courage than on the evening previous, it is with the simple resolution to make the best of any opportunity which may offer, rather than any expectation of easy and rapid advancement on the road to fortune.

The next morning at the proper hour, Charles hastened to Mr. Johnson's store, and, entering the counting-room, was kindly greeted by that gentleman, who informed him that he had been able, as yet, to learn of no situation of a desirable nature open to any one. Every where there were a dozen applications in advance for every position liable to become vacant. Yet if he was willing to take a place in his store at moderate wages, while waiting for something better, he would find something for him to do so that he could support himself at least.

To this proposition Charles readily assented, at the same time expressing his gratitude to Mr. Johnson for the interest manifested in his welfare, and the substantial encouragement offered. Signifying his desire to commence work at once, he was conducted to the shipping room, where several young men were already employed in packing goods to be forwarded to customers among the retail dealers in all parts of the West, in accordance with orders received. Here he was introduced to the clerk in charge of the department, and by him instructed as to the character of the labor to be performed. Although the work was entirely different from anything he had done before, his natural aptness, and his earnest determination to give full satisfaction to his employer soon made Charles "master of the situation," so far as his sphere of labor was concerned. Ere many weeks had passed his efficiency was generally recognized, and had attracted the attention and hearty commendation of Mr. Johnson himself, who no longer thought of getting him a situation elsewhere, but rather congratulated himself in having secured the services of one so ready and faithful as Charles had proved himself to be.

Time passed, and Charles Bradley re-

mained in Mr. Johnson's employ. By close attention to his duties, and constant regard for the interests of the business, he had gained a high position in the confidence and esteem of Mr. Johnson, and been promoted from one position to another, until at the end of five years he had come to occupy the place of confidential clerk. Meanwhile the weight of years and constant application to business was pressing heavily upon Mr. Johnson, and he had finally concluded to retire, giving up active connection therewith, but retaining a large interest in the establishment, of which, under the new arrangement, his son-in-law, a Mr. Martin, who had been connected with him for several years, became the active head, while Charles was offered a position as junior partner. This was a mark of generous consideration altogether unexpected by Charles, and he was almost overwhelmed with astonishment, when Mr. Johnson first unfolded to him his plan for the future conduct of the business, and the connection with it which he had designed for him. He hesitated for a long time before accepting the offer, hardly feeling justified in assuming so serious a responsibility, and placing himself under so great obligation as he would incur in accepting the material assistance necessary, and which Mr. Johnson urged upon him as a matter of course. But, finally, when assured by his old employer that the arrangement was one which he desired to consummate for his own benefit and relief from business cares, as much as for the advancement of those in whose welfare he felt a special interest, he consented. In a short time the arrangements were completed, and the new firm of Martin, Bradley & Co. was known to the world as the successor of Johnson & Co.

Charles was now apparently on the high road to the accomplishment of his most ambitious purpose. The inflation period had opened, business every where was brisk, and the trade of the new firm was extending in every direction. Fortune was indeed smiling upon our hero. In four years time, so great had been the prosperity of the firm that he was enabled to discharge all his obligations, and was thus the owner of an unincumbered fourth interest in the business, the entire net profits of which were not less than thirty thousand dollars per annum.

And now Charles's thoughts were turning to the old New Hampshire home, and the dear ones he had left there—especially to the blue-eyed, tender-hearted maided to whom he had pledged his love so long ago, from whom he had heard nothing, to whom he had sent no token of remembrance, in all the long years of separation. Was she living? Was she true to him, waiting his promised return, notwithstanding his unpardonable neglect? These were the questions arising constantly in his mind, and as they came up the old affection was rekindled. He would not write, but he resolved that when the autumn came he would return in person to the old homestead, and if Nellie was still living and true to her almost recreant lover, he would bring her back, to share with him a happy home in the city of his adoption.

But alas for human hopes, when built upon fickle Fortune! When the autumn came Charles Bradley was a penniless man. The great financial crash of '67 had swept over the land, and many a prosperous house was totally wrecked. That of Martin, Bradley & Co. was one of the victims. The property of Mr. Johnson (now broken with age and feeble health), was also so involved through various sudden losses, that even he was unable to avert the disaster. The blow came suddenly, and it left Charles, like others, not only penniless, but crushed in spirit and utterly despondent.

Ten successive winters have spread their snowy mantle over the hills and valleys of the Old Granite State; ten summers have clothed the fields with verdure and brought the ripening harvests, since Charles Bradley left home and friends to seek his fortune in the great untried world of business life. Autumn has come again and well nigh gone. The Indian summer days—the lingering glories of the year—are nearly over. The hill-sides are brown and bare. As we go up the old hill road and approach the Watson homestead, we find indica-

tions of change. The low, brown farm house has given way to a neat modern cottage; the old barn and long, low shed are gone, and structures more in keeping with the new dwelling have taken their place; but the old orchard remains, seemingly thrifty and well kept as ever; the fields are the same, only most of the rocks have disappeared. The old school house, near by, although repaired and improved, retains its individuality, though the children who sought wisdom 'neath its roof in the days when last we saw it, have become young men and women, and their places are filled by others.

As we pass up the carriage way, across the neat yard in front of the cottage, a face at the window attracts our attention. It bears a familiar look, and yet it has changed indeed, since the August morning, years ago, when it looked up lovingly yet tearfully into that of the departing Charles. Let us enter. Yes it is the same Nellie Watson, who sits by the window, gazing dreamily out over the valley, toward the mountain top on which the rays of the setting sun seem fondly lingering. The same, yet not the same, for the years have more than fulfilled the promise of girlhood. The bright sunny countenance wears a calm, subdued, and yet cheerful expression. Evidently the "hope deferred" has not made the heart sick in her case. Patiently and trustingly she has, through all the years, pursued the even tenor of her way, performing the weight of household duties, for her mother, growing feeble with years, has long been able to do only the lighter work. Through all she has cherished the affection of her girlhood, and patiently awaited the return of the wandering lover.

Mr. Watson still lives, but like his aged helpmeet, has passed the period of active labor, the burden of which Edward has assumed and carried bravely forward, with his heart in the work, and the substantial improvements about the farm show that he has labored to some purpose.

As Nellie sits by the window to-night, and her father and mother recline in their easy chairs by the fire, an expression of expectancy finally comes over the faces of all. Edward is away; he is soon to return, and not alone!

As we have seen, Charles Bradley had sent no message home during all his absence. No tidings of his prosperity or whereabouts had come to the cottage on the hill, until, a few weeks since, having casually seen a notice of the failure of Martin, Bradley & Co. in Chicago, Edward was led, in part by curiosity and in part by hope, to write him there, begging an answer if the letter should come to his hands. The letter was received by Charles, and in sheer despondency he replied at length, giving the history of his fortune and his misfortune. Again Edward wrote him, urging an immediate return to his New Hampshire home and friends. Charles hesitated awhile, but finally love conquered pride, and he determined to return. And now he was coming! The cars had supplanted the stage, and Charles would come on the five o'clock train to-night. Edward had gone to meet him at the station.

A light carriage soon drives up the yard and Nellie springs quickly to her feet. as she sees the two young men alight. There is no mistaking the form and figure of Charles, though his face is bearded and his features have gained a stronger expression. The foster-brother and sister—the long separated lovers, meet upon the piazza. "Nellie, darling," and "At last," are the only words spoken as they are clasped in each other's arms; but the tone and the manner of each speaks more than words.

Charles Bradley had come home at last, to remain. With all his love of farm-life Edward had formed a stronger attachment—that of love for sweet Annie Carlisle, daughter of the enterprising capitalist who had bought the water-power and mill property at the "Falls," and had already made the same a scene of busy life and progress. He now gladly left the farm to become Annie's husband and assist her father in pushing forward the work in which he was engaged; while Charles, having lost his old disgust for a farmer's life, cheerfully assumed the place he left, and with Nellie as his helpmeet, now leads a contented, prosperous life, upon the "Old Farm" on the hill.

A WINTER ODE.

BY WILL E. WALKER.

One wintry day in '78,
A youth, with flaming zeal elate,
From Massachusetts northward came
To gain immortal name and fame.
He heard Old Prob., the prophet, say
That dreadful weather, right away,
Would bring distress to cheek and nose,
Dismaying hearts and freezing toes.
And mostly of New Hampshire folk
This learned man in sorrow spoke;
Those people would be frozen through,
And what was coming not one knew.
Oh, then uprose this noble youth
And said: "I'll bear the dreadful truth
To those thus doomed to bitter loss,
Nor stop until e'en far Coos
Has heard my warning note of woe,
And all to winter quarters go."
Oh, there was hurrying far and near,
As panic-struck with sudden fear
The people heard his warning cry,
And saw his coat-tails onward fly.
But he had calculated wrong
About the tough old folk that throng
This Granite State, for they had dwelt
In colder air than he e'er felt.
So, ere one-half his race was run,
His teeth out-chatterd, one by one,
His voice grew faint, his nose grew cold,
And downward sank his spirits bold;
But on he pressed, until at last
His Rubicon was nearly passed,
When there appeared a shocking sight,
That filled this toothless, speechless wight
With freezing fear, and rendered him
All statue-like in face and limb;
For spirits tell our anxious hero
That here 'tis fifty below zero.
That finished him, and there he stands,
A warning to all other lands
Which think to scare our honest folk
With any below zero joke.

EXTRAORDINARY OCCURRENCES IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BY ASA MC FARLAND.

Supposing one of the purposes of the GRANITE MONTHLY to be to record unusual events transpiring in New Hampshire so long time since as not to be within the memory of most people now upon the stage, the writer of this article takes pen in hand to write of the "Great Wind," as it was many years called, and the Hurricane which swept over that region of country of which Kearsarge Mountain is the centre; both within the recollection of some people who still live.

THE GREAT WIND.

This destructive tempest took place on Saturday, September 23, 1815, and surpassed, in extent and violence, any wind that has blown over New England during the present century. The writer of this article, then a youth in the household of his parents at Concord, was kept in doors by an injury to one of his feet, but has a perfect recollection of the violence of the storm and the destruction it caused. The day was rainy, and the wind came from an easterly quarter, we think the south-east. In Concord, although, from its situation in the valley of the Merrimack, the damage was less than in more exposed places, yet here buildings were unroofed, growing crops damaged, and wood and timber-trees torn up by the roots, which, at their present valuation, would be worth many thousands of dollars. The rotten trunks of trees, blown down in that memorable gale, have hardly yet disappeared from forests in this city; a circumstance to be accounted for in this wise: Sixty years ago wood was of so little value that people neglected to remove these fallen trees until they fell into such decay as to be worthless.

The following account of this gale appeared in the *New Hampshire Patriot*, Sept. 26, 1815:

"DREADFUL STORM.—Last Saturday was experienced in this vicinity the most severe gale of wind, or rather hurricane, known by the oldest inhabitants. The wind commenced in the morning at N. E. At about noon it changed to S. E., and for two hours seemed to threaten everything with ruin. The sturdy oak, the stately elm, and the pliant poplar were alike victims to its fury. The destruction of orchards and buildings has been great. There is scarcely an apple left on the standing trees. Many cattle have been killed by falling trees. Had this violent wind occurred in the season of vegetation there is no calculating its effects. It might have produced a famine. When witnessing the overwhelming force of the elements, at the distance of fifty miles from the sea-board, blowing from that direction, we were involuntarily led to contemplate its great devastation on and near the watery element; how many lives were at that moment sacrificing to its fury; how many widows and orphans made; how many thousands of property lost; how many fond hopes forever blasted. May this prove only a vision of the fancy."

The following is from the *Amherst Cabinet*, Sept. 23, 1815:

"EQUINOCTIAL STORM.—To-day, about half past 11 o'clock, the severest gale of wind from the south-east, ever known here, attended with rain, was experienced in this place. Sheds, trees, fences, etc., were blown down, buildings unroofed, and limbs and fragments of trees strewed in every direction. It continued with unabated fury nearly two hours. It arose gradually, and has now—half past 1—subsided."

The *Boston Patriot* of Sept. 27, said:

"In the forenoon of Saturday last an awfully tremendous blast swept across this town. [Boston had not then adopted a city government.] The fall of chimneys, turrets, battlements, slates and shingles; the wreck of vessels at the wharves; the uprooting of large trees, some of which had braved the fury of the elements for nearly a century, denoted a tempest of no ordinary character. The greatest force of the tornado was at Providence, where several lives were lost, and property destroyed estimated to be worth $1,500,000."

A correspondent of the *Boston Patriot* wrote from Providence as follows:

"Yesterday, about 8 o'clock, a tremendous gale from S. E. commenced, and increased till 12 o'clock. From 10 to 12 was a continued scene of horror. The Great Bridge was carried away by vessels driving against it; and, literally speaking, all vessels in the harbor broke their fasts, and drove like lightning up the Cove, where they now lie, some of them five to six feet above high water mark. The number that can never be got off exceeds thirty. The tide rose from ten to twelve feet higher than was ever known. Nearly all the buildings and stores on the wharves were washed away. The buildings destroyed, including a meeting-house, exceed one hundred and fifty. All the ships below where the bridge was are on top of the wharves. The distress is past all description. The water in Weybosset and Westminster street was from six to eight feet above the pavement. All the commercial part of Providence is ruined. All round the town are seen broken buildings and vessels, mingled with coffee, cotton, soap, candles, grain, flour, and every other article of merchandise you can mention, together with household furniture. Many people have lost much property, and a number their lives. No business but what regards the calamity can be done for a number of days. The streets on the west side of the bridge are so full of fragments of vessels, boats, buildings, etc., that people can only pass by climbing over them. Vessels were driven into the streets, and remain before the houses. About three hundred men are constantly on guard round the town."

The papers of that day, all over New England, contain accounts of the memorable gale, but no where was the wind so violent as in the harbor of Providence.

THE HURRICANE IN THE KEARSARGE REGION.

This was the most destructive tornado of which there is any record as having swept over any portion of New England, and, in proportion to its extent, infinitely more destructive than the Great Wind of September, 1815. The only full account, accessible to the writer, is found in the *New Hampshire Patriot* of the 17th of September, 1821. We recollect that at the time this narrative appeared, papers at a distance utterly discredited the statements it contained; but we remember that when verbal accounts reached Concord, Mr. Jacob B. Moore, one of the proprietors of the *Patriot*, proceeded at once to the scene of the tornado, and prepared, on the spot, the narrative of which the following is an abridgment:

"About six o'clock, Sunday evening, after a very warm day, a dark cloud was observed to rise in the north and northwest, illuminated by incessant flashes of vivid lightning. There was a terrific commotion in the cloud itself. Few, however, apprehended danger; much less the awful destruction that ensued. In Cornish and Croydon much injury was done. The house of Dea. Cooper was damaged, his barn blown down and its contents scattered. Passing in a S. E. direction into Wendell (now Sunapee), it swept instantly down the house and barn of Mr. Harvey Huntoon. The people in the house—eight in number—a moment before the dwelling was struck were frightened by the appearance of the cloud, for they saw the air was filled with birds and broken limbs of trees. Mr. and Mrs. Huntoon stood in the kitchen, and although injured by bruises, escaped without further injury. Mrs. Huntoon was carried across the field by the raging wind. A Mrs. Wheeler, who, with her husband and child, were living in the house, fled to the cellar, and, after the blast had passed over, were somewhat injured by falling bricks and timbers. A child, eleven months old was asleep in a a bed. The garment it wore was found on the shore of Sunapee Lake, 150 rods from the Huntoon house, and its dead body at another place on the shore. The bedstead on which the child slept was found in the woods eighty rods from the house. Bricks were blown more than a hundred rods, and pieces of the frame, seven and eight inches square, and twelve feet long, were carried eighty rods away. Cart wheels were separated from the body, and carried sixty rods; a large iron pot seven rods; the orchard was not only demolished, but some of the trees torn up and carried from seventy to an hundred rods, and casks, furniture, clothing, and dead fowls to a much greater distance. A bureau was blown across Sunapee lake, two miles, and except the drawers, was found half a mile beyond the water. A door-post of the barn, thirteen feet long, and eight by twelve inches, was carried forty-four rods up rising ground. A hemlock log, sixty feet long, and three feet diameter at the butt, was removed from its bed in the earth, where it had laid since the great wind, September, 1815, carried by the tornado several rods up hill, over rocks seventeen inches high. It struck a rock and was broken in two. A wood lot of forty acres was utterly demolished—not a tree left standing. A horse was blown forty rods up rising ground, and so injured that it was necessary to kill him. The width of the

tornado in Wendell was about half a mile.

From Sunapee the tempest swept across the lake of that name, and its appearance was both terrific and sublime."

The account from which this article is compiled proceeds as follows:

"On Saturday last, with several gentlemen from Concord, Hopkinton and Warner, we visited the ruins in the last named town, in that part known as Kearsarge Gore. No person, without visiting, can conceive the devastation wrought. Houses, barns, fences, trees and fowls were lifted by the whirlwind and dashed in pieces. No language is adequate to represent the present scene; much less the wrath of the elements during the few seconds of their utmost fury. We stood amidst the ruins almost discrediting our own vision. It can hardly, however, be said that we stood among the ruins, for most of them had been carried beyond our own sight. Large stones remaining in their places, and others strewed on each side for several rods indicated where a stone wall had stood; fragments of timber and small quantities of hay where barns had stood; timbers and bricks where human habitations were placed; and at one place the floor of what was the Savory house.

"The tornado came over Kearsarge mountain in the direction of the buildings in the Gore, and first struck the barn of Wm. Harwood, carrying it away; thence to the houses of F. Goodwin, J. Ferrin and Abner Watkins, completely destroying the barn of Ferrin and unroofing that of Watkins. Next it completely demolished the house of Daniel Savory. Mr. Samuel Savory, the father, aged seventy-two, went up stairs to fasten down a window, and the wife of the son started to assist him. The house was swept away, and six persons were covered in the ruins. The aged Savory was carried six rods away, and was killed by being dashed against a stone. Mrs. Savory was sorely bruised, and the child in her arms was killed. Others of the family, buried amidst the ruins, were rescued but in a badly bruised condition. The house of Robert Savory, in Kearsarge Gore, was also demolished, and eight persons, one an infant, covered in the ruins. All were wounded, but none fatally. All the buildings of Peter Flanders were blown down, and Miss Ann Richardson and an infant child were killed. Seven others in the house were wounded, some badly. They had no notice of the approach of the whirlwind. The buildings of Dea. John True in Salisbury were next swept away. Mr. T. and his father-in-law, one Jones, were in the house, and escaped without injury; and by their exertions Mrs. True and three children were rescued, but several of the household were badly burned by hot bricks—the oven having just been heated. The youngest child, seven weeks old, was found an hundred feet away, under the bottom of a sleigh. The overwhelming force of the wind can be estimated when it is said that a hemlock log, two and a half feet by thirty-six, much of it was buried in the earth, was moved one or two rods. The entire top of one of the chimneys was carried ten rods, and dropped whole. An elm tree, near Savory's, seventeen inches through, whose deeply imbedded roots refused to yield, was twisted around like a withe, and a few ash trees were stripped of their bark and limbs, and made into basket stuff."

The account proceeds:

"The above facts, although they partake of the marvellous, are literally true. Of the destruction in Sunapee we had the account from a gentleman in Newport of high reputation, whose testimony was corroborated by a dozen people who visited the town the day after the event. What relates to Warner and the destruction near Kearsarge mountain we know to be true, having ourself visited the spot. We saw the stone against which Mr. Savory was crushed, the places whence were dug the children of True and Savory, the children themselves, mangled and torn, the mothers mourning the death of an aged husband, and an infant child. We witnessed the awe of the survivors of these distressed families. We stood at the foot of the mountain, and saw the track of the whirlwind. It appeared as if a mighty torrent had many days poured down the mountain; the earth torn up, the grass withered, and nothing living to be seen in the path of desolation. May God in mercy avert another such catastrophe."

The *Patriot* of the following week contained further particulars of the disaster, with a statement of the number of dwellings, barns, and other buildings demolished, a list of persons killed, and those only bruised, the names of all the households, and other well authenticated facts. Among them is the statement that fragments of the wreck, such as pieces of boards, clapboards, shingles, and a door panel, were found in Canterbury, Loudon and Pittsfield—twenty miles away—which without doubt were borne upon this terrific gale.

EARLY HISTORY OF THE FREEWILL BAPTIST DENOMINATION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BY JOSEPH FULLONTON.

The early history of this denomination in the State is the early history of the denomination itself, as it originated here, and is the only religious sect that took its rise in the State. Its origin was in the country township of New Durham, in the year 1780. It is seen, therefore, that its first century will be completed two years hence. Already some arrangements have been devised for a Centennial Celebration when the century shall be completed. The triennial General Conference, held last October in Fairport, New York, decided that the next session (in 1880), be held in some convenient place not far from New Durham, and that in connection with it there be a denominational Centennial Celebration. It is impossible now to tell where the session will be held, but probably at Dover or Great Falls, and undoubtedly the Centennial services will be at New Durham.

The founder of this sect of Christians was Benjamin Randall. He was a native of Newcastle, and was born February 7, 1749. The family was of English origin. A Mr. Randall came over after 1700, and settled in Newcastle. He had a son Benjamin, who was born January 13, 1726. He married a Miss Marden, and these were the parents of Benjamin Randall, who founded the denomination.

Mr. Randall made a public profession of religion in November, 1772, and united with the Congregational church under the pastoral care of Rev. Stephen Chase. He had heard the celebrated Whitefield preach in Portsmouth two days before, but towards him felt a great opposition. But on Sabbath, September 30, 1770, taking Rev. Mr. Chase to Portsmouth in a boat to preach there that day, at noon he heard that Mr. Whitefield had died in Newburyport that morning. He remembered his preaching, was troubled, and about two weeks later found himself in possession of new feelings, and ever after lived a new life. Before uniting with the church he married Miss Joanna Oram of Kittery.

After a time there was a change in his denominational views, and, August 14, 1776, he was admitted to the Baptist church in Berwick, the rite of baptism being administered by Rev. William Hooper, near what is now Great Falls village, on the Berwick side of the river. Mr. Hooper lived afterward, if not then, in Madbury. He died there in 1827, aged 82 years.

Mr. Randall commenced preaching early in 1777. In March, 1778, he left Newcastle and took up his residence in New Durham, which was his home the remainder of his life. April 5, 1780, he was publicly ordained to the work of the ministry. About that time in the Baptist churches there was some opposition to the doctrine of Calvinism, which doctrine was held by the churches to a considerable extent. Mr. Randall was opposed to it, and there being in New Durham and vicinity a number of like views, a church organization was judged advisable. This was effected June 30, 1780. It was in a private house, about half a mile south of the "Ridge." The house was standing half a dozen years ago, and probably now remains. The floor of a front room where the organization took place was of pitch-pine plank, fastened down with wooden pins. This remained when seen by the writer, in 1871. Elder Randall presented a covenant, and four males and three females adopted it, and became a church. Before the year closed six others united, and early in 1781 fourteen more were added.

Elder Randall "builded better than he knew." That is, he had no idea he was

commencing a new Denomination. But so it proved. He simply thought to have a church in which those holding to the doctrine of a general atonement, and as a result free grace, might live, enjoy themselves and be useful. But a little matter kindled a great fire. The beginning was small, but its latter end was greatly increased. The vine planted at New Durham spread first into Maine, next into Vermont and Massachusetts, and later into various sections of the West, and now is being carried into the South, as well as far off India. It now numbers 1343 churches, 1188 ordained ministers, 114 licentiates, and 75,326 members.

Elder Randall lived twenty-three years after the church at New Durham was formed, and had charge of the same. But he was abroad much, preaching, organizing churches and attending Quarterly and Yearly Meetings. Somewhat extended tours were made to Maine, one to Vermont, and one or more to Massachusetts. Various sections of New Hampshire were often visited. His ministerial life was one of great activity and laborious effort to do good.

He possessed good powers of mind, but his education was only such as in his early years was obtained in the common schools. He had but few books while in the ministry, but he studied the Bible with great attention. He searched for the truths and doctrine it taught, and then proclaimed them with great earnestness. He studied man, and was acquainted with the mazes of the human mind. One of his sermons was printed. From this and the testimony of some living a few years ago, who knew him, it is evident he evinced great devotion, impressed those who heard him with his sincerity; was a strong reasoner, and often when warm with his subject, his language was not only accurate and forcible, but in reality elegant, for naturally corretness as well as eloquence is the result of clear thought and earnest feeling. He died at his residence, a little to the south-east of New Durham Ridge, October 22, 1808, aged fifty-nine years, seven months, and twenty-seven days.

It has been seen that the church in New Durham, a few months after its organization, consisted of twenty-seven members. It should be stated that there was a Baptist church in Barrington, (the part now Strafford), and one in Loudon and Canterbury, that in 1779 had declared independence of that denomination, having rejected Calvinism. Both would unquestionably have been in harmony with Elder Randall and the New Durham church, but not long after 1780, they went largely into Shakerism, and were broken up. In a few years that sentiment died out so that in Barrington a Freewill Baptist church was constituted, and later one in Canterbury.

It remains to give a list of the early churches of this sect in the State, quite a portion of them organized by Elder Randall. Also the names of prominent early ministers. The churches may be mentioned as follows:

Tamworth, 1781; Barrington, above the Blue Hills, (now in Strafford), 1781; 2, Barrington (now Crown Point in Strafford), 1783; Middleton, 1791; Pittsfield, 1791; Wolfeborough, 1792; Gilmanton, (at the Iron Works,) 1794; Canterbury, 1795. These formed within fifteen yeras after the first in New Durham, have generally flourished. Before the last century closed, and soon after the commencement of the present, churches increased more rapidly. They were in Nottingham, Deerfield, Barnstead, Alton, New Hampton, Andover, Weare, Sandwich, and many other towns. And it should be observed, that only New Hampshire is being spoken of. In all this time churches were becoming numerous in Maine.

Of early ministers born in the State, and a few others whose minority was mostly here, were the following: John Buzzell, a native of Barrington, pastor in Middleton, then being in Parsonsfield, Me.; Aaron Buzzell, native of Barrington, preached in Gilmanton, then settled in Strafford, Vt.; Hezekiah D. Buzzell, a native of Alton, preached in Gilmanton, Weare and Alton; Josiah Shepard, born in Gilmanton, and died there. David Knowlton, born in Seabrook, preached in Pittsfield; Ebenezer Knowlton, his son, preached in Pittsfield and Montville, Me.;

Micajah Otis, born in Dover, preached in Barrington, (the part now Strafford); Richard Martin, born in Portsmouth, preached in Gilford; John D. Knowles, born in Sandwich, preached in Gilmanton; Winthrop Young, born in Barrington, preached in Canterbury; Samuel Weeks, born in Greenland, preached in Parsonsfield, Me.; Jesse Burnham, born in Lee, preached in Maine, and moved to Janesville, Wis.; Samuel B. Dyer, born in Newmarket, preached in Nottingham, Loudon and Deerfield; Elijah Watson, born in Nottingham, preached in Andover; Enoch Place, born in Rochester, preached in Strafford; Josiah Magoon, born in East Kingston, preached in New Hampton; Simeon Dana, born in Lebanon, preached in New Hampton; David Fisk, born in New Hampton, preached there; Timothy Morse, born in Newbury, Mass., preached in Fishersfield, (now Newbury); Wilson Colcord, born in Newmarket, preached in Fairfield, Me.; Joshua Quimby, born in Kingston, preached in Lisbon; Daniel Quimby, born in Weare, preached in Lyndon, Vt.; Isaac Townsend, born in Wolfeborough, preached there; Ebenezer Scales, born in Nottingham, preached in Wilton, Me., Peter Clark, born in Gilmanton, preached there, in the part now Belmont.

NEW HAMPSIRHE AT HUBBARTON.

BY HON. G. W. NESMITH.

The town of Hubbarton is situate in the northern part of Rutland County, Vt., about twenty-five miles from the western boundary of the State. On July 7, 1777, a battle was fought there between the British and American forces. Ticonderoga had been evacuated by order of Gen. St. Clair, two or three days before. The larger wing of the American army retreated down Lake George and the Hudson River, until they made their final stand at Saratoga. Gen. Burgoyne, after severe fighting, surrendered here his army on the 17th of October, 1777. Gen. St. Clair ordered three regiments into Vermont, consisting of about 1200 effective troops, to protect the public property, which was being collected at Castleton, Manchester and Bennington for the use of the Northern Army. These regiments were severally commanded by Col. Ebenezer Francis of Massachusetts, Col. Nathan Hale of New Hampshire, and Seth Warner of Vermont. To Col. Hale was entrusted the special charge of the sick or invalids of the Northern Army. It has been stated that the invalids embraced a portion of the two other New Hampshire Regiments. These encumbered his march, so that on the evening of the 6th of July he found himself six miles behind the other American troops. Col. Hale was not aware that Burgoyne had sent forward in pursuit Gen. Frazer and Col. Reidesdel with about 1600 of his best troops. Hence, on the morning of the 7th of July he was suddenly first surprised by Gen. Frazer with 800 men, together with a band of Indians. Hale was not prepared to resist this superior force, and, without making a very strenuous opposition, surrendered such of the men under his command as had not the power to escape. The rolls show that only a small part of his regiment was actually surrendered, including also a few men from the other New Hampshire regiments. Belknap says New Hampshire lost one hundred men in that battle. The record against each man's name then enrolled in our regiments does not show that we actually lost many more than fifty men. It may be admitted that most of those marked *missing* were actually killed in their retreat or died after their surrender, while nearly all the *prisoners* afterwards appear in service in their re-

spective stations.

Hale's conduct has been severely censured on this occasion for not making a more orderly and vigorous resistance against the attack of the enemy. Vide Quartermaster Cogan's letter to Gen. Stark, 8 Bouton's N. H. State Papers, 640. He was doubtless unexpectedly by himself overtaken by a superior force, which he was not prepared to meet. The main body of his friends were too far in advance to yield him a ready support. Perhaps the rules of a prudent warfare justified an early surrender. But charges were alleged against him as an officer. He demanded a court-martial, which was granted to him. He died before any official investigation was had by the court. The command of his regiment was assigned to Col. George Reid. Hale's death occurred Sept. 23, 1780.

The main contest of that day was had by the British with the remaining American forces. It was maintained for some time with much obstinacy. The Americans were compelled to retreat. Their whole reported loss in killed, wounded and prisoners on that day was upwards of 300; that of the British, 183. Col. Ebenezer Francis was among the killed. Below we supply the names of the New Hampshire men who suffered on that day, with their residences, so far as authentic rolls will give us information.

REGIMENTAL STAFF.

Col. Nathan Hale, Rindge, prisoner.
Maj. Benjamin Titcomb, Dover, severely wounded and prisoner. Maj. Titcomb was soon exchanged, and again wounded at Saratoga.
Adj. William Elliott, Exeter, prisoner.

COMPANY OFFICERS.

Capt. James Carr, Somersworth, 3d Company, 2d N. H. Reg't, prisoner.
Lieut. Thomas Hardy, Pelham, 4th Company, 2d N. H. Reg't, prisoner.
Capt. Caleb Robertson, Exeter, 5th Company, 2d N. H. Reg't, prisoner.
Lieut. Moses Dustin, Candia, 5th Company, prisoner.
Ensign Joshua Merrow, Rochester, 6th Company, prisoner.

SUBALTERNS AND PRIVATES.

Corp. Joseph Runnels, South Hampton, prisoner.
Private Ebenezer Chesley, Rochester, prisoner.
" John Foss, Stratham, prisoner.
" Jona. Jenness, Hampstead, prisoner.
" Thomas Creighton, Kensington, prisoner.
" Nich. Vixham, Windham, prisoner.
" William Oliver, ——— prisoner.
" Samuel Hambleton, ——— prisoner.
" William Corson, Dover, missing.
" Edward Wells, " "
" Jona. Leavitt, Epping, "
" John Dow, Gilmanton, "
" John Ellison, " "
" John Heard, Rochester, "
" Josh Chase, Hudson, "
" Samuel French, " "
" William Hoit, Exeter, "
" Eph. Severance, New Ipswich, missing.
" John McDonald, " missing.
" Zebedee Heath, Sandown, missing.
" Amos Leavitt, Kingston, missing.

Reg. Staff,	3	Prisoners.
Comp. Officers,	5	
Sub. and Privates,	8	
Privates,	13	Missing.
	29	

Loss of 1st N. H. Reg't, commanded by Col. I. Cilley:

COMPANY OFFICERS.

Capt. Ebenezer Frye, Pembroke, 5th Company, 1st N. H. Reg't, prisoner.
Lt. Asa Senter, Londonderry, 5th Company, 1st N. H. Reg't, prisoner.
" William Bradford, Amherst, 2d Company, 1st N. H. Reg't, prisoner.

Private Isaac Calcott, Walpole, prisoner.
" John Dwyer, Allenstown, killed.
" Asa Goodale, Temple, killed.
" Anthony Foster, " "
" Valentine O. Sullivan, Bedford, killed.
" John Eastman, Hopkinton, killed.
" C. Billings, New Ipswich, missing.
" John Yarmon, New Ipswich, missing.
" John Butler, Dunstable, missing.
" J. Harwood, " "
" Jedediah Knock, Chester, "
" Samuel Saunders, Salisbury, missing.
" James Simons, Richmond, missng.

3 Officers, 1 Private, prisoners,	4
Privates, killed,	5
" missing,	7
	16

Loss of Col. Alexander Scammell's Regiment [3d New Hampshire], July 7, 1777:

Serg. Isaac Davis, Boscawen, killed.
Private James Gibson, Canterbury, killed.
" Eleazer Emerson, Goffstown, killed.
" Wm. Pope, Jun., Hillsborough, killed.
" Andrew Buzzell, Barrington, killed.
" John Forsyth, Chester, wounded, and died July 10, 1777.
" Ichabod Lovewell, Dunstable, died from wounds, July 14, 1777.
" Wm. Britton, Westmoreland, died from wounds, July 15, 1777.
" Daniel Rodgers, Rochester, died July 20, 1777.
" Benjamin Rawlings, Concord, died July 15.
Private Abraham Chase, Plaistow, missing.
" Thomas Hale, Rindge, missing.

Missing,	2	Scammell's Regiment.
Killed and died from wounds,	10	
	12	
Col. Cilley's Reg't,	16	
Col. Hale's "	29	
Total,	57	

We are strong in the belief that the loss of New Hampshire men on that day, as imputed by Belknap, is exaggerated. As before stated, nearly all the *prisoners*, both officers and privates, resumed their old places or ranks, while nearly all the *missing* were finally found among the dead. This statement of the loss approximates to certainty, and is more favorable to us than the accounts of past history.

REMINISCENCES AND ANECDOTES OF DANIEL WEBSTER BY PETER HARVEY.

BY PROF. E. D. SANBORN.

The three orations delivered by Mr. Webster on the origin and development of our nation, one at Plymouth and two on Bunker Hill, are among the choicest specimens of oratory in the world's history. Their historical value can hardly be over-estimated. The orations of Demosthenes and Cicero may have excited the deepest emotions of sympathy and admiration in the hearts of their contemporaries, but to us they are chiefly valued as monuments of genius. The audiences addressed, the arguments employed, the results produced belong to the dead past; the occasions that called them forth can only be revived by the aid of history and imagination. The great orations of Webster are national, historical and pathetic. They reveal the origin, progress and development of our own blood-bought institutions. The Pilgrim fathers have never been more truthfully portrayed than in the address entitled "The Settlement of New England." The addresses delivered on Bunker Hill recite, in periods of surpassing beauty, the achievement of American independence. Our literature has been permanently enriched by them; and had Mr. Webster never opened his lips on any other occasion, these three orations would place him among the foremost orators of all times and stories.

The address at Plymouth closes thus: "Advance, then, ye future generations! We hail you, as you rise in long succession to fill the places which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence where we are passing and soon shall have passed our own human duration. We bid you welcome to this pleasant land of our fathers. We bid you welcome to the healthful skies and verdant fields of New England. We greet your succes-

sion to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed. We welcome you to the blessings of good government and religious liberty. We welcome you to the treasures of science and the delights of learning. We welcome you to the transcendent sweets of domestic life, to the happiness of kindred and parents and children. We welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of rational existence, the immortal hope of Christianity and the light of everlasting truth!"

No poet, with "his eye in phrensy rolling," could have conceived a brighter vision of coming glories, or expressed his thoughts in more perspicuous, energetic and elegant language. But the first generation that heard the orator's welcome did not cordially respond to it. Before thirty years had elapsed Mr. Webster could adopt the language of Milton:

"More safe I sing with mortal voice unchanged
To hoarse or mute, though fallen on evil days,
On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues."

The great statesman who, in 1820, was "the admired of all admirers," the theme of universal praise, in 1850 was bitterly assailed by slanderous tongues, and his last days were clouded with sorrow. The old age of the statesman is often sad and gloomy.

The key to Mr. Webster's entire political life was the defence of the Constitution and the preservation of the Union. This his oath as a legislator required him to do. Now, a second generation has advanced to share the blessings and privileges which he invoked upon coming ages. The men who have come upon the stage since Mr. Webster's death are beginning to appreciate his peerless genius, his brilliant oratory and his self-sacrificing patriotism. The erection of the Burnham statue in the Central Park of New York, the laudatory notices of the American press, and the appearance of Mr. Harvey's Reminiscences of Daniel Webster are proofs of this assertion. The voice of slander is hushed; and we no longer hear clergymen "choosing a text from St. Paul and preaching from the newspapers," as Mr. Webster once said. Mr. Harvey was the life-long friend of Mr. Webster. He loved and revered him with filial affection. Of course he says, in the words of one in a more responsible position, "I find no fault in him." The books make no pretention to biographical fullness. The anecdotes he has treasured illustrate every period of his life. His parentage, his school and college habits, his success at the bar, his public career and his domestic traits are all illumined by the light of disinterested friendship. The contemporaries of Mr. Webster who still survive will not find much that is absolutely new, but will take pleasure in reviewing the past and holding, by proxy, an interview with an old and departed friend,

"Lost to sight, to memory dear."

The young men who have not yet read the Life and Works of Mr. Webster, and who can truthfully say, "we have only heard the fame thereof with our ears," will be delighted with these choice specimens of the fruits that grow in the promised land, and will thus be persuaded to enter in and possess it. Mr. Webster's speeches are not only authority for the interpretation of the Constitution, but his doctrines of finance are to-day a bulwark of defence to the advocates of hard money. During the late rebellion his famous reply to Hayne has been the armory from which all the friends of the Union, from the cabinet to the caucus, have drawn their weapons. Mr. Harvey gives us a glowing account of this intellectual duel between the champions of the North and South, and confirms what even the enemies of Mr. Webster long ago admitted, that Mr. Webster's second reply to Hayne is the grandest speech of all time.

Such a man deserves well of his countrymen. In the last days of his life Mr. Webster deeply felt their ingratitude. He spoke of it to his friend Harvey; he also said to his New Hampshire neighbors at his own table, "He had been accused of ambition, of selfishness; and he could not say that he did not feel deeply the injustice of such treatment—treatment that he would rather have received from any other people that the sun shone upon than the people of New Hampshire."

One trait of Mr. Webster's character that appears throughout these reminis-

cences deserves notice. He generally bore in dignified silence the assaults of his enemies, and never returned their insults in kind. In the six volumes of his public speeches not one paragraph can be found that would needlessly wound the feelings of any living man. He charged Mr. Everett, in editing his works, to suppress or soften anything that would give pain to his opponents. There was only one speech where the illustrious editor was called upon to soften the severity of the orator. In his defence of the Treaty of Washington Mr. Webster replied personally to the gratuitous slanders of Charles Jared Ingersol. His blows were crushing, and in preparing this speech for the press Mr. Everett confessed that "it was hard to make a trip-hammer strike softly."

Speaking of the treatment he had received from politicians, he said to Mr. Harvey: "The man who serves the public most faithfully receives no adequate reward. In my own history, those acts which have been, before God, the most disinterested and the least stained by selfish considerations have been precisely those for which I have been most freely abused!" On one of those occasions when the city council of Boston closed the old "Cradle of Liberty" to the man who, by his tariff speeches, had created the manufactures and doubled the commerce of the Old Bay State, he received a subsequent offer of the hall, by the Mayor and Aldermen of the city, with studied contempt. He wrote a letter in reply to their invitation, couched in the coldest language he could command. He sent the letter to his friend Choate for revision. Choate exclaimed: "*I* amend a letter of Mr. Webster! I should as soon think of amending the Acts of the Apostles! The letter is perfect. Nobody else could write such a letter."

Mr. Harvey has done a good work in setting forth, by examples, Mr. Webster's domestic and social virtues. He was a most loving and affectionate husband and father, a kind, genial, thoughtful companion, and a generous and hospitable neighbor. Mr. Harvey denies the charges of self-indulgence which the press and pulpit so liberally published during the last years of his life. He recites conversations held with Mr. Webster at various times concerning his religious views. Mr. Webster, near the close of his life, declared his attachment to the orthodox Congregational Church, which he joined in Salisbury, at the age of twenty, and of which he was a member when he died. One of the most touching narratives of the whole book was his interview with John Colby, his brother-in-law, who became a religious man at the age of eighty-five. Mr. Webster had not met his brother-in-law for forty years. They warmly embraced each other and wept for joy. In Mr. Harvey's presence, at Mr. Colby's request, Mr. Webster knelt and prayed for the household and their guests, and Mr. Colby followed with a fervent petition for each individual in the house. The scene was peculiarly affecting.

Mr. Harvey has done a good work in vindicating his friend from unmerited aspersion, and in aiding the advancing generations to appreciate the greatest statesman and orator our country has produced. The following extracts are from Mr. Justice Neilson's Review of the Reminiscences in the Albany Law Journal:

"We now come to speak of two matters wherein Mr. Harvey gives us new light as to Webster's character. If any idea of Webster has been unanimously accepted, it is that he was always careless about his debts, and very much addicted to indulgence in intoxicating drinks. On these two points his biographer surprises us. In regard to the first he convinces us that Mr. Webster has been misunderstood. It must be remembered that, for the sake of the public, Webster consented to comparative poverty. Being a poor man, he gave up a law practice which would have produced him $25,000 annually, for a senator's or secretary's meagre salary, and incurred the heavy outlay inseparable from such positions. It has been popularly believed that State street came to his relief on several occasions of necessity, but Mr. Harvey shows that on one occasion at least he indignantly spurned the proffer of such assistance. In his last years, and while in feeble health, he consented to argue the Goodyear case for a fee of $15,000, solely for the sake of paying some debts, and in his last days he wished he could get two more such fees, so that he could die out of debt. On the other

point we are not so clear. Mr. Harvey says that Webster was a temperate man, and that his intellect was never obscured by alcoholic stimulants. It will be difficult to make any one who saw Webster much during the last twenty-five years of his life believe this. His appearance was much against this theory, his contemporaneous reputation was opposed to it, and it was commonly believed and asserted that, on minor public occasions, he was not infrequently a sufferer from over-indulgence. We think it is a mistake to try to make a saint of Webster. Great, grand, glorious man that he was, he had some of the failings of commoner clay. Otherwise he would truly have been super-human.

Another aspect of the man in which Mr. Harvey presents him is that of peacemaker. That certainly is a novel *role* for Daniel Webster, according to popular traditions, but Mr. Harvey proves his case most indubitably. It would be easy to believe that Webster was magnanimous; indeed, such was his reputation; but that he was so forgiving of injuries to himself, and so anxious to promote peace among others, we were not hitherto prepared to credit. In all his life there are no passages that will do him greater credit than his successful attempt to heal the breach between Benton and John Wilson, and his unavailing endeavors to reconcile Benton with Calhoun. As narrated by Mr. Harvey, these are among the most touching incidents in biography. They disclose a far-down sweetness, goodness and simplicity that a thousand times atones for unruly passions of the flesh, and bring forcibly to mind the Saviour's declaration, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

This brings us, in closing, to say that Mr. Harvey's book abounds in proofs of Webster's unassuming, simple and complete acceptance of the truths of the Christian religion. Webster was too great a man not to have an intellectual assurance of these great facts. He was cheerful, liberal and tolerant in his religious opinions, but he clung to them fervently to the last. An intimate friend once asked him, in the presence of a score of others, what was the most important thought that ever occupied his mind? After scanning the group a moment to make sure that no strange or unfriendly auditor was present, he responded, "my individual responsibility to God;" and then he spoke to them on this subject as only he could speak, for some moments. We know it is not unfrequently the case that lawyers become so wise in their own conceit that as to deny the higher allegiance and the evidence on which the Christian religion rests, but we are not among them. If any lawyer thinks himself wiser on these points than Daniel Webster, we cannot sympathize with him. If there are any who believe that Christ was an imposter, that God is blind chance, or a law without a legislator, and that man, instead of being created in the image of God, and a little lower than the angels, is nothing but an ape with modern improvements, let him read Daniel Webster on theology. Perhaps these matters are a little *obiter*, but really we think a little theology now and then will not hurt our readers.

We must now reluctantly leave this great man, and we cannot better do it than in the closing words of this biographer: "The spot where Daniel Webster reposes is upon elevated land, and overlooks the sea, his mammoth farm, the First Parish Church, and most of the town of Marshfield,—wide-spreading marshes, forests remote and near, the tranquil river and glistening brooks. On a pleasant day the sands of Cape Cod can be descried from it, thirty miles directly to the east, where the Pilgrims first moored their ship. The spot is perfectly retired and quiet, nothing being usually heard but the solemn dirge of the ocean, and the answering sighs of the winds. It is the spot of all others for his resting-place."

REMINISCENCES.

BY L. W. DODGE.

Ours the old majestic temple,
Where God's brightness shines
Down the dome so grand and ample,
Propped by lofty pines.
—*Whittier*

Come with me to the "up country," to the cloud-haunted land of the "Granite Hills;" the evergreen wilderness of mountain and forest of pine. Our journey shall be in memories of other days; we will listen to the murmurings of waters which have long since run to the sea; to music among the trees swayed by winds which rose and fell with the unforgotten past; to the rustling of leaves which fluttered to the ground in an autumn of "auld lang syne."

Oh! the delight of those recollections! Unhappy the man who in these days of selfish pride, and of eager hastenings to be called rich, cannot call from his treasure-house of things new and old, aught to cheer from the garnered memories of youth; perrennial rays of refreshing sunshine to brighten the pathway of years.

You remember a few weeks since, as we were sitting upon the summit of the "high knoll" yonder, looking eastward toward "Kah-wan-en-te" and its wind-swept ravines; from the shadows of the valley between this and the height where the dazzling streamlet gleams aloft, your ear caught the murmur of distant waters, as it came and went with the sweep of the wind over the hills and through the forest. I promised then at no distant day to give you an introduction to those dreamy solitudes.

I shall never forget my first acquaintance with that winsome glen and its joyous stream: it was in one of those years which we love to remember, albeit they were not all of gladness; in the days of the buried past; green grow the grass and bright the flowers above it.

The valley was then in its wildest; many of these hills were not yet disforested, and the grand old woods, nature's uncultured parks, stretched away toward the mountain there in all their primeval magnificence. We had watched the deepening shadows, and listened to the wild murmuring of its waters at evening, and traced its course by the rising mists of morn as they came up from river and moorland; but there was a point, a boundary in the wilderness, beyond which our boyish feet had never ventured.

There came a time, however, as beautiful a summer day as ever gladdened a sunlit world. Is was the Sabbath. Yes; and why not? If the heart is right, what matters it where we worship; whether in the "forest sanctuary, with its leafy arches and hemlock spires," or 'neath the lofty dome and at the dark chancel of the cathedral? There can be no holier calm in all the world than that which possesses the soul on a quiet Sabbath day 'mid those evergreen aisles, where there is "music in the trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything;" and no one with high aspirations and good intentions can go out, of a Sunday morn, communing with nature in her wildest haunts, and not return at evening a wiser, calmer, and therefore a better, man. "The Sabbath was made for man, and God made it."

Never are the hearts of mortals moved to better or deeper emotions than when listening by the sounding sea or laughing rivulet; gazing far off from some mountain summit or dreaming among the leafy solitudes of the wild-wood.

"He of Nazareth" was stirred with like emotions, I ween, when He "went up into a mountain and taught them; saying, Blessed," etc.; and who does not believe that those holy men of old, who

left their homes, and their labors and their nets, and followed their Master to become teachers and fishers of men, gathered inspiration from the blue waves of "Gennesaret," from the breezes which came down from Hermon and the far hills of the Gadarenes; from the stars that hung above the forests of Lebanon; from the ripplings of Siloam's shady rill, and from the wild dashings of the swift waters of the Jordan?

Who doubts that the characters of this chosen few were modified by the influences of the romantic country around them; that their souls were full of the love of nature, and so of love for their fellows?

When you see men steeled against their gentler emotions, who sneer at aught of love or affection; who see nothing of beauty and little to charm in the external world of mountain and forest, in the glow of sunset, or in the starry watchers above; who hear no music among the swaying branches of the oak or the pine, no laugh in the rivulet, or melody of winds or of waves; whose ears are open to no sound but the clink of gold, and who know no love but the love of gain; there you will find a chilled heart and a cold and selfish nature. Judas betrayed his master.

But my pen is leading me into a homily. I was going to tell you there was a quaintly defined footpath entering the shadows at the north side of the "birch knoll," zig-zagging down the long hill into the darker valley below. It was an ancient "deer-run" ere the hunter and the fisherman had sought out these hidden retreats, startling the forest echoes with the crack of the rifle, and whipping from the stony, moss-bound brook its fishy inhabitants.

Many a time, in these later years, do I recall the odd figure of "Old Ezra," emerging from those mysterious solitudes with strings of golden trout; or the quaint form of "Horatio," stalking across the fields, and suddenly disappearing in the forest dark with shadows, closely followed by his faithful hound, whose loud baying, full, clear and rich as a bugle note, when following the game, was well known through all that mountain land.

It was profoundly still among those dim arches as we entered the wood through the vanguard of a rising generation of aspiring young birches and sombre-clad beeches, and wound our way towards that musical murmur which we knew was the mountain stream babbling down yonder in the glen.

Here was solitude as perfect and sweet as the most romantic heart could wish; the solitude of the world-old forest. The spirit of silence and repose seemed to have taken possession of "hoary hill and haunted hollow." The crackling of a dry twig, or the suppressed rustling of our feet among the mosses, or last autumn's dry leaves, seemed a rude invasion of this domain of quiet; and there came a sound as of a decayed branch falling to the ground from some huge trunk far away upon the hillside; and again a wild partridge hen, disturbed upon her leaf-hidden nest, flew from our pathway and fluttered away through the copsewood, arousing from his dreamy nap a chatty red squirrel, who gazed with sparkling eyes an instant, then whisked away with a chitter-r-r into his nut-tree retreat, in safety to look upon this intruder.

There were no whisperings among the maples, no breezy stir of the birchen bougs or the linden trees; no soughing of the winds above in the lofty pines or drowsy hemlocks, but a deep, soul-soothing tranquility brooded over all. It was calm as a dream of Heaven; only the low, lulling voice of the water in the distant dell, and that became more a thought and less a sound.

We were near the foot of the hill, far away yet from the river's brink, lying prone upon a huge rock, upholstered and draped with moss as long as the beard of a Druid. We were watching the shimmer of the sunlight among the leafy shadows, when there came floating up the valley and through the forest from the little village miles away, with a richness and sweetness which I cannot well describe, the sound of the church-going bell. How it thrilled through those dim, silent halls! How it filled my soul with ardent longings, with holy inspirations; and when its notes died away upon the

charmed air, I heard, or fancied I could hear, far away through the leafy curtains, up above the evergreen spires, into the clear, unclouded ether, and still beyond the deep blue, the echo of that old song—the song of the angels when the "morning stars first sang together" over the new creation.

Laugh, if you will, and call it fancy, or the lingering tones of the distant village bell still haunting the forest corridors; what I heard I have written.

Guided now by the nearer and more distinct voice of the river—for the dimly marked footpath had long since strayed away among the moss-mounds and moose-berry bushes—we were soon strolling along its green embowered banks. It was a wild mountain stream, as full of laugh and glee as a school-boy. There were no abrupt plunges, no roaring waterfalls over-leaping high cliffs; but an occasional rapid, hurrying through darksome dells or around wave-worn rocks, between fern-fringed banks, with a merry, musical flow, over pebbly shallow, or into wavy depths where the sky and forest were as deep below, as far above. I threw myself upon a couch of leaves spread by the winds of the departed year, among the hazel-bushes, and over which waved the "gray beech wood," and yielded myself to the holy influences of the hour and the place. It was indeed a day and a spot in which to be very happy.

How we chased our wild fancies down the restless river; how we watched it sparkling below there, in the rock-lined basin; how it coquetted with the overhanging wild woodbine and the trailing mosses; how it babbled to the rocks and the old trees above us upon the hillside, and sang of love, and joy, and gladness.

Never tell me it is foolish, or childish, or weak to look upon and love those sights and sounds of forest and river. God made them to be enjoyed, and designed man to rejoice in them. I know that I may and I know that I shall sleep quiet sleep when you lay me where I shall be lulled to ceaseless slumber by the mild lullaby of mountain stream, under the leafy shelter of home.

"Those hills are dearest which our childish feet
Have climbed the earliest, and the streams most sweet
Are ever those at which our young lips drank,
Stooped to their waters o'er the grassy bank."

Hark!—it was the jesting "ha-ha" of a loon, coming up from down yonder at the outlet, or out upon the pond at the head of the island. I wonder what he sees or hears there to deride. What a mocking laugh, echoing over the water and through the moorland shadows like the cry of a lost soul.

There! again—or was it the distant bayings of hounds around the mountains? Can it be that some thoughtless hunter, unmindful of the day, has put out his dogs upon the track of a deer? Or is it some hound, tired of the monotony of dooryard and kennel, seeking a change, and sporting alone by frightening from his favorite haunt, sheltered from the noontide heat, some antlered "ranger of the woods?"

Louder and louder, and now dying almost away and half inaudible, and now quite gone—again I hear them—distant, but distinct, as they come over the brow of a hill and then down into the ravine and are lost again. There are two of them; one has the long, loud, bugle voice of an old hunter, the other the clear and ringing tone of a younger dog; and I still catch at intervals the unmistakable cry of the chase, above the babbling of the brook. "Old Lion," ever a companion in my woody rambles, who lies at my feet, pricks up his ears and gives a short, spasmodic growl; but, with due propriety for the day, and attentive to a word from his young master, he remains quiet. His eyes, however, are fixed upon a spot where, above the river's track, a huge monarch of the forest has been torn from its base by wind or time and now lies branchless across the hillside, the earth and stones in a dark mass clinging to its scraggy, upturned roots. Now the duet of bayings comes strong and distinct as they rise over the "hard-wood ridge" and are making for the river at this point; again they enter the denser woods or drop down into some hollow among the spruces and the hemlocks, and all is still again. While I was listening expectant for the next cry of the

dogs, a rustling among the undergrowth and crackling of twigs up where the old pine lay brought another growl and bark from Old Lion, to attract my attention, and the next instant, with long, graceful leaps, his fine head thrown up and his antlers laying back upon his shoulders, a noble buck came headlong down the steep bank, over the fallen trunk, to the edge of the water, and with a single bound landed amid stream not a score of yards from where we were lying.

But a minute he stood, listening to the approach of the hounds, and with quivering nostrils sniffing the coming danger, or with flashing eyes looking up stream and then down as if hesitating which course to pursue; only an instant, and then, as the cry sounded near, with strained limbs and frightened leaps he dashed away and down the river, keeping between its banks, and his waving white plume soon disappeared around a huge rock. Hardly had the deer disappeared beyond the bend of the creek, and the sand and the waves hidden his cautious footprints, when the panting hounds broke forth, scenting the trail with headlong haste down the hill, and to the last leap into the water. The leader, a splendid fellow, shook the cooling drops from his coat, for he was over in less time than it takes to tell it, and finding no outgoing track, with a short yelp started off, seeking among the wild weeds and the grasses upon the winding bank for the lost scent. As if divining the cunning trick of the deer in keeping the water to baffle pursuit, he traced up stream for a distance and then down upon the opposite shore, while the younger and inexperienced pup flew hither and thither in unmistakable dilemma.

In half an hour or less a fresh outburst of music from the old dog, away down stream where the loon laughed, announced to his perplexed companion, and to us eager but quiet listeners, that the lost trail was found; and then again the wild-wood echoed, and hill and valley and mountain glen awoke to the dual cry of the chase, till it died away in the distant forest or was lost among the swamps and swales of "Pondicherry" or the dark undisturbed solitudes beyond "Owl's Head."

REPOSE.

The midnight bell has ceased its toll,
The air breathes no alarm,
The hush of silence soothes the soul,
Sweet rest withholds no charm.

Ripples of peace each breathing fans
Across the waves of thought,
Until one calm the surface spans—
No sweeter rest is sought.

The mists of dreamland hover near,
Ethereal and pure,
Bewildering all hope, all fear,
The spirit to allure.

Slowly each fancy drifts away,
Floats on to shores of light,
And mingles with each endless ray
'Till lost to dreamy sight.

—*E. P. Smyth.*

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EDWIN DAVID SANBORN, LL. D.

BY REV. SILAS KETCHUM, WINDSOR, CT.

[This sketch is from the materials for a *Dictionary of New Hampshire Biography* now in preparation by the writer.]

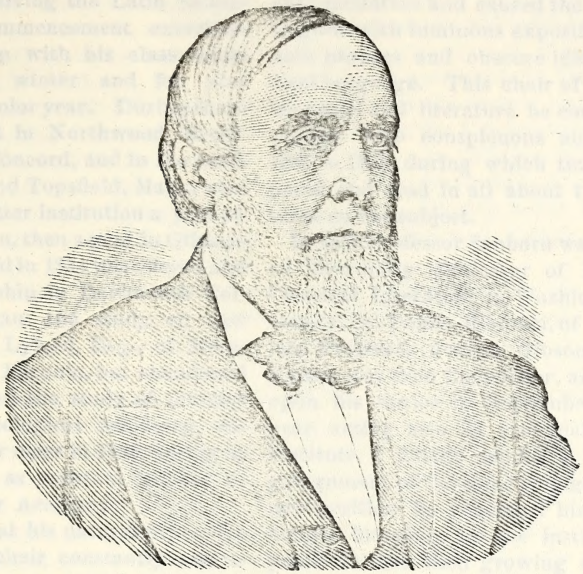
EDWIN DAVID SANBORN, who has been, with the exception of four years of service in a similar institution, a professor in Dartmouth College since 1835, was born on a farm which lay about half way between Barnstead line and Gilmanton Academy, but within the limits of Gilmanton, May 14, 1808, and is, consequently, now completing his seventieth year.

His mother was Hannah Hook, daughter of Capt. Dyer Hook of Chichester, and was the mother of nine children, of whom only three are living.

His father, David E. Sanborn, was a man well known in his day as an intelligent, energetic and progressive farmer of Gilmanton, who, starting with a farm of one hundred acres, which he inherited, added to it by his own exertions until it was nearly a mile square. He was a schoolmaster of the old time, teaching winters for sixteen years, and had a wide reputation as an accomplished penman in the old "copy hand." He increased the value and quality of his farm stock by introducing improved breeds of cattle and the merino sheep. He was a man of conscientious piety, held with firmness and intelligence the doctrines of evangelical Christianity, and regularly and carefully instructed his children in the same; thus laying deep and secure the foundations of their future integrity and usefulness. He took pains also to instruct them carefully in the rudiments of a good English education, encouraging and assisting them afterward in the pursuit of the higher branches of learning, that he might send them forth well equipped for places of high responsibility.

Nor did they disappoint his hopes and expectations. His three sons rose to positions of much honor and influence. Dyer H. Sanborn, A. M., the eldest of the three (1799–1871), was for many years one of the best known instructors in various academies and seminaries in this State and Massachusetts, and author of two English Grammars which were in their day extensively used. He was also a clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and held many offices of influence and trust, in which he acquitted himself with honor.

Hon. John Sewall Sanborn, Q. C., LL. D., D. C. L., (1819–1877), was the youngest of the nine children of David E. Sanborn, and graduating from Dartmouth College, in which the subject of this sketch was then a professor, in 1842 he located in Sherbrooke, C. E., where he soon achieved distinction as a lawyer, and was a representative in the Canadian Parliament eight years; was twice elect-



PROF. E. D. SANBORN.

ed to the Legislative Council, and appointed by Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, one of the original Senators of the new Dominion Parliament, under the Act of Confederation, which appointment was for life. He was also for a time Judge of the Superior Court in the County of Sherbrooke, and in 1873 was called by Her Majesty, suddenly and unexpectedly, to the Court of Queen's Bench, a position equivalent to that of Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, which position he filled with distinguished ability until his death.

Edwin D., like his brothers, was brought up on the farm, reared in habits of economy and industry, in the prosecution of the ordinary duties of a farmer's son. The work was constant, laborious and exhausting, but pleasant and healthful. Early hours, wholesome food, a well ventilated house, with its wide, open fire-place, active duties by day and undisturbed sleep by night, enjoyed through the years of his early life, all contributed toward the formation of a sound physical constitution. His bodily powers, maturing under the gracious influences of culture and self-command, endowed him with an easy and manly bearing which has characterized him in all the varied positions he has been called to fill. The personal presence of the man has been no small adjunct of power in the management of over forty classes of undergraduates, each of which has seen in the professor one whom it was safe to trust and honorable to obey.

When a boy, in the public schools of his native town, he exhibited aptitude and proficiency in the studies pursued, and was declared by his instructor qualified to teach in similar schools at the age of sixteen. The same year he was entered as a student at old Gilmanton Academy, and commenced at once the study of Latin, and in six weeks had mastered Adam's Latin Grammar. The following winter, 1825-26, he taught in Deerfield, and was re-engaged for the same school the next year, receiving for the first term ten, and for the second eleven, dollars per month. In the fall of 1827 he taught a select school in Barnstead. During his preparation for college the summers of each year were devoted to labor on his father's farm. In 1828 he entered the Freshman class in Dartmouth College,

pursued his course regularly, graduating in 1832, and receiving the Latin Salutatory in the Commencement exercises, thus keeping up with his class while teaching every winter and for nine months of his Senior year. During these years he taught in Northwood, Brentwood, twice in Concord, and in the academies in Derry and Topsfield, Mass., continuing in the latter institution a year after his graduation, then a year in Gilmanton Academy, and in 1834 was offered and declined a tutorship in Dartmouth College. He began the study of law with Stephen C. Lyford, Esq., of Meredith Bridge, now Laconia, but abandoned it and commenced the study of divinity in Andover Theological Seminary, entering the Junior class in 1834, acting at the same time as assistant teacher in Phillips Andover Academy.

Thus it was that his natural fitness for the instructor's chair constantly asserted itself, finally prevented him from pursuing his theological studies to their close, and opened before him a path to future usefulness and honor which nature and education had abundantly qualified him to fill.

In 1835 Mr. Sanborn was again offered and accepted a tutorship in his Alma Mater, and before the close of the year he was formally installed as Professor of the Greek and Latin languages. Two years later these were separated, Professor Sanborn taking the Latin, and Professor Alpheus Crosby the Greek.

Had his own inclination been consulted or allowed to determine his course, Professor Sanborn would have chosen the chair of Natural Philosophy. His quick discernment and retentive memory would have insured him ready proficiency in the facts and laws of physics, while his natural enthusiasm would have led him to the constant use of experiment and demonstration. He entered, however, with ardor and an ambition to excel, upon the duties of his profession, and made himself a critical master of the language he was to teach. His duties were laborious. The classes were large, and recited in three divisions, necessitatting a constant crossing and recrossing of the same ground. Nevertheless, he endeavored to bring fresh enthusiasm to each recitation and caused the dull page to glow with luminous exposition of the dark phrases and obscure idioms of the dead language. This chair of the Latin language and literature he continued to occupy with conspicuous ability from 1837 to 1859, during which time he prepared and read in all about twenty lectures on the subject.

In 1859 Professor Sanborn was appointed University Professor of Latin and Classical Literature in Washington University, St. Louis, Missouri, of which the late Professor Joseph Gibson Hoyt of Exeter was then Chancellor, and entered upon his duties in September of that year, acting also as principal of Mary Institute, a female seminary under the government of the same college. In his new position he acquitted himself with honor, bringing to the instruction of youth in that then growing and enterprising State the ripe and garnered fruits of his long and rich experience in the East. But the war of the rebellion proving disastrous to all the interests of Missouri, educational, social and financial, he was constrained to resign his chair in March, 1863, and immediately accepted the Professorship of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in Dartmouth College, returning to the seat of his former labors, but to enter upon a new field of endeavor, more congenial to his tastes and desires,

To his new position Professor Sanborn brought the experience of age and the ardor of youth. For the first time was opened to him a proper arena for the display of his rich and extensive stores of knowledge, accumulated through years of wide and general research in history and general literature. He immediately entered upon the true method of university education, and the one most fruitful of results, of imparting instruction by lectures; not the dry and elaborate preparation of the study, drawn out and engrossed by rule and read to "scraping" classes, but the impromptu deliverance of a mind thoroughly saturated with the subject and alive to the opportunity. In this professorship he is still in service. He stimulates and enlists the enthusiasm of his pupils by inviting and assigning

pursued his course regularly, graduating in 1823, and receiving the Latin Salutatory in the Commencement exercises, thus keeping up with his class while teaching every winter and for nine months of his Senior year. During these years he taught in Scarborough, Brattleboro, twice in Concord, and in the academies in Derry and Topsfield, Mass., continuing in the latter institution a year after his graduation, then a year in Gilmanton Academy, and in 1831 was offered and declined a tutorship in Dartmouth College. He began the study of law with Stephen C. Lyford, Esq., of Meredith Bridge, now Laconia, but abandoned it and commenced the study of divinity in Andover Theological Seminary, graduating the Junior class in 1834, acting at the same time as assistant teacher in Phillips Academy, Andover.

Thus it was that his natural fitness for the instructor's chair constantly asserted itself, finally prevented him from pursuing his theological studies to their close, and opened before him a path to future usefulness and honorable preferment and honorably qualified him to fill.

In 1838 Mr. Sanborn was again offered and accepted a tutorship in his Alma Mater, and during the close of the year he was thoroughly installed as Professor of the Greek and Latin languages. Two years later these were separated, Professor Sanborn taking the Latin, and Professor Alphaus Crosby the Greek.

Had his own inclination been consulted or allowed to determine his course, Professor Sanborn would here closen the chair of Natural Philosophy. His quiet temperament and reflective memory would have inspired him really to delve in the facts and laws of physics, while his natural enthusiasm would have led him to the constant use of experiment and demonstration. He entered, however, with ardor and an ambition to excel, upon the duties of his profession, and made himself a skilful master of the languages he was to teach. His duties were laborious. The classes were large, and recited in three divisions, necessitating a constant crossing and recrossing of the same ground. Nevertheless, he

subjects for criticism, declamation and careful treatment, thus inducing competition, compelling research, and calling into profitable and agreeable activity the best powers of the mind.

"As the result of all this," said the late President Smith, "so deep an interest has been awakened in the belles-letres studies and exercises that fears have been expressed that other departments might be overshadowed. I speak with special knowledge on this subject, having had a son under the instruction of Professor Sanborn, and with comparative knowledge, I may add, as another of my sons graduated at Yale. Indeed, I should be tempted, if it would not seem ungracious, to pronounce it superior. No part of the curriculum has had higher commendation than this from examining committees of late, and gentlemen who have attended commencements for the last half dozen years have spoken emphatically of the great advance manifest as well in the delivery as in the style of the speakers."

Professor Sanborn commenced to write for the press while an undergraduate, and has from that time wielded a prolific pen. More than one thousand articles of his preparation, on education, agriculture, temperance religion, politics, science and other topics, have appeared in various periodicals, besides a great number of elaborate and learned papers in the *North American Review*, the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, *New Englander American Biblical Repository*, *Christian Observatory*, and other periodicals.

He has also delivered addresses, discourses and orations on a great variety of subjects and occasions, before societies, associations, conventions and bodies, learned and unlearned, many of which have been published. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1850, and prepared the report on education, and made speeches on various measures, which were printed. He delivered eulogies on President Harrison and President Taylor; another before Phillips Andover Academy on Daniel Webster, with whom he was intimately acquainted, having married his brother's daughter. He assisted Fletcher Webster in editing his father's correspondence, preparing most of the original matter of the introduction, and furnished a portion of the reminiscences of the great statesman lately published by Peter Harvey. He delivered the oration on New Hampshire Day at the Centennial in Philadelphia, 1876. In 1875 he published a History of New Hampshire, a volume of 423 8vo. pages. Of this latter work James T. Fields, the well known author and critic, says:

"The author sketches the characteristics of different epochs of civilization, contrasting the ancient and the modern; gives a view of the condition of society at the time of the first settlements in America; narrates in a clear, luminous and effectlve style the principal events in the earlier and later colonial history, the wars, and the political and religious controversies through which New Hampshire, in common with the rest of New England, has been called to pass, and the brilliant achievements and rapid progress of her history; and gives an outline of the lives of some of her most remarkable sons, together with an interesting summary of her industrial development and the extent of her resources. The work is a clear, coherent and well arranged narrative, critical as well as historical, and written in an interesting and vigorous style."

Professor Sanborn was licensed as a Congregational minister Nov. 1, 1836, but has never sought ordination. He has, however, throughout his professional career often occupied the pulpit in his own and other denominations, frequently speaking without "notes," in that clear, direct and pungent style which is characteristic of all his class, platform and pulpit efforts.

In 1859 the University of Vermont conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws.

In 1846 he was appointed Justice of the Peace and Quorum, and from that time till his departure for Missouri, he held most of the justice courts in Hanover.

In 1848 and 1849 he represented Hanover in the General Court, and in the Constitutional Convention of 1850.

In 1869 he was elected to the New Hampshire Senate, but declined to serve.

Professor Sanborn has been twice married: (1) to Mary Ann, daughter of Ezekiel Webster, Dec. 11, 1837, removing at once into the house formerly occupied by Dr. Oliver in Hanover, where his family has ever since resided. Catharine A., the eldest child, born in 1839, has long been known as an authoress, and has the past winter given a series of literary talks or lectures in the parlor of Dr. Crosby's church in New York City. Ezekiel W., born in 1844, died in infancy. Mary Webster, born in 1845, is the wife of Paul Babcock, Jr., of Jersey City, N. J. Edwin W., born in 1857, is a member of the present Senior class in Dartmouth College. In 1864 Mrs. Sanborn died, and on the second day of January, 1868, he was married to Mrs. Sarah Fenton Clark of Detroit, Mich.

THE ROBINS.

BY WILL E. WALKER.

Said a robin unto a robin,
"Let us build a nest in this tree."
Said in reply, the robin,
"No, no! for cannot you see,
'Tis near to the room of a student,
And he our tormentor will be."

Said the first bird unto the second,
"I'll trust my welfare with him;
I have heard his kind words to the children,
As I sat on this favorite limb,
And if he is kind to such rascals,
Not a beam of our joy will he dim."

So a nest was built by the robins;
And throughout the sunshine of Spring,
By their cheery, persistent labor,
By the songs they were wont to sing,
They encouraged and cheered the scholar,
And new hopes to his heart did bring.

For they taught him of love and duty,
Of wisdom and faith—to believe
That He who cared for the robins,
Would the wants of his soul relieve;
Who heareth their songs of gladness,
Should likewise his praise receive.

And he loved and protected the robins,
When others would threaten them ill;
And in quiet they lived in the treetop,
And sang of peace and good will;
And speaker first says to his "gude wife,"
"I told you so—think so still."

THE ORGANIC BASIS OF LAW.

BY C. C. LORD.

There is a story told of a miner who, laboring in a gold region, found a nugget of prodigious size—so huge it was impossible for him to move it by his own unaided strength. A model of selfishness, he sat down by his treasure, steadily refusing all assistance from those offering, for the consideration of a share in the proceeds, to help him carry his property where its value could be made actually available. At length, after protracted watching, the demands of hunger became so urgent that he was constrained to offer one-half of his prize to any one who would bring him but a single plate of beans—a wealth of gold for a morsel of cheap food.

Law is the formula of human necessities. Its written and its rational embodiments are but the formulated expressions of the organic law implied in constitutional human nature. The more this principle is ignored in its collective aspects, the more severe is its reaction upon the individual consciousness.

Organized society is a design for the easier fulfillment of the law of human necessities. The greater the degree in which the social design is effected without the assertion of the abstract consciousness of the individual, the greater is the popular sense of privilege; the greater the degree in which the arrogation of abstract individuality prevails in society, the greater is the sense of public misfortune.

The organic basis of law suggests its inevitableness. Law cannot be escaped. This suggestion is profitable for the consideration of any aspiring to a realization of a state of lawlessness. Defiance of the forms and symbols of legally organized society will not displace law; it will only substitute civilized socialism by barbaric absolutism—the easier and more substantial for the harder and less substantial appeal of law. Herein is defined the principle that, working in the constitutional fabric of human society, has made every past communistic enterprise degenerate and die in the wrangle of self-centered, individual interests. The processes of this degeneration and death are so revolting and painful, their bare contemplation affords all necessary instruction in regard to their true character.

The necessity implied in the existence of law determines the extreme temporariness of all attempts at establishing and furthering an illegal status. It becomes us to contemplate the method of social restoration. This, too, is only an expression of the law of necessity. Inherent social adaptation creates a demand for adequate social supplies. The prodigal, who, taking his own portion of goods, leaves his father's house, to do business solely in the fulfillment of an accountability to individual selfhood, comes back again, starving, in rags and tatters. Herein is also involved an emphatically appropriate reflection. The returning social prodigal is even cravenly submissive to the active formulas of collective human life; having tasted the delusive sweets of abstract individualism, he pleads of rationally constituted society, "Make me as one of thy hired servants." If society would avoid a bigoted aristocracy, let it first beware of a licensed democracy.

The organic law of society cannot be rescinded; the attitude of human individual consciousness determines its enfranchising or enslaving character. The dual capacity of legal administration is illustrated by the difference between true manhood and real childhood, in that true manhood accepts voluntarily, and in part at least unconsciously, that to which real childhood submits only by constraint. True manhood is in a state of liberty;

real childhood is in a condition of bondage. Reversing the order of statement, we find this dual conception of legal operation affirmed in the sublime symbolism of the Apostle Paul, as he defines the contrast between the law and the gospel, speaking of "Jerusalem which now is, and is in bondage with her children; but Jerusalem which is above is *free*, which is the mother of us all."

The organic basic law of society is an embodiment of a supereminently fostering benevolence. It is the social father and mother of us all. Clinging closer to its tender bosom, mankind realizes the highest collective awards; ignoring it, the race suffers the dreadful ban of outraged integrity. The corporate form of human society will exact the last tributary farthing of every refractory member. This thought is not restrictive in its application. It makes its appeal to high and low, rich and poor, strong and weak. Ruler and subject must bow before the constitutional law of things. Yet, being the embodiment of essential benevolence, as implying the generative potentiality of a fulfilled corporate form, the organic law of society admits of no absolute partiality. It allows every individual his rationally legitimate position in the corporate structure. The rationally legitimate conception of this theme will alone give social peace. Through it, dispute, bickering, and war will cease even to the ends of the earth. The knowledge of the organic law of society is effected by the study of its corporate uses. When men seek to know the composite and correlative ends of individuals and things, instead of merely their simple relations, the true social sun will be seen to shine. The inculcation of this knowledge should begin in the nursery, where forms should be revealed in their natural, dependent relations,—the fruit upon the bough, the bough upon the branch, the branch upon the trunk, the trunk upon the root, and the root in the earth. The principles of action and re-action should be illustrated as the apprehension enlarges. The method should be carried forward to the school, the academy, the college and the university; its conception should ramify the expression of the rostrum, the press and the pulpit. The simple and abstract should pass away. The complex and concrete should occupy.

MARY'S REWARD.

BY HELEN M. RUSSELL.

CHAPTER I.

It is an evening in January. Coldly bright gleam the myraid stars, and round and full the moon sails through a cloudless sky. The bustle of the day is over, although there are yet many people upon the streets. Some are hurrying briskly along, wrapped in costly furs, others are toiling slowly and wearily on their way, with hardly enough clothing to keep themselves from freezing. Toward the south part of the city of C——, upon a retired street, stands a neat white cottage with green blinds. The moonlight falls softly upon it, stealing through the windows of the cosy sitting-room, lighting it with soft, gentle radiance. It rests softly upon the bowed head of a young man seated near the window. There is an unmistakable look of weariness or dissatisfaction in the handsome, flushed face as he raises his head at length with a heavy sigh.

"Sitting here in the moonlight reminds me of our old happy life at Maplewood, Mary," said he sadly. "I would give all I possess—which would be little enough, I know—to be as free from care as I was then. But it is late, I must go," he continued, rising from his seat.

A young girl, who is seated upon a lounge near by, arises quickly and approaches him, saying gently:

"Brother, don't go out to-night. Stay

with mamma and me this once, please."

The sweet, pleading face of the girl is raised eagerly to her brother's as she gently seeks to detain him, one slender hand resting lightly upon his arm, the other resting upon the back of the chair he has just vacated. Gently, but with decision, Eugene Ross withdraws from the hand that would detain him, and turns half impatiently away from the sweet girl. Her eyes fill with tears and her rosebud lips quiver with suppressed emotion as she turns away and seats herself by the window and watches her brother until his tall, manly form is lost to view. When she could no longer discern him she arose, and hastily brushing aside the tears which in spite of her efforts to the contrary, had forced themselves down her cheeks, she drew the snowy curtains closely about the windows, replenished the fire and lit the lamp, tidying up the little room with a touch here and there, such as only true housekeepers understand giving, and drawing a small work-table nearer the fire, seated herself in a low sewing chair, and taking some unfinished work from a work-basket near by, she plied her needle rapidly. At length the door opens and a tall, slender lady enters the room.

"Ah, mamma! I am so glad you have come. Have you finished your letters?

"Yes, Mary, and I am very tired. This cough is wearing upon me fearfully. I find my strength is growing less daily. I wish I were back at the old homestead; it seems as if I could gain new life there."

There was an anxious look in the girl's face as she raised her blue eyes to the pale face before her, and the ominous cough, which at that moment reached her ear, did not tend to reassure her.

Your medicine is not having any effect upon you. I must call another physician to-morrow, dear mamma," said she. A sad smile passed over the lady's face as she replied:

"My child, I fear it will avail little. However, if it will give you any satisfaction, I shall not object. Where is Eugene?"

"He has gone to the club, mamma," replied Mary quietly. There was not a trace of the anxiety she felt in the sweet tones of her voice. Her mother was dying—slowly but surely dying. She had known this for months. She had watched the color fade out of the dear face and the deep-blue eyes grow dim. She had taken all the care of the household upon herself, and now if this terrible trouble was to come home to them—her brother's unsteady habits made this fear almost a certainty—she must keep the knowledge of it from her suffering mother as long as possible. *She* must save him. This was the one thought that filled her heart through the day and haunted her dreams at night. Not even the knowledge of her mother's rapid decay could cause her such bitter, poignant grief as that which filled her loving, tender heart at the thought that this brother, loved as only a brother can love, with a pure, unselfish, heartfelt love, was slowly but at the same time surely treading the path that leads to the drunkard's grave. Mary had cheated herself into believing that her mother was ignorant of the true state of affairs, therefore when Mrs. Ross spoke, after a silence of several moments, her words filled Mary's heart, already aching with its burden of sorrow, with deeper anxiety than before.

"Mary, I fear that Eugene is getting very unsteady. How seldom he passes an evening at home. Once or twice I have detected the scent of liquor upon his return home at night. I have not spoken to you before for I would not needlessly alarm you, but I feel that I must say, must do, something to save him. Oh, that we had never left Maplewood farm!"

Mary's head had sunk down upon her clasped hands at her mother's words, and for a moment she made no reply, then she raised her eyes to her mother's face and tried to speak cheerfully as she replied:

"I hope that you are mistaken, mamma! I know that Eugene seldom passes an evening with us, but nevertheless I do not wish to judge him harshly. He finds life in the city so different from our quiet country habits, I do not wonder he likes to go out with his young friends."

"Well, Mary, you may be right; I hope

you are. Lay aside your work now and sing some of those dear old home songs; my heart seems so full of them to-night."

Mary laid aside her work, and, arising, she bent over her mother and pressed a kiss upon the thin cheek, and then seated herself at the piano. She was not a skilled performer, but she played and sang simply and sweetly one piece after another, closing at length with that old, yet ever new song, "Home, Sweet Home." She arose from the piano and drew a hassock to her mother's side, and seating herself thereon rested her head upon her mother's lap. With one fragile, almost transparent hand, Mrs. Ross brushed back from the sweet, childlike brow the clustering ringlets of dark brown hair that shaded it, and looked eagerly into the sweet face raised lovingly to her own. Her gaze dwelt fondly yet sadly upon the lovely eyes, dark blue, with their sweet, innocent, holy, mournful expression, the fair, rounded cheeks —a little pale to-night—and the sensitive rosebud lips.

Mrs. Ross still bore traces of an exquisite beauty, that not even ill health could quite take away. Her eyes were not unlike her daughter's, and the brown silken hair, although threaded here and there with silver, waved and rippled away from her brow, so white that the veins were plainly visible through the transparent skin. She wore a soft cashmere wrapper, and a white fleecy shawl was thrown over her shoulders.

"My child," said she at length—and there was a loving cadence in her voice, mournfully low—"My child, I realize more truly to-night than ever before how short is my stay with you. My heart has gone out to the dear old home with its familiar surroundings, with a longing that I cannot repress. All the while you have been singing I have, in fancy, been back within its familiar rooms. The dear old home," she repeated musingly, "you can hardly imagine the grief it caused me to part with it, endeared as it was by so many fond recollections. Nothing but the desire to be near Eugene and to have him surrounded by home influences could have reconciled me to the to change. But I fear the sacrifice to have been in vain, for home has lost its charm to him. But I am very weary. Kiss me goodnight, and I will retire. Shall you await up for your brother?"

"Yes, think I will. I will accompany you to your room and see that you are comfortable for the night," replied Mary, leaving the room as she spoke. She soon returned, bearing a night lamp in one hand and a small bowl of steaming broth in the other, which she handed her mother, saying:

"Please drink this, mother. You ate but little at tea time, and this will warm and refresh you."

Ten minutes later Mary sat alone by the fireside. She greatly feared that if Eugene returned at all that night he would return intoxicated, for she knew that he had been drinking when he came home to tea—a very little, to be sure, but her quick eye had detected it as soon as he had entered the room. At every unusual sound upon the street she would start nervously, the color leaving her cheeks for a moment, her heart beating rapidly. The clock struck eleven, and then twelve, and still he came not.

How different this from the old life at Maplewood! *There* it flowed smoothly along, with hardly a ripple to break its surface; *here* it seemed full of treacherous waves that threatened at any moment to overwhelm them. Her father had died when she was but a child, leaving a handsome competence to his wife and two children. They had remained at the farm until some four years previous to the time of which I write. Eugene disliked farm life, and so his mother reluctantly sold the place so dear to her, and at his request purchased the small house where we find them located. A greater portion of their mutual wealth was invested in the firm of Rawson & Co., of which Eugene was a member. One year previous the firm had become bankrupt, and all that was left them was the little home and a few hundred dollars beside. From the date of the failure of Rawson & Co. Eugene changed greatly. He had readily obtained a situation as clerk at a fair salary, but he never seemed the genial, light-hearted young man he

had been in the past. He blamed himself for being the cause of losing the property entrusted to him by his mother and sister. Aside from this he had lost the lady he had hoped—as the junior member of the house of Rawson & Co.—to make his wife. Miss Clara Corinth could smile upon the handsome and prosperous young merchant, but the sad-faced, poverty-stricken clerk was quite another person in her estimation, so she had quietly sent him back his ring and other presents and that had been the end. It was not strange that ill luck and trouble drove him, as it has done many others, to the wine-cup, and while his mother and sister watched and prayed over him, she who had been the principal if not the whole cause of his downward career was just as light-hearted as if sin and misery were alike unknown in the world. Mary thought of all this as she sat alone by the fireside. One o'clock! The clock in a neighboring church struck the hour, and unable longer to remain quiet, Mary arose and walked the floor, her little hands clasped tightly together, her anxiety almost too great to be borne. Suddenly there came a knock at the door, low and cautious and twice repeated. Of late Eugene had frequently knocked, to avoid waking his mother by ringing the bell, when he had forgotten to take his night key, and Mary's heart gave a joyous leap as she hastened to open the door. To her surprise a stranger stood before her.

"This is Miss Ross, is it not?" said he politely.

"Yes, sir," replied Mary.

"I am Mr. Carr, of the firm of Carr & Co. I have come to tell you that your brother will not be in to-night."

Mary raised her face to his, and it gleamed white as marble in the pale moonlight. She essayed to speak, but could not. Her white lips moved, but no sound came from them.

"Do not be alarmed; he is safe. I was passing the house and saw a light, and knew you must be waiting for him, him. I will care for him as tenderly as if he were my brother. Good-night." And lifting his hat, the gentleman hastened rapidly away.

Mary turned slowly and sadly away, carefully secured the door and then reentered the room she had left so hopefully a moment before, all her fears realized now, and throwing herself upon the lounge, she burst into tears of shame and grief. That Mr. Carr, the noble gentleman who had been so kind to her brother, should see him intoxicated, as she knew he must be! He would lose his employment, of course. No one would blame Mr. Carr for turning him away after this, and then his downward career would be more rapid yet. At length she sobbed herself to sleep, her last thought being of her wayward brother and the grief of her invalid mother when she learned the truth, for she well knew it could no longer be kept from her.

It was late the next morning when Mary awoke, and a severe headache, caused by her over-anxiety and want of proper rest, caused her face to look pale and wan. She bustled about, however, and when Mrs. Ross awoke she found a delicious breakfast awaiting her. Mary greeted her mother with a kiss and many anxious inquiries regarding her health, to which Mrs. Ross replied by saying she was feeling quite nincely for her.

"Eugene eaten and gone?" said Mrs. Ross in a tone of inquiry.

"It is very late, mamma. You have overslept yourself this morning, but you were sleeping so quietly I would not awake you," answered Mary evasively.

Mrs. Ross looked searchingly into her daughter's face for a moment, but said no more until breakfast was over and Mary had cleared away the table and done the usual morning's work, and they entered the cosy sitting-room, then she said quietly:

"Mary, you are keeping something from me that I must know. At what time did Eugene return last night?"

Sadly enough did Mary tell of her lonely vigil and Mr. Carr's call, keeping nothing back. Very pale grew the mother as her worst fears were more than realized, and she instantly decided to send Mary to the store to see if Eugene was there, and if not, to learn where and in what condition he was.

Twenty minutes later Mary entered

the store of Carr & Co., but her brother was not there, neither was Mr. Carr, and she turned away heart-sick and half in despair. As she stepped from the building she met Clara Corinth. She was dressed elegantly, and her fair, haughty face seemed more beautiful than Mary had ever before seen it. She regarded Mary with a cold, scornful look, no recognition whatever in the light-blue syes, as she swept past her and entered the store. Slowly Mary wended her way homeward. Just before she arrived at her own door she saw Mr. Carr crossing the street and coming towards her. She paused and awaited his coming.

"Good morning, Miss Ross. I was just about to call at your home. You must be very anxious to learn something concerning your brother."

Mary bowed assent; her lips trembled so that she dared not trust herself to speak.

"I wish I could soften the painful fact for you, Miss Ross," said the gentleman courteously. "Doubtless you knew that he was intoxicated last night. I had been out attending an evening party, and was on my way home when I met him in company with a policeman on his way—pardon me, but in order to save him you must know the truth—to the station-house. I interceded, and the policeman, being an old acquaintance of mine, delivered him into my hands at once. I took him to a lodging house kept by a kind old lady, and saw him to a comfortable room and to bed. I then left him and hastened homeward, calling upon you by the way. I have seen him this morning, and although he is suffering with a severe headache, he will be home soon, I think. Forgive me, if I have spoken too plainly."

"The truth is what I wished to know, sir, and I thank you for your kindness in behalf of my mother as well as myself." She turned away with a sad "good morning." Theodore Carr watched her until she had entered the house and was lost to view, then he turned and walked rapidly away, but all day long the sweet, sad face of Mary Ross haunted him, and he mentally resolved to do anything in his power to save the unfortunate Eugene.

CHAPTER II.

Two months have rolled slowly away, and the month of March finds but little change in Eugene Ross. For a short time after the events recorded above, he had paused in his downward career, and his evenings, at his request, had been passed at the store. Theodore Carr had been his warm friend in the days of his prosperity, and he was one of those true and noble men who do not take themselves away at the first approach of misfortune. He had given him a place in his store and showered many favors upon him, paying him the same salary he paid those who worked evenings as well as through the day. After a few weeks, however, Eugene began to be later in at night, and as Mary never left her mother now, together the two anxious watchers would await him. They would plead with him, and he would promise faithfully to avoid his old companions, but they seemed ever on the lookout for him, and often he would return home under the influence of liquor.

With the approach of spring Mrs. Ross failed rapidly. Physicians could give no hope, and each day she seemed to grow weaker and weaker. Finding the care and work too much for Mary, who was not strong, they had sought for and secured the services of Mrs. Wilmot, a widow lady who resided near by. The money which had been their sole dependance was rapidly diminishing, and Mary decided to sell her piano. Eugene seldom brought home any money, and Mary often felt her courage and strength nearly worn out. Yet she knew there were thousands in the city worse off than herself. Intoxicating drink is ruining hundreds of people every year all over our land. Will the day ever dawn that shall see the awful curse banished from our midst? I think the sun would shine brighter, the air seem sweeter and the earth itself would become almost a foretaste of Heaven, could this be so. God grant that the day may not be far distant.

One evening Mrs. Ross sent for Eugene to visit her in her room. When he

entered she was lying upon the bed. Her face was very pale with the exception of the hectic spot which burned on either cheek.

"My son," said she feebly, raising her hand and laying it upon his arm. "My dear mother," said he sadly, while the tears rolled down his cheeks. There was a silence of several moments, then he spoke gently, laying his hand upon his mother's brow and stroking back the silken hair with a loving, tender caress.

"You are worse to-night, are you not, dear mother?"

"I have been worse all day, and I wish to speak with you once more before it is too late. I want you to sign a temperance pledge here by your mother's dying bed. Will you do it, my son?"

He made no reply for a moment, then he said:

"If I thought I could keep it God knows I would be glad to sign it, my mother, but you little know the temptations I have to meet. Beside this, I feel that I cannot live without the use of strong drink; so what is the use of trying? I had better drink myself to death and done with it," said he bitterly.

"Eugene, do not talk so. Draw a chair here by my side. It may be the last time I shall ever talk with you, yet it seems as if I cannot die and leave you like this. Will you not grant my last request, my son?"

Long and lovingly did the dying woman talk with him, and at last he grew calm and able to talk quietly and reasonably, and promised to do as she requested. Mary was summoned, and she drew up a pledge, and there by his mother's bedside, with her hand resting upon his shoulder, he signed it.

"God bless you, my son, and may he help you to keep this pledge," said Mrs. Ross as she sank back upon her pillow exhausted.

Time passed on, and Eugene seemed really about to conquer his old enemy. After the first few days his appetite for strong drink diminished, and he as well as his friends, began to hope that the worst was over. Alas! poor Eugene! One evening, as he drew on his coat to go out after tea, Mary approached him and said sadly:

"Brother, must you go out to-night? Mother is worse, and I fear will not live until morning. I wish you could stay in."

"I have an errand to do for Theodore, who is ill, but it will not take me half an hour. I will return soon, sister."

He bent over her and kissed her fondly, and hurriedly left the house. Mary returned to her place by her mother's side and soon forgot everything else, for a change was taking place that Mary knew full well heralded the approach of death. It had been storming all day, and the wind whistled mournfully around the little cottage. A sad, mournful vigil for poor Mary and Mrs. Wilmot to keep alone. Suddenly Mrs. Ross opened her eyes and gazed wildly around the room, saying:

"Mary, where are you?"

"Here I am, mother," said she, gently laying her hand upon the cold, clammy brow of her dying mother.

"Dear Mary, I cannot see you, my child."

With a low cry of anguish Mary sank upon her knees by the bedside. With a last effort Mrs. Ross raised her hand and laid it upon the bowed head of her daughter, and said brokenly:

"Promise me, Mary, that you will never forsake Eugene, let come what will."

"I promise you, mother, that I never will," said Mary between her sobs.

"God bless you, my darling! Tell Eugene—" the voice died away, there was one struggle for the breath that was gone forever, and all was over. Without, the wind blew and the rain and sleet descended pitilessly; within, Mary and Mrs. Wilmot were alone with the dead. Mary still knelt by the bedside, the hand of her dead mother resting as she had placed it upon the bowed head. Reverently Mrs. Wilmot approached the bedside and gently raising the cold, dead hand, laid it softly down above the heart that had ceased to beat, and then gently, lovingly she drew the orphan girl to her heart. Weeping bitterly,

Mary rested her head against the lady's shoulder. Her brother, who should have been by her side—where was he? The clock struck eleven while they sat there, and still he came not.

CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.

CYPRUS: ITS ANCIENT CITIES, TOMBS AND TEMPLES—BY GEN. LOUIS PALMA DI CESNOLA.

Archæology has now become a science, and must be studied, like natural history, from disinterred specimens, as geology is illustrated by fossils. Indeed, there is a striking analogy between the physical history of the globe and the moral history of its inhabitants. The age of this

"Huge rotundity we tread upon"

is determined by the remains of animals embedded in its rocky tablets. So the duration of man upon its surface, and the progress of civilization, is learned from the works of art buried in the ruins of ancient cities. It is passing strange that the larger part of human history should be found in tombs and temples of past ages, found many feet beneath the surface of the earth. These records are absolutely essential to the knowledge of former ages. Within the present century great progress has been made in paleontology. The deciphering of the Rosetta stone by Champollion, the interpretation of the cuneiform characters by Col. Rawlinson, the excavations made at Hassarlic and Mycænae by Dr. Schliemann, and the unearthing of Cypriote antiquities by Gen. Cesnola, have changed all our former notions of ancient history, and greatly increased our knowledge of "the buried past." Egypt, Assyria, Babylon, Troy, Mycænae, Olympia and Cyprus have all uttered their voices and unveiled the mysteries of by-gone ages by their oracular revelations. The two most interesting works now before the public, relating to ancient art and history, are those of Dr. Schliemann and Gen. Cesnola. The discoveries made at Hassarlic and Mycænae are certainly very old, very valuable and very instructive. Whether they are as ancient as the fall of Troy and antedate the age of Homer is not yet decided. Five spacious tombs, within the circuit of the cyclopean walls of the Acropolis at Mycænae, buried twenty-five feet below the present surface of the soil, were opened by Dr. Schliemann. These tombs were cut in the solid rock. Some of them contained three bodies, supposed to be those of kings. From them were taken seven hundred works of art, of gold, silver, bronze and terra cotta, valued at twenty-five thousand dollars! The intrinsic value of the articles amply repays the expense of the excavation made for them. These have a pecuniary and historic value which we cannot fully estimate, but the discoveries of Gen. Cesnola at Cyprus surpass those of all other antiquarians of this century. They give us the missing links in the history of art, going back of historic times, and presenting in one grand panorama the products of Persian, Egyptian, Phœnician, Greek and Roman skill. Phœnicia occupies an important place in these discoveries. In the time of Thotmes III., fifteen hundred years before Christ, there were found, in an old Theban tomb, pictures of four nations bringing tribute to that Egyptian king. One of them represented a people of Cyprus. They brought works of art precisely like those found in that island by Gen. Cesnola, to wit.: vases of gold and silver, and works in stone and iron. In the time of Solomon, one thousand years before Christ, the Phœnicians were the great carriers of the Mediterranean trade, and were strong enough to protect their factories and commerce. They gave to Greece her alphabet, but probably copied their arts from Egypt.

General Cesnola was a brave and gallant officer in the war of the rebellion. He gained noble laurels as an officer, but far nobler as a discoverer. President Lincoln never made a more judicious appointment than when he made

Gen. Cesnola Consul at Cyprus. He arrived at his post of duty on Christmas Day of 1865. As the ship approached the shore of the island (for there were no wharves) the town of Larnica, his future residence, presented a most forbidding aspect. It looked the very picture of desolation; no sign of life, no vegetation anywhere visible except a few solitary palm trees. The island, viewed from the steamer, seemed to be a great cemetery of buried nations. Of course the commerce of this island was very limited, and the duties of the Consul were given to the protection of American citizens and the vindication of American honor. He gave his time chiefly to intimate converse with the dead rather than the living. The Turkish rulers of the island were opposed to his plans. They thwarted his purposes in every possible way; but the General, by his dexterity, evaded their officials, by his sagacity outwitted their spies, and by his coolness defied their troops. He bought the territory he explored, and hired his own laborers, and succeeded in bringing away most of the valuable objects he disinterred.

We will now give a summary of the results of his labors. He discovered and examined the sites of twenty-eight ancient towns and cities. He explored fifteen ancient temples, sixty-five cities of the dead, sixty thousand nine hundred and thirty-two tombs. He also discovered six aqueducts. The number of valuable articles taken from these localities was thirty-five thousand five hundred and seventy-three. Of these, five thousand were lost at sea, mostly duplicates, however, so that the value of the general collection was not injured. Most of these treasures of art have been purchased by the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City. Gen. Cesnola gave the preference to his adopted country, and sent them to the United States before foreign nations had time to make their decision to purchase. It is a constant source of regret by English and French antiquarians that these treasures were allowed to be brought to this country.

The treasures brought up from the subterranean vaults of the temple of Curium, on the southwest portion of the island, were the most valuable and the most important ever discovered in ancient ruins. Four chambers were explored, three of them fourteen feet and six inches high, twenty-one feet wide and twenty-three feet long; the fourth was a little smaller. These chambers were filled with fine earth which had percolated from above. This earth was carried up to the surface, about thirty feet above. Three thousand basketfuls were removed in one month, leaving about eighteen inches of earth at the bottom. Here the treasures were found, after the hands had been dismissed. With one assistant, the General carefully examined the earth over every inch of the floors of the three large rooms. The first contained gold vessels and ornaments of great value; the second contained silver; the third and fourth works of bronze, copper, iron and terra cotta. In the gold room was a pair of bracelets bearing the name of Eteandras, King of Paphos, who, in 672, B. C., paid tribute to Esarhaddon of Nineveh. These bracelets are nearly half an inch in thickness, two feet long, perfectly flexible, and of the purest gold. How came these treasures of such immense value in these buried vaults? They were probably the offerings of devotees and pilgrims to the sacred shrine above them. They exhibit works of art of different ages and nations, and probably required centuries for their accumulation. We can account for their being strewn upon the floors of these rock-hewn vaults only upon the supposition of their hasty concealment by priests when the city was sacked and the temple destroyed.

Gen. Cesnola's narrative of his adventures with the Turks upon the island and his fortunate escapes from the grasp of power is written with charming simplicity and beauty, and has all the interest of a first-class novel. The pictorial illustrations render the book invaluable to the student. The work bears this dedication:

TO

MY DEAR FRIEND,

MR. HIRAM HITCHCOCK,

IN TOKEN OF A FRIENDSHIP OF MANY YEARS, WHICH OFTEN CALLED FORTH ITS TRUEST TESTS; AND IT NEVER FAILED.

—*E. D. Sanborn.*

BARNSTEAD REUNION.

The most patriotic people, the world over, are those who cherish most devotedly the love of their birth place, who keep ever fresh in memory the associations of childhood and youth, who are influenced, still, by the ties of family and home, of neighborhood and social life, by which they were controlled in earlier years. As the broadest and strongest humanitarian loves his native land supremely, so the truest citizen of our great republic, no matter in what part of the Union his abiding place may be, loves his native state with heartfelt devotion, and the most loyal citizen of the State is he who cherishes the strongest attachment for his native town; and the scenes and associations of early life.

Most appropriate and most commendable, then, is the growing custom of holding periodical reunions of the natives of various States, in the great commercial and political centres, like New York and Washington. No less appropriate and every way desirable, would be the custom of town reunions—periodical gatherings, either in the town itself, at Concord, or some more accessible point, of the natives and former residents of each of our New Hampshire towns. This thought takes direct expression from the recent reunion at Concord of natives and former residents of the old town of Barnstead. This occurred on the evening of February 28, at Phenix Hotel, and there were present upon the occasion, nearly two hundred persons, including the members of the Barnstead Brass Band, and a delegation of some sixty of the present residents of the town, with over a hundred former residents, some of whom are among the most distinguished citizens of the State, Judge Lewis W. Clark, Hon. John G. Sinclair, Hon. John P. Newell, and other well known public men being among the number.

Col. E. S. Nutter of Concord, a native, and formerly a prominent citizen of the town, who originated the idea of the reunion, (in carrying out which he was ably seconded by the Committee on Invitation—Messrs. J. P. Nutter, Charles V. Dudley and A. A. Young), was president of the evening, and after a season of social greeting, followed by a supper at which ample justice was done to an elaborate bill of fare, he addressed the assembly briefly, and in substance as follows:

FRIENDS AND FELLOW TOWNSMEN OF BARNSTEAD: I have been reluctant to accept your kind invitation to preside on this occasion, for I deem it no mean honor to address such a gathering, comprising, as it does, so much of ability and experience, and it is with heartfelt pride that I look upon you as the representatives of the good old town of Barnstead, —my native place, and where I spent some of the happiest years, and made some of the pleasantest acquaintances of my life,—a town whose hardy ancestry were noted for their staunch integrity; a town whose picturesque hills and valleys abound with sweet memories of olden days; a town that has sent forth far more than her quota of able, active and upright men, and handsome, modest and domestic women to valiantly fight the battle of life. You may have known much of joy and sorrow since, but it is with honest pride, and earnest congratulation that I look into the faces before me, knowing that so many of you owe your birth, or something of your training and experience to that New England town; but others shall speak of its history and reminiscences, its sons and daughters, and, as for me, and my compatriots here, we welcome you to this happy meeting and reunion. May we have many such here on earth, and when all life's struggles shall be over, may we all be present at another joyful meeting and reunion in a better land. I will not detain you longer with any remarks of mine.

Mrs. Norman G. Carr, of Concord, a daughter of Barnstead, was introduced and read an original poem, of rare merit, followed by a most interesting historical address by George W. Drew, Esq.

After the address there were toasts, and responses by several of the prominent gentlemen present, including Judge Clark, Hon. John P. Newell, Dr. H. C. Canney of Manchester, Col. J. Horace Kent, Charles S. George of Barnstead, and Hon. John G. Sinclair, prolonging the delightful occasion into the small hours of the morning, when the company separated, happier and better for having renewed their old time friendships, and rekindled the memories of youthful associations.

Following we give the poem and address, which will be read with interest by not a few of our patrons:

POEM.

BY MRS. N. G. CARR.

The stream of time, as has been often sung,
Ne'er pauses or flows backward in its way;
And we, upon its surface swiftly borne,
Must aye "move on," though fields elysian lay
Along the banks and woo a longer stay.

Yet, ever, as we glide adown the stream,
A wond'rous artist hovers at our side,
And with swift, magic fingers, scene by scene,
He paints them all—the landscape spreading wide,
The homes where living, speaking forms abide.

These pictures, crowded close in Memory's halls,
We bear along through all the changing years;
And oftentimes when present pleasure palls,
And we grow sick of humdrum cares and fears,
They lead us back to life's first joys and tears.

I wish each native of the olden town,
Whose name we honor, coming here to-night,
Might bring their *Barnstead views* and lay them down
Like stereoscopic pictures, that we might
Scan them at leisure and their charms recite.

Scenes from our childhood days we love the best;
The pasture brooks—the ledges where we played—
The long, long road to school—the half-way rest
On the big rock within the old tree's shade—
The ivy patch down in the forest glade,

The raspberry bushes by the pasture wall—
The distant corners where the blackberries grew—
The merry beechnut parties in the fall—
The apple harvest with its jolly crew;
Their peals of laughter come to us anew.

The huskings, quiltings, apple-bees and all
The rustic customs of our youngest days!
How strange the contrast with the formal calls,
The stilted manners and the put-on ways,
The "kid-glove" parties of these modern days!

The old gray school-house where we learned to read,
Plodding through Webster's speller, page by page—
The wooden seats, recording many a deed
Of famous jack-knife in that early age—
The box-like desk where sat the whilom sage.

The meeting-house, with its wide pen-like pews—
Its quaint old pulpit, crimson-decked and high,
Where good Priest George, once in three Sundays, rose
To preach the word of Life to you and I;
How dignified his mien—how keen his eye!

Another view—a homestead, old and brown,
Far from the dusty road—down a long hill;
Above its square, flat roof the elms bend down,
As if to guard it from all future ill—
The well-sweep by the door is standing still.

But where are now the aged forms we loved—
Whose hearty greetings met us at the door—
Whose deeds and words are strangely interwove
In all the halo that our childhood wore?
Ah! they will meet our longing eyes no more.

Yes, well to us may Barnstead's soil be dear,
For underneath her sods and drifted snow,
We've laid to rest, with many a bitter tear,
As fond, true hearts as earth can ever know.
Sweet be their sleep, secure from all life's woe!

God bless the old, loved town! May no dark deed
E'er be connected with her cherished name!
And may her future children well succeed
In winning honors that may raise her fame,
Keeping her record free from blot or stain!

ADDRESS.

BY GEORGE W. DREW.

When an artist wishes to put upon canvas the scenery which is before him, he pencils in outline the figure he wishes to represent. He can fill in the finer pencillings at his leisure.

I bring before you this evening simply the outlines of a sketch—a picture unfinished. I have not the artist's hand, or genius, to complete it. It is for you to add the finer pencillings of personal experiences and reminiscences, and bring out the picture as you would have it.

This re-union of the former residents of Barnstead was a happy thought of our friend E. S. Nutter. It is well for us to meet as we have this evening and gather up the fragments of history of our native town, as they lie scattered in the minds of her people.

It means something more than the passing of a social hour. There is much in the sociability of the time, but there is a deeper feeling in our hearts. It calls to mind the remembrances of home life around the old hearth stone, and brings out the picture anew, of the family circle. As we sit here this evening amid the glitter of gas lights, and the festivities of the

hour, it is fitting for us to recount the hardships of our fathers in the wilderness. How they felled the forest, and builded their log houses; how they opened to sunlight the lands, and scattered their seeds in the unplowed soil; how they, few in numbers, builded school houses and churches, and opened roads, and by their devotion, enterprise, and industry, laid the foundation for society, and posterity. The axe that struck deep into the heart of the forest did more. It builded communities and towns; it builded cities, and states; it sowed the seeds of a government, and they grew a powerful nation; and out from this unbroken wilderness, the noblest people of earth have grown, and the honor is due to our fathers, who did the labor.

Our ancestors, most of them, have passed away; they are sleeping to-day beneath the soil on which they labored; they have left us a rich legacy; it would be ungenerous for us to neglect them or to forget their memory. So, to-night, as we gather around this table, let us tell of their virtues, their heroism, their devotion, their energy and enterprise, for in telling of their virtues and energy we do them honor.

We are to speak of the early settlement and first public acts in the history of Barnstead. Time will only permit me to speak of a few. I wish the work had fallen to other hands. I see men here who should have spoken, for they could do it better than I. I know of no personal reminiscences to relate; what I have to offer is a few facts gathered from the history of Barnstead, given us by Dr. Jewett, about as he has given them, and if I fail to interest you, you must fill in the picture by your table talk which will come after.

The granting of a charter for the town of Barnstead was given to Rev. Joseph Adams, and others, of Newington, by Lieutenant Governor Wentworth, in 1727. It was then a wilderness, with few encouragements for new settlers; and owing to the hostilities of the Indians, and various causes, permanent settlements were not made till 1765. The town lay along the thoroughfare between Lake Winnipiseogee and the shore towns of Portsmouth and Dover. In 1768, settlers began to move *up* this thoroughfare, and locate upon their lands, purchasing them of the charter proprietors in lots of sixty and of one hundred acres. Often they were sold for non-payment of taxes, the owners in Newington probably considering them of little value. At this time farms were laid out, and spaces for roads left between every tier of lots, the lands bordering on the town of Pittsfield being taken first.

The old charter reads, "That all mast trees growing on said tract of land were reserved, for the better order, rule, and government of said town."

The first record of any sale of lands after the survey of the town, was in 1667; this lot was bought by Benj. Nutter of Newington, being lot No. 37. It contained one hundred acres, and was the land now owned by C. S. George, Esq., south of the Parade, on the Province road.* Many of the charter members and owners of these lands from 1727 to 1761, are names familiar to us all, names that have figured in the town's history ever since. It would be interesting to follow these families, but I simply call to mind their names, such as Nutter, Pickering, Walker, Ayers, Brock, Shackford, Davis, Hodgdon, Tebbets, Dennett, Clark, Wentworth, Bunker, Cinclair, Colbath, Garland, Locke, Pitman, Parshley, Pendergast, Hall, Munsey, and others you can recall.

Ebenezer Adams was the first person who, with a family, settled in Barnstead. (No date given.) He located on a lot near the north line of Barrington, (now Strafford.) He was a son of Rev. John Adams' one of the charter proprietors. Col. Richard Cinclair was the second; and it is said that his wife, in the absence of her husband, brought hay on a hand sled from Newington, a distance of thirty miles, to keep her cow from starving. Probably if the cow had to depend upon our girls of to-day, for hay, provided in this way, the cow would come out spring

* I do not find in the history of Barnstead, by Dr. Jewett, the date of the survey of the town. It seems to me the above date is incorrect, for Dr. Jewett, page 49, says: "No lots were sold, nor permanent houses built, prior to the year 1765," and yet on page 72 he says, the first lot, &c., was bought in 1667.

poor. James Dealing was the third. These, and others were the first to plunge into the wilderness with their families, and open the doors of a civilization. Their log houses were rude, and primitive, but they were occupied by warm and noble-hearted men and women, who had a purpose in life, and, going out bravely, met the obstacles in the way, and overcame them. But we have no dates of their settlement given us by Dr. Jewett. The old province road, and the first public one built in town, was ordered by the General Court in 1770. It was to be the great through road from Portsmouth to Concord, and passed by the 1st range of lots. The lands at this time were owned by many of the charter proprietors, and a road tax was assessed upon each owner. Previous to this, the traveler, on his way, marked the winding paths by spotted trees. This road was built by Jonathan Chesley, and though it was a great convenience, it proved a heavy burden from the tax imposed. Many of the settlers surrendered their rights to the land, and they were sold by the officers of the crown, by auction, the sales being made at Dover, Portsmouth and Newington. The nearest market was at Dover and Durham, and the settlers often went on foot, or on horse-back, the journey often occupying weeks.

There was a condition in the charter made to the proprietors in 1727, that there should be a meeting-house, for public worship, built in town within the period of three years from date of said charter, *provided*, if the Indian hostilities prevented, the meeting-house should be erected within three years after they had ceased. From the time of this charter till 1760, the Indians kept up a constant annoyance. Why wonder that they should? They had been driven from their happy hunting-grounds, and early wild, life homes, by these settlers. They often returned to visit their long loved Suncook, the valley of which was a charmed spot to them. It was the hunting and fishing ground of their youth. They listened to the sweet murmuring of the pines, gazed silently upon the ponds, watched the leaping waters of the brooks and rivers, and as they sat musing over the encroachments of the white settlers, upon the grounds the Great Spirit had given them, why wonder that a spirit of revenge should creep over their benighted minds. Why wonder that the torch fired the settlers' log houses, and their scanty barns reduced to ashes, and their corn fields laid waste. They had been driven from all that was dear to them, and the invaders of their soil were our white settlers. The year 1760 found these pioneers free from the Indian troubles. Accordingly Rev. Joseph Adams came from Newington and selected a lot of land for the church. "It was in a valley, near a stream of water, about a mile north of Strafford line." Here the log meeting-house was erected, and the minister, and workmen, and hunters gathered around the altar and dedicated the first meeting-house in Barnstead to the service of God. Mr. Adams preached, and the workmen sung hymns. The service was short, and the hearers few. Yet the work was earnest and devout; and who shall say that the service was not acceptable to him who readeth the heart.

The next meeting-house was at the Parade. It was the second church, but the first framed church ever erected in Barnstead; the size, 40 by 60 feet, and a commodious edifice for the times. It was commenced in 1788, completed in 1799, and was situated on the north side of the common. This common, or parade, as we call it, had been set aside for church and public purposes by the generosity of Eli Bunker.

The third meeting-house was built in 1803, and stood upon land presented by John Tasker. This house remained unfinished till 1820, when it was removed to "Winkley's Corner." It was two stories, windows above and below, and glass 7x9, with seventy-two lights in a window. To furnish and to pay for it, they resorted to a public sale of the pews by auction. At the auction there was a large assembly of the best men in town. The auctioneer commenced by saying he would dispose of the pews on the lower floor first, and then from the deacon's desk, holding up a bottle full of brandy, commenced by saying, that "each *bid*

would entitle the bidder to a fresh drink." I need not tell you the bidding was earnest, the pews sold rapidly, and the necessary funds supplied. Mr. E. S. Nutter tells me, at a later day he sold this same old church, by auction, for $92, in gold, and distributed the money to the old pew owners, who bid previously, undoubtedly for the brandy.

The next meeting-house was at the north part of the town, but of this and other churches erected since, I have not time to speak.

The early ministers were Rev. John Adams, Elder Knowlton, and Rev. Enos George. Mr. Adams was a proprietor member. He came to Barnstead in 1760, and, as I have said, erected the first log meeting house. He was the pioneer in all public affairs, and as early as 1758, while in Newington, was one of eight clergymen selected by the Congregational Convention, to apply to Governor Wentworth for a charter for a college within the Province of New Hampshire, which was granted in 1769. He was the leading spirit in the settlement of Barnstead, and was an uncle to John Adams the President, who, in writing of him in 1821, said, "That in conversation he was vain, loquacious, though somewhat learned and entertaining; his sermons were delivered in a beautiful and musical voice, quoting scripture, and preaching without notes." He died in 1783, being the oldest minister in New England.

Elder David Knowlton was the first settled minister, and was of the Free Will denomination, but died two years afterwards, aged 29.

In 1803, Rev. Enos George was employed as a teacher by the town. He was settled over the first church in 1804, and was to preach in both meeting-houses—at the Parade and "Winkley's Corner." Mr. George, in his ministry, wns very successful. His social and general abilities were marked. From the year 1804 to 1824, through the winter months, he taught school at the Parade. From 1816 to 1856 he was Town Clerk, and no man ever performed his duties better. His legal knowledge, his fine penmanship, and his faithfulness as a public officer, are written upon every page of the record A good speaker, earnest in his work, prompt in action, he served his people well. He died in 1859, aged 78, lamented by all who knew him.

Rev. Nathaniel Wilson, a Free Will Baptist minister, was ordained in 1805, and lived in the first framed dwelling house ever erected in Barnstead. He preached thirty-five years, and died in 1843.

Elder Tingley, a Free Will Baptist, was settled over the North Church in 1777. This was before any church was erected. Since then Elders Buzzell, Boody, Coodey, and others, have been settled, but I have not time to speak of them, neither is it to our purpose.

The first settled school teacher was Cornelius Kirby, employed by the town in 1784. There being no school house, the school was kept in the private house of Wm. Newells, in the south part of the town, on the old Province road.

In 1782, at a Town Meeting, it was voted to divide the town into five school districts, to have an agent in each, and to build school houses within two years. The first was at the Nutter district, the second at the Parade, one at the south-east section, and one at the north. Small appropriations were made from year to year, as the limited means of the people would allow. In 1800 the five districts had eight school houses, and a man was employed in each of them to teach in the winter months; in 1817 they had eleven houses, and have since steadily increased.

In 1769 John Bunker came to Barnstead and erected the first grist mill on the Suncook river. He was proprietor and miller. He afterwards built the first saw mill. This mill superceded the axe, and the hewed timber gave way to the more desirable sawed lumber. After this began the erection of framed buildings.

In 1776, public roads began to be laid out by the town, and the first was built to run from the old Province road to Mr. Bunker's mills. In 1787, the road from North Barnstead to Dover was built, and extended from Dover to Gilmanton.

Passing through Barnstead, or any other country town to-day, one cannot

nelp noticing the immense labor our early settlers must have given to the building of these roads, and the heavy stone walls that protect them. They are among the works that tell us of the labor and energy of our fathers.

The first record of any Town Meeting for the election of Town and County Officers bears date November 22, 1775. The call included the town of Gilmanton, and was held in a private house. The Legislature was held at Exeter that year, and Joseph Badger was the chosen Representative. The population of the town at this time was 252. At a Town Meeting, April 26, 1775, it was voted: "Captain Richard Cinclair 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*, lawful money, for his and the men's expenses in going down below for the defence of our country." "John Tasker and Samuel Pitman a Committee of Safety." "The town's proportion of corn for the army was 3885 pounds." $52.00 bounty for every man who would go to the army. "$600 to the men to serve at Crown Point," etc., etc. "That 'Silver money,' (dollars of our daddies) be paid to our three years' men, and no more."

The first mail route established by government run from Dover to Gilmanton, a distance of sixty miles. A Mr. Bragg was the mail carrier, he carrying the mails in saddle-bags, on horse-back. There were oats on one side for his horse, and the mail on the other for the people. In 1808 another mail route was established, running from Barnstead to Gilmanton, once a week, and others followed soon after. The first Postmaster was Charles Hodsdon, Jr., his office being in his dwelling house on the Province road. The New Hampshire Patriot was the first weekly paper taken in town. A news paper in those days was a great luxury, and at the sounding of the horn crowds would gather round the mail carrier for the news. The New Hampshire Patriot continued to be the leading paper taken, and through its medium the people imbibed their early democracy. Barnstead has always been true to its democratic principles. Write it down democratic, every time, without waiting for the election returns.

Caleb Merrill opened the first law office at the Parade in 1811. Isaac O. Barnes commenced practice in 1822, but after a law term of nine years moved to Massachusetts. Norris, Elkins, and others, opened offices in Barnstead, but the good behavior of its people did not give sufficient support for them to remain, and they afterwards became notable in other places.

Dr. Joseph Adams settled in Barnstead as the first physician, in 1792. Quite advanced in years, he did not enter into active practice, but occupied his time and attention on a farm he purchased on the Province road, near Gilmanton line. Dr. Jeremiah Jewett also settled in 1762. He was a young man, twenty-five years of age. He purchased five acres of land, and built the second house at the Parade, the first being built by Benjamin Hodgdon. For a quarter of a century he was the only active physician in Barnstead. He died in 1836. Dr. N. T. George settled in 1822, and was particularly noted for his literary abilities, having supplied the press with numerous articles, and the publisher of several small books. He died in 1849.

The first man who opened a store in Barnstead was Richard Cinclair, in 1774. He was followed successfully by Paul G. Hoitt, Moses Stiles, Nathaniel Goodhue, Charles G. Sinclair from Bethlehem, and others of a later day. Samuel Webster commenced business at North Barnstead in 1820, and entered largely into the lumber trade. I remember him well, for when six or seven years of age I was in his employment, cutting carrot tops at three cents a day, and made more money proportionally, than I have ever been able to do since.

At the time of our earliest settlers, and for fifty years afterwards, manufactured articles were made by hand. Farmers made their own plows, and other agricultural implements. Every article of wearing apparel, and household furniture were made without the aid of machinery. If these early settlers could have stepped into Machinery Hall during the Centennial Exhibition, the most ingenious of them would have been surprised. The farm produced the flax and the wool, and the young wife was happy in her carding,

weaving, and making the garments for herself, husband and children.

Barnstead sent her best men to the General Court. Charles Hodsdon served from 1797 to 1821, excepting seven years. John Nutter, Wilson and Walker served their respective years down to the time when two representatives were chosen annually.

The first Town Clerk was Benjamin Nutter, elected in 1775, and serving six years. Then came Nelson, Bunker, Benjamin Hodsdon, Charles Hodsdon, Jewett, Charles Hodsdon, Jr., and Enos George, the latter serving forty-two years.

Barnstead has ever been noted for its active military spirit. The Common at the Parade was a fit place for the performance of military duty. Barnstead, Gilmanton, and Gilford constituted the Tenth Regiment, and three days in the year they met for regimental drill. The red coats, the buff pants, the stove pipe hat with red ribbons, the white feather with red top, a thousand men marching double quick to the music of the old Barnstead Brass Band, fired the youthful heart to the true military genius of the times. The light artillery of six pounders, drawn by a company of men six feet two inches in their stockings, the rattling of the wheels of the heavy artillery, and the deep thunderings of the cannon as they belched forth fire and smoke, woke the neighborhood from its usual quietness and played upon the nerves of the sensitive people as the shot and shell upon Fort Sumpter. Commanded by such officers as Gen's Bickford, Leroy, Hoitt, Dow, Moulton and Walker, together with the military spirit, genius and discipline of its soldiery, the old Tenth regiment was stamped with a name historic in the annals of the State.

"On a prancing steed with an escorting band
Major Nutter rode on to take the command;
What authority dwelt in his resolute face,
And dignity shone in his stately pace.

How his sword gleamed and flashed in the sunlight fair,
How his high toned voice ran out on the air;
"Attention, battalion!" each man of the host
With closely clasped weapon stood firm at his post."

For the war of 1812, the Mexican war, and the war of the late rebellion, Barnstead furnished brave men who went out to fight in their country's cause. Barnstead has never faltered in the hour of need. The bravery and valor of its people are engraven upon the tablet of their country's memory. Many of them today are sleeping upon foreign soil, but they are not forgotten in the hearts of her citizens; she remembors her soldiers. Her Democracy is earnest, and her heroism devoted.

Barnstead has had a goodly number of self educated men. We will only mention a few of her college graduates.

Spofford D. Jewett—clergyman—graduated from Dartmouth, 1827.

George Franklin George, (son of Rev. Enos George), from Dartmouth.

Albert E. Hodgdon, from Dartmouth, 1842.

John P. Newell, from Dartmouth, and the first scholar of his class.

Horace Webster, LL.D., from Dartmouth, 1849.

John Wheeler, M.D., Dartmouth, 1850.

Rev. A. H. Quint, D. D., Dartmouth, 1846.

Hon. Lewis W. Clark, (now Judge,) Dartmouth, 1850.

Luther E. Shepard, Dartmouth, 1851.

David M. Edgerly, M.D., from Dartmouth, 1864.

Charles A. Bunker, Dartmouth, 1864.

Nathaniel L. Hanson, Dartmouth, 1864. while Augustus C. Walker, Wm. Walker, and Arthur C. Newell were at Dartmouth College for the term of two years. We could add a long list of eminent physicians, natives of Barnstead, who have graduated from Medical Colleges, but there are so many of them I have not time to mention their names.

You will see by these names, (and to these many others might be added, of those not graduates, but equally prominent) that Barnstead occupies no mean position as regards her literary and public men. Her soil may not be the richest—her hills are rocky, and her sandy plains barren. While other towns boast of their corn and wheat-fields, their potatoes and agricultural products (and

Barnstead is not behind in these respects), she glories in her *men*. No town in the State has produced greater or better. Her scholars are in all parts of the Union; her lawyers and judges are prominent; her ministers are the foremost dictators of New England orthodoxy; her politicians are the leaders in politics; her physicians are noted for their skill; her merchants are active and worthy; her citizens are honest and industrious, and her public honor is untarnished. You and I feel proud of our nativity, for it is an honor to be one of her sons.

There are many historical facts which I ought and could speak of connected with the individual and public interests of Barnstead, had I time. I am aware that I have already wearied your patience. I have given a running account of some of the public acts in a hurried manner, as condensed as possible, and must leave other points of interest for you to speak of in replying to sentiments prepared for you. I could speak of the characteristic traits of the leading families, their energy, their devotedness, integrity and honesty in the formation of principles, that have ever marked Barnstead as one of the most reliable towns in the State. I could speak with pleasure of its hills and valleys, its mountain sides, its beautiful scenery and noted localities, but you know them all. Many of you have grown up to manhood upon its hillsides and valleys, and looking out upon its scenery, in your mind, you can picture every locality and every running stream. Up from these valleys, down from these mountain sides, off from these hill-tops and sandy plains, noble, earnest and true men have gone out into the world to seek a home and a fortune. They have carried with them the teachings of their fathers and mothers, and to-day honor their parentage. Many of them have become notable by their genius, ability and public worth. Many are here to-night. They have met in common with us to show respect and honor to the town thatgave us birth. Dear old town of our youth! as we climb the mountain side of age, may we look back upon the loved spot, and, looking out, view the paradise wherein lie the scenes of our childhood, and as we pass a last, fond, lingering look over the graves of the dear ones lying there, and, turning, enter anew into the conflicts of life, may we, as they, be nobler men and women for having been born in the dear old town of Barnstead.

UNIVERSALISM IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BY REV. LEMUEL WILLIS.

Doubtless the first promulgation of the doctrine of the final restoration of all men to holiness and happiness, in New Hampshire, was by that saintly and distinguished preacher of the Gospel, Rev. John Murray, in 1774, in Portsmouth. Multitudes flocked to hear his message, which was presented with such eloquence and power that many were persuaded of the truth of his testimony; and the result of this visit was the formation of a society, composed of some of the best people of the town, a characteristic strikingly manifested in that organization ever since.

Mr. Murray says of this first visit to Portsmouth: "I was received with most flattering marks of kindness. The pulpit of the separate minister, Mr. Drown, then recently deceased, was thrown open to me. My adherents were truly respectable, and I was urged to take up my residence among them. The meeting-house of Mr. Drown being too small, I was invited into the pulpit of Dr. Langdon, where I preached, two clergymen occupying seats therein."

An interesting centennial was celebrated by this people in December, 1874, having reference to the first preaching of Mr. Murray in Portsmouth and the establishment of the society a hundred years before. On that occasion an eloquent historical address was delivered by Dr. A. J. Patterson of Boston Highlands, a former pastor of the society. Most appropriately has he said: "The Universalists of Portsmouth may congratulate themselves that their fathers were large-hearted, liberal minded men. There was no town of its size in America, where there was more generous culture, or a larger number of truly eminent men." Mr. Murray tells us that his 'Congregations were large,' and that his 'adherents were truly respectable.' He might have said that they embraced a considerable portion of the wealth, talent, culture and social influence of the town. Sewall, the poet, and Sheafe, the United States Senator, Walden, Libbey, Blaisdell, Melcher, the brothers Simes, and many others prominent in the annals of that time, early associated themselves with the liberal movement."

Mr. Murray occasionally visited this place, coming from Gloucester or Boston, where he was settled. The gifted Parker was raised up among this people, and was their pastor till 1793, when the eloquent Richards became their minister, remaining till 1808. This society has been favored with a succession of able, talented, and devout ministers, such as Hosea Ballou, Sebastian Streeter, Edward Turner, and several others.

In Western New Hampshire, near the close of the last century, the doctrine of Universalism was preached by the truly eloquent Elhanan Winchester, who was a convert from the Calvinist Baptists, and gathered a church of that faith and order, previously to his conversion to Universalism, the largest that had ever then been gathered in Philadelphia, the place of his pastorate. Soon after his conversion he became a self-constituted missionary, and traveled and preached in most of the States. He came to New Hampshire in 1794—three years before his death, at Hartford, Conn. His labors in the ministry were mostly confined to the County of Cheshire, though occasionally he went into Vermont. He was a man of extraordinary talent as a public speaker. He was learned, with a prodigious memory, a powerful voice and an easy utterance. And as he went from place to place to deliver his message, the churches (which were all opened to him), were too small to accommodate the multitudes that thronged to hear him. Clergymen,

and the people generally, were induced to hear what could be said in favor of the "new doctrine," as it was called. The consequence was hundreds, if not thousands, embraced the faith. Not long after his proclamation of the great Restitution in that part of the State, several Orthodox clergymen became Universalists. Of these were Dickenson of Walpole, Foster of Charlestown, Taft of Langdon, and Mann and Mead of Alstead. The two first mentioned wrote able works in favor of universal salvation, and to this day there is in each of these four towns a Universalist or Unitarian society. Another name of eminence must be introduced here, that of one of the distinguished advocates of this faith in New Hampshire and throughout the country. Hosea Ballou was a native of this State, born in the town of Richmond, April 30, 1771. His father, Rev. Maturin Ballou, was the pastor of the Baptist church in that town, and, when quite a young man, Hosea became a member of his father's church. But soon after this, when he was but eighteen years old, solely from reading his Bible, as he says, he became a Universalist. He commenced to preach in 1791, and continued till 1852, the year of his death, which took place in Boston, the place of his settled ministry after 1817. He was a man of profound intellect, and great simplicity and purity of character. He was listened to by many thousands in New Hampshire, and probably did more than any one of his predecessors or contemporaries in the ministry, by his preaching and writings, to lead the thinking minds of the present generation, to rest in the belief of the ultimate salvation of the world.

In 1803 the "General Convention of Universalists of the New England States, and others," held its annual session in the town of Winchester, in this State, at which meeting a brief creed, or profession of faith, was discussed and adopted. It was as follows:

1. We believe that the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments contain a revelation of the character of God, and of the duty, interest and final destiny of mankind.

2. We believe that there is one God, whose nature is love, revealed in one Lord Jesus Christ by one Holy Spirit of grace, who will finally restore the whole family of mankind to holiness and happiness.

3. We believe that holiness and true happiness are inseparably connected, and that believers ought to be careful to maintain order and practice good works; for these things are good and profitable unto men.

The above profession of faith is comprehensive and explicit, and has been generally acceptable to the denomination. But for one circumstance, however, a written creed would not have been adopted at that time by the denomination. The Bible, it was thought, was a sufficient creed. That circumstance was that it became necessary, at the commencement of this century, to adopt a profession of faith to save Universalists in New England, and especially in New Hampshire, from great oppression.

The "*Standing Order*" had a legal right to tax every individual in the parish for the support of the clergy, and the only remedy the individual had to avoid paying such tax to them was to join some other sect and bring a certificate from them to the Standing Order that he had joined that society and actually paid taxes to them. This had been done in one or more cases in New Hampshire, but, nevertheless, the Standing Order proceeded to collect the taxes. Resistance was made, and the case was finally carried up to the Supreme Court, which decided that there was no such order known as Universalists, for they had no creed or profession of faith to distinguish them from the Standing Order, and they were consequently compelled to pay taxes to them.

By adopting this profession of faith, a very important impediment was removed and Universalists were encouraged to make earnest endeavors to provide themselves with places of worship and the ministry of the gospel. But there were other impediments to their growth and prosperity. Like the primitive Christians, they were a "sect everywhere spoken against." The Baptists, when they started, were persecuted by the older sect, but still they held the same points of doctrine in every respect except that of immersion. They were trinitari-

an Calvinists. Universalists were regarded as heretics on several points of doctrine by the older denominations, and they were charged with holding a faith false in theory and deleterious in practice—not authorized by the teachings of the Bible, and dangerous to the morals of its professors—"leading thousands of immortal souls to hell." Now the only way left for Universalists to gain a permanent footing was to *live down* the prejudice and opposition arrayed against them, and to keep before the people the great truths of the gospel, constituting the basis of the revelation that the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world. This they have done, winning triumphs for their cause in this State and the country at large. The progress this sentiment has made since its rise in New England and in this State, has been, indeed, considerable; perhaps as great as any could reasonably expect under the circumstances.

We were not favored by having a large proportion of the old and rich Orthodox Congregational parishes, with their pastors, turned over to us, as were the Unitarians in Massachusetts and in some parts of this State, with one of the best endowed colleges in the country thrown in. Instead of all this ecclesiastical power and educational prestige, the Universalist denomination have had to *create* their own parishes, as a general thing, and build up and endow their own schools and colleges. It is, however, true that converts to the faith of universal restoration have come to us from all the opposing denominations—men of learning and high Christian character, who, like St. Paul, built up very successfully what they once labored to destroy.

Before 1824, the doctrine of Universalism had been preached in almost every town in the State, and believers were to be found in all these towns, but in only a few of them were there Universalists enough to form societies and build places of worship. In that year there was but one preacher of this doctrine in all Western New Hampshire, and but one society in the State that had constant preaching, and that was the good old society in Portsmouth. There was no society in Concord, Manchester or Nashua, and none in other places where now there are large and flourishing congregations and sabbath schools, also a constant ministry. We have now a State Convention (formed in 1832) and two Associations, viz.: Rockingham and Cheshire, (formed in 1824). There are thirty parishes, embracing 1,704 families; fourteen churches, with 588 members; twenty-four sabbath schools, having 2,040 members; twenty-three church edifices, and a total valuation of parish property of $183,400.

In looking back from the present standpoint through the last twenty-five years, it might seem hardly satisfactory that there should not be more organized Universalism in New Hampshire. The friends of this cause, however, should be thankful that something has been done in this State to advance the kingdom of the Saviour of the world—something more than the multiplying of churches and societies of this name.

The sentiments and spirit of Universalism have been working marvelously in bringing Universalists and Evangelicals nearer together. They are in many respects vastly nearer together now than they were fifty years ago. On temperance and funeral occasions Universalist clergymen are invited to join with Methodist, Baptist and Congregationalist clergymen. They sit together in the sacred desk, and pray together as Christian men should. It was once quite different. Moreover, in some instances the Evangelical minister is asked to officiate at the funeral of a member of a Universalist family, and, on the other hand, Universalist clergymen have been called upon to tender the consolations of religion at the funerals of members of the Orthodox church. The writer of this was lately invited to perform, in an Orthodox church, the funeral service of a church member. This could not have been done fifty years ago. There is a still nearer approach of the Universalist denomination and the Orthodox in the character of their public ministrations, or preaching. The Universalist clergymen have done well in being less controversial and more spiritual in their preaching—making ear-

nest endeavors to promote the Christian life among those who name the name of Christ. The Congregationalists are as faithful to win people to live soberly, righteously and godly as they ever were, but when they speak of the retributions of God to be visited upon the sinful of our race, they come near to the matter and manner in which they are treated by Universalists. They teach that all infants will be saved; that there is no literal hell of fire and brimstone, and that the punishment of the wicked is not physical, but spiritual, i. e., of the soul and not of the body. Some have gone so far—I do not say all—as to proclaim the glad tidings that the thousands of millions of the heathen, who had no chance for salvation in this world, will have an opportunity in the world to come. Some have avowed their belief that Christ will be, finally, a universal Saviour, and many express doubts in regard to eternal punishment; while all, in their ordinary ministrations, usually deliver discourses acceptable to Universalists, for there are often many of that faith in their congregations. Another source of rejoicing is that that the entire denomination of Unitarians are with us as to the results of the mission of Christ. They are Universalists, i. e., Restorationists. But fifty years ago there were but two or three of the Boston Unitarian clergymen who acknowledged their belief that all the race of man would finally be immortal and happy, but all acknowledge it now, and their two able and excellent periodicals, the *Chrstian Register* and *Liberal Christian*, are decided advocates of this faith.

Having thus briefly sketched the rise and progress of Universalism in New Hampshire, it may not be inappropriate to append the following expression of faith, as generally entertained by Universalists at the present time:

1. We reverently and devoutly accept the Holy Scriptures as containing a revelation of the character of God and the eternal principles of his moral government.

2. As holiness and happiness are inseparably connected, so we believe that all sin is accompanied and followed by misery, it being a fixed principle in the Divine government that God renders to every man according to his works, so that "though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished."

3. Guided by the express teachings of revelation, we recognize God not only as our King and Judge, but also as our gracious Father, who doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men, but though He cause grief, yet will He have compassion according to the multitude of His mercies.

4. We believe that Divine justice, "born of love and limited by love," primarily requires love to God with all the soul, and to one's neighbor as one's self. Till these requisitions are obeyed, justice administers such discipline, including both chastisement and instruction, and for as long a period as may be necessary to secure that obedience which it ever demands. Hence, it never accepts hatred for love, nor suffering for loyalty, but uniformly and forever preserves its aim.

5. We believe that the salvation Christ came to effect is salvation from sin rather than from the punishment of sin, and that he must continue his work till he has put all enemies under his feet—that is, brought them to complete subjection to his law.

6. We believe that repentance and salvation are not limited to this life. Whenever and wherever the sinner truly turns to God, salvation will be found. God is "the same yesterday, to-day and forever," and the obedience of His children is ever welcome to Him.

7. To limit the saving power of Christ to this present life seems to us like limiting the Holy One of Israel, and when we consider how many millions lived and died before Christ came, and how many since, who not only never heard his name, but were ignorant of the one living God, we shudder at the thought that His infinite love should have made no provision for their welfare, and left them to annihilation, or, what is worse, endless misery. And it is but little better with myriads born in Christian lands, whose opportunities have been so meagre that their endless damnation would be an act of such manifest injustice as to be in the highest degree inconsistent with the benevolent character of God.

8. In respect to death, we believe that However important it may be in removing manifold temptations and opening the way to a better life, and however, like other great events, it may profoundly influence man, it has no saving power. Salvation, secured in the willing mind by the agencies of divine truth, light and love, essentially represented in Christ—whether effected here or in the future life—is salvation by Christ, and gives no

warrant to the imputation to us of the "death and glory" theory, alike repudiated by all.

9. Whatever differences in regard to the future may exist among us, none of us believe that the horizon of eternity will be relatively either largely or for a long time overshadowed by the clouds of sin or punishment, and in coming into the enjoyment of salvation, whenever that may be, all the elements of penitence, forgiveness and regeneration are involved; justice and mercy will then be seen to be entirely as one, and God be all in all.

WINGS OF FLAME.

BY REV. LEANDER S. COAN.

Under the scowl of a winter sky,
A wild snow-tempest roaring by,
A faint flame creeps
With smothered sigh
While the village sleeps,
With danger nigh;
Slowly at midnight the menace creeps
While the village, unconscious of danger, sleeps.

Steady and slow, with flickering glow,
Striking a key-note sure and low,
The fire-fiend sings
While beating slow
His mottled wings,
That none may know
The terrible tone of the glee he sings,
Nor the fearful sweep of his ghastly wings.

But he breaks his chain and up, away,
No longer imprisoned will tamely stay,
With open beak
Upon his prey
Will fall and shriek,
As up and away
With gleaming talon and bloody beak
To circle and soar with maddening shriek.

And now on the air the din of bells,
Whose startled tone the danger tells,
With clang and roar
The summons swells
Pealing out o'er
The snow-clad dells,
Smiting the red flame's gathering roar,
Sounding loud summons o'er and o'er.

No longer the peaceful village sleeps,
No longer the flame of the burning creeps,

But swift lights flash,
The red light leaps
While timbers crash
And weakness weeps;
And into the storm with roar and crash,
Red wings circle and soar and flash.

So into the night an inverted hell
Kindled its lurid burnings well;
Red gleams arose
As thick clouds fell
To mingle and close
In the mimic hell,
The gloom of these disclosed by those,
As the steady gleam of the burning rose.

Steadily beating the mad bell rings;
The tall tower trembles, sways and swings:
Above, the snow
Now melts and clings,
While mad below
The hoarse shout rings;
Thick in the heavens the clouds of snow,
Reflecting the horror that rolls below.

There are billows of flame, they rush and roar
And crackle and leap till the heavens o'er
Flash grimly back
The horrid glow,
The ruin and rack
That glare below;
The swift storm squadrons dense and black
Reflecting the blood red gleaming back.

The clinging lips of the furious fire
With passionate, fierce and fell desire
Are sated soon;
The passion dire
Is bated soon;
A bridal pyre!
And the ravished village is left alone
To sigh and weep with piteous moan.

Temple and mart and dwelling gone,
Blackened cinders on snow-white lawn;
And night shuts down
Till the coming dawn
Reveal the town
To the morrow's morn.
The gloom victorious settles down
Over a blackened and ravished town.

But the days of a year fly on their round
With sign of builders on the ground;
The structure grows
'Mid hammer's sound,
To rival those
The red flames found,
More stately and grander far than those
Which fell in the burning fearful throes.

Turret and spire and roof and wall,
Chancel and organ, chapel, all
Await to-day
The Master's call;
We bow and pray
As low we fall,
Accept Thou what we build, to-day;
Take, and take never Thy grace away.

Pittsfield, N. H., 1876.

SUTTON.

[The following historical scrap, furnished by Erastus Wadleigh, Esq., of Sutton, will be of interest, especially on account of its presentation of the varying orthography of the name attached to the well-known mountain in western Merrimack.]

Sutton was granted by the Masonian Proprietors to Capt. Obadiah Perry and sixty-two others from Haverhill, Mass., and vicinity, in 1749. It was described by them as being a tract of land seven and one-fourth miles long and five miles wide, lying on the west side of *Kyah Sargg* Hill, in form a parallelogram. The limit has never been changed. As appears from the records *Kyah Sargg* Hill was written by the grantees at that date *Ki a sarge* Hill; in 1750, *Ci a sarge* Hill; 1752, *Ci ar sarge* Hill; in 1761, *Ki a sargy* inHill; in 1765, *Chy e sarge* Mountain.

Mrs. Osgood, widow of Jacob Osgood, late of Warner, (who was founder of a religious sect, now nearly extinct, called Osgoodites) is supposed to be the oldest native of Sutton now living. She was born September 12,1779,and is a daughter of Jonathan Stevens, who was one of the six first settlers of Sutton. Elizabeth, daughter of Daniel Messer and wife, was born May 6th of the same year, and died Dec. 1875, in the 97th year of her age. No settlement was made in town except David Peaslee, and family, prior to 1770.

The first child born in town was born Oct. 31st or Nov. 1st, 1770. It was said the birth was near midnight, hence the uncertainty of date.

EDITORIAL MEMORANDA.

While the young men of New Hampshire "go West" in large numbers to engage in business, few, as yet, go there for educational advantages. The last calendar of the University of Michigan, the leading educational institution in the Western States, contains the names of but four students from New Hampshire in a total number of 1230. Of these, two are in the Medical and two in the Law Department.

The GRANITE MONTHLY is a non-sectarian as well as non-partisan magazine. This fact, however, does not preclude the publication in its pages of any fair statement of political or religious faith, as entertained by parties or denominations, which may be furnished by contributors for general information. We make this statement, that no misapprehension may arise in the mind of any upon this point.

The proposals for the different classes of work upon the new State Prison, for which the last Legislature voted an appropriation not to exceed $200,000, have been quite numerous, and on the whole, most satisfactory to the Commissioners. In fact the public are assured that the new prison will be erected at a cost within the sum specified by the Legislature, and the work and materials be at the same time of the most thorough order and best quality. If such actually proves to be the result the people of New Hampshire may well congratulate themselves upon a most fortunate escape from the wholesale jobbery and plundering which has afflicted almost every State in the Union where public works or edifices of any magnitude have been built, during the last two decades, and the credit will be in a large measure due to the sound judgment and practical sagacity of the Commissioners.

The excellent portrait of Prof. Edwin D. Sanborn, of Dartmouth College, with the interesting sketch of his career, from the pen of the Rev. Silas Ketchum, which we present in this number, will be greeted with pleasure by many of those at home and abroad who have enjoyed the benefit of his wise instructions in the recitation room or from the lecture platform, and, in fact, by all the readers of the GRANITE MONTHLY, to whose entertainment his pen has so liberally contributed.

The poem in this issue entitled "Wings of Flame," by Rev. Leander S. Coan of Alton, was read by the author at the dedication of the new Congregational church in Pittsfield, erected in place of the one destroyed by the disastrous fire of the previous year, and was written expressly for that occasion. It has never before been published, and will be of interest to those in that locality, as well as to the many admirers of Mr. Coan's productions throughout the State, and beyond its borders. Its peculiar rythmical construction, as well as intensity of expression cannot fail to attract attention and excite admiration. Several of Mr. Coan's poems have attained a wide popularity, that entitled "Better in the Morning" being a notable example, the same having been copied by numerous papers in all sections of the country, and called forth the warmest expressions of commendation.

A question of no little interest is to arise next June, as to the duty of the Legislature then assembled in reference to the election of a United States Sena-

tor to succeed Senator Wadleigh, whose term expires on the fourth of March next. The law of the United States provides that the Legislature chosen at the election next previous to the expiration of the term shall elect the Senator. The Legislature which will then be in session, and whose members have just been chosen, will be the Legislature of the State until the first of June, 1879—three months after the expiration of Senator Wadleigh's term; yet members of the succeeding Legislature will have been chosen at the election in November previous, four months *before* the expiration of said term.

The question, then, will be which is the "Legislature" contemplated by the United States law, that which is the actual Legislature of the State at the time the Senatorial term expires, or that which is at best prospective and unorganized, but whose members have been chosen by the people. Upon this question, as is already apparent, there will be a difference of opinion, and that entirely without reference to partisan bias, many good lawyers, of both parties, taking the ground that the Legislature which meets next June should elect, while others, not less entitled to respect, maintain the opposite view.

The election recently holden in this State is the final one under the old Constitution. The amended Constitution, providing for biennial elections, goes into operation, by act of the last Legislature, on the first day of October next, and the first election under the same occurs on the Tuesday following the first Monday in November, when, in addition to the officers heretofore chosen at our State election, the people, in each of the several Counties, will make choice of Sheriff, Solicitor and Register of Probate. This change, as well as that making the elections occur biennially instead of annually, tends to materially increase the general interest in the election itself, as it adds to its importance.

After November next we shall escape all election excitement for the period of two years, and alternate years thereafter, unless the next Legislature sees fit to amend the act of last year, making our town and city elections occur biennially, on the same day with the State election. There is a diversity of sentiment as to the propriety of such action on the part of the Legislature, many claiming that the local elections should occur at a different time from the State election, so as to remove the former, as far as possible, from partisan influences, while others maintain, with considerable force of argument, that the change suggested would effect nothing in the desired direction. However this may be it seems probable at least that the people of the State will find it practically necessary to the proper management of their town and municipal affairs, to hold their local elections every year, and that sooner or later the Legislature will be called upon to make provision therefor.

THE

GRANITE MONTHLY.

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HON. JOSHUA G. HALL.

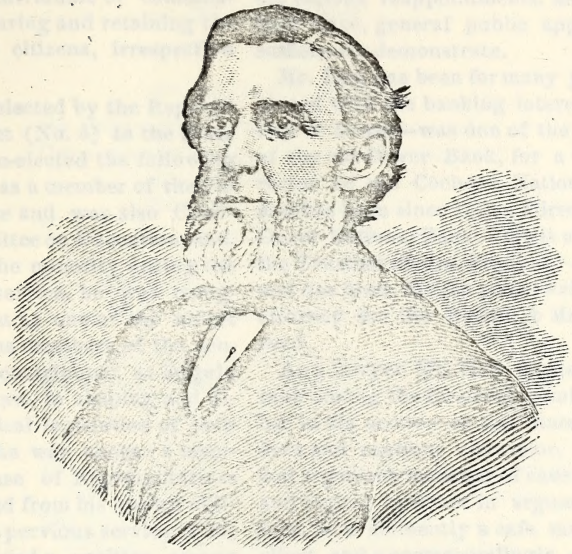
The recent reappointment of Hon. Joshua G. Hall of Dover as U.S. District Attorney for the District of New Hampshire, by calling public attention to his name, renders a biographical sketch of this gentleman particularly appropriate at this time.

Mr. Hall was born in the town of Wakefield, November 5, 1828, and is therefore in the fiftieth year of his age. He is a lineal descendant of that John Hall who was one of the early settlers of Dover, and a Deacon of the First Parish Church from 1655 to 1693. His grandfather, Samuel Hall, removed from Dover to what was soon after incorporated as Wakefield, about the year 1770, being among the first settlers of that town. His father (also named Joshua G. Hall), was engaged in mercantile life, and was long a prominent citizen of Wakefield, taking an active part in public and political affairs, and representing the town for a number of years in the General Court. His wife was Betsey Plumer, a daughter of Hon. Beard Plumer of Milton, who represented the Fifth District in the State Senate for the years 1810, 1811, 1812, 1813 and 1816, and a granddaughter of Hon. John Plumer of Rochester, one of the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas subsequent to the Revolution, and who died in 1816, at the age of 96 years. They had five children, the youngest of whom is the subject of this sketch. Two brothers and a sister, still living, all reside at Union Village in Wakefield.

JOSHUA GILMAN HALL derives his middle name from his great grandfather, Jeremiah Gilman, (father of his grandmother Hall) who was a Captain under Stark at Bennington, and had previously held a similar commissson in the old French and Indian War—one of the historic family of Gilmans of Exeter, a native of that town, and one of the early settlers of Wakefield. He received his college preparatory education at the well-known Gilmanton Academy, then under the charge of Charles Tenney, and entered Dartmouth College in August, 1847, graduating from that institution in 1851. Among his classmates in college were George William Burleigh and Edward Ashton Rollins, Prof. Elihu T. Quimby, and ex-Congressman Willard of Vermont. Making choice of the legal profession he entered the office of the late Hon. Daniel M. Christie of Dover, where he remained several years, and through dilligent study and the wise instruction of his eminent preceptor, he laid the foundation for the substantial

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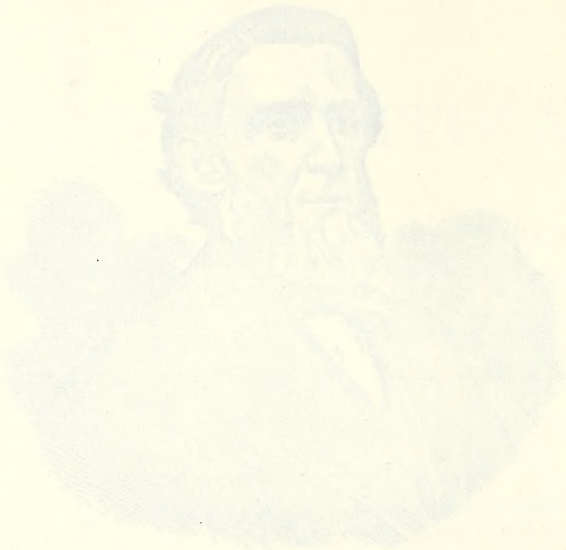
HON. JOSHUA G. HALL.

success which he has attained. He was admitted to the Strafford Bar in 1855, and immediately commenced the practice of the profession at Union Village in his native town, where he remained for three years.

Here it may be remarked that Mr. Hall is not the only lawyer of distinction reared in the town of Wakefield. George Y. Sawyer of Nashua, formerly a Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court, and one of the ablest members of the Hillsborough County Bar, is a native of this town—a son of William Sawyer, also a well-known lawyer of his time, who graduated at Cambridge in 1801, being a classmate of the late Chief Justice Shaw, of Massachusetts, studied law in Dover with Henry Mellen, Esq., and settled in Wakefield in 1804, subsequently forming a partnership with Josiah H. Hobbs, father of Frank Hobbs now of Dover, another of the sons of Wakefield who has attained eminence in the legal profession.

In December, 1858, Mr. Hall removed from Union Village to Dover, and entered into partnership with Hon. Samuel M. Wheeler, remaining in company with that gentleman in the practice of the law until 1867, when the co-partnership was dissolved. Since then he has been alone in practice, and has devoted himself untiringly to the duties of his profession, winning an enviable reputation as a sound lawyer, and substantial success as a practitioner.

In politics Mr. Hall is a Republican of Whig antecedents, and decided convictions, but has never been a politician in the usual acceptation of the term, and has never sought political preferment, though he has frequently been chosen to official positions of honor and trust. He was elected Mayor of Dover in November, 1865, and so acceptably discharged the duties of the office that he was re-elected the following year by a nearly unanimous vote, only five ballots, in all, being cast against him. His administra-



tion of the city government, throughout, was distinguished by a thorough devotion to the public interests, regardless of the schemes of individuals or combinations, thereby securing and retaining the confidence of the citizens, irrespective of party.

In 1871 he was elected by the Republicans of his District (No. 5) to the State Senate, and was re-elected the following year. He served as a member of the Judiciary Committee and was also Chairman of the Committee on Education, and, although one of the minority during the first year of his service, he was recognized from the first as one of the ablest and most sagacious members of the senatorial body, and contributed as largely as any other, at least, in shaping and directing the practical legislation of each session. In 1874 he was chosen a member of the House of Representatives from his Ward, and from his known ability, as well as his pervious service in the Senate, was accorded a position among the leaders of his party in that body. Yet, in the House, as in the Senate, he was never so zealous a partisan as to subordinate the public welfare to mere party interests, so that while known as an earnest supporter of Republican principles, he secured and has retained the retained of the public at large, as a faithful servant of the people.

Mr. Hall was appointed Solicitor for Strafford County in June, 1862, and was twice reappointed, serving in that capacity until June 1874, when the Democratic party secured full control of the State government and there was a general change of officials, on partisan grounds. He was also City Solicitor for the City of Dover for the years 1868, 1869 and 1870. In April, 1874, he was appointed by Gen. Grant, Attorney of the United States for the District of New Hampshire, succeeding Hon. Henry P. Rolfe of Concord, and upon the recent expiration of his commission, was reappointed by Mr. Hayes for another term. In the different positions which he has occupied as attorney for the people Mr. Hall has zealously defended the public interests, and faithfully labored for the impartial administration of justice, with what success his various reappointments, meeting, as they have, general public approbation, sufficiently demonstrate.

Mr. Hall has been for many years connected with the banking interests of the city of Dover—was one of the Directors of the old Dover Bank, for a time a Director of the Cocheco National Bank, and has been since 1874 a Director of the Dover National Bank. He is also one of the Trustees of the Franklin Academy, and has been, for the past twelve years, attorney for the Boston & Maine Railroad.

As a lawyer Mr. Hall has long taken rank among the foremost members of the bar in his section of the State. A prudent and cautious counselor, an adroit and sagacious manager of causes, a close and logical reasoner in argument to the jury, he is eminently a safe man for his client, and a correspondingly dangerous one for his opponent. While never resorting to any questionable expedients to promote his cause, by his skillful management—never betraying his own purposes in advance and adroitly unmasking the plans of the opposition—he often gains success where others would signally have failed.

As a citizen he is public spirited, and sustains, heartily, all measures calculated to promote the welfare of the community, in all directions, moral, social, educational and material. His religious association are with the Congregational Church, although he is not a member of the organization. With his family he worships at the First Parish Church in Dover, with which his ancestors were prominently connected.

Mr. Hall was married, Nov. 16, 1861, to Susan Elisabeth Bigelow, daughter of Isaac and Harriet (Warren) Bigelow of Boston—a relative of the late Chief Jnstice Bigelow—by whom he has three children,—Grace Bigelow, born Sept. 9, 1862; Susan Gertrude, born Oct. 28, 1866, and Dwight, born April 13, 1871.

WASHINGTON.

BY WILLIAM C. STUROC.

Oh Patriot Sage! Columbia's dearest son!
Our country's Father! Famous Washington!
How shall we sing—
How homage bring,
To deck the memory of the noblest soul
That ever spent a grand and glorious life?
Who led in triumph to fair Freedom's goal,
Nor faltered mid the darkness of the strife.

Oh mighty soldier! First in war's alarms
Undaunted, when the trumpet call "To arms!"
Roused men to stand,
Throughout the land,
For Home and Freedom, 'gainst oppression's power.
Thou God-appointed Chief, our guide and stay;
Our firm reliance in the midnight hour
That stood the strongest mid the bloody fray.

Oh matchless Statesman! first and best in peace!
Still *calm* and *mighty* when red war's surcease
Claimed hands deep skilled
To plan and build—
Far from the despot's or the anarch's grasp—
The glorious fabric of a NATION FREE,
Each stone sure fastended with the golden clasp
Of *Wisdom*, *Strength*, and *State Fraternity*.

Oh first within the bosom of thy countrymen!
Thy name and fame shall evermore remain
Without a peer,
To millions dear.
The silent circumspection of thy heart
Did slander's shafts full oft but vainly try;
Thy faith no tempest shock could part;
Thy ark and anchor, *Human Liberty!*

Long may we guard, as with a flaming sword,
The sacred volume of Columbia's word,
That when our day
Shall pass away,
Our children's children, to the latest hour,
Shall peal their anthems, down from sire to son,
As *now*, we grateful, bless the Heavenly Power
That gave our own, Immortal Washington!

SERVICES OF GENERAL SULLIVAN.

BY HON. GEORGE W. NESMITH.

We had supposed that the reputation of Gen. John Sullivan, of Revolutionary fame, both as a civilian and General, had been established by the common assent of his countrymen, upon so strong and durable a basis that it could not now by any possibility be undermined or shaken. We confess we were very much surprised in our examination of the 9th Volume of Bancroft's History of the United States, to see the fact announced there in his commentary upon the battle of Brandywine, that Sullivan was "worthless as a General." As we had read history, we thought this criticism was severe and unjust to the achievements and memory of Gen. Sullivan. This harsh imputation is made upon his military character. Now we propose to review, as briefly as we may, some of the scenes and events in which he was a prominent actor, especially as a military man, and to show the estimate with which his public services were held during the trying and stormy period of the Revolution, and afterwards, in order that the student of history may determine whether Sullivan was "worthless as a General." It is well known that Sullivan and John Langdon were appointed Delegates, by the Assembly of this State, to the Congress which assembled at Philadelphia in September, 1774, and that in their journey to and from that place they had occasion to pass through Boston, and had, of course, an opportunity to witness the distress of the people of Boston, occasioned by shutting up that harbor and cutting off all trade by means of the British troops and navy then employed to enforce what was known as their infamous Port Bill. At that time Sullivan was a citizen of Durham, and held the office of Major in the State Militia, beside being a leading advocate in our courts of law. John Langdon was an eminent merchant in Portsmouth, and held the commission of Captain in the militia.

On the 14th of December, 1774, Sullivan led down his men, collected in his neighborhood, to Portsmouth, and was there joined by Langdon with another band, constituting about 200 men, and then proceeded to attack Fort William and Mary, located in Portsmouth harbor, and took therefrom 100 barrels of powder and fifteen cannon, and some small arms. A large portion of the powder was conveyed to Durham, and concealed in the meeting house there until the following spring, when it was conveyed to Cambridge, and proved of immense service in the battle of Bunker Hill. The Fort now bearing the name of Sullivan is located near the site of the old one, and stands in *perpetuam memoriam* of this bold and successful exploit. For this bold and defiant act of war Sullivan received the thanks of the patriots of that time, while Gov. John Wentworth deprived both Sullivan and Langdon of their military commissions, being all the punishment he dared to inflict. We next hear of Sullivan organizing a military company in Durham, and for the purpose of improving themselves in military tactics, meeting once a week, for the space of six months, in drill service. This company was said to consist of eighty-two members, and to embrace Sullivan among its volunteers. In 1775 he was again elected Delegate to the Congress at Philadelphia, first with Col. Folsom as a colleague, afterwards with John Langdon, by the New Hampshire Assembly of Delegates from the several towns in this State.

Soon after the battle of Bunker Hill he was appointed by Congress Brigadier General of the army. Both Folsom and Stark were entitled to this distinction by higher rank and experience as soldiers,

for both had seen much service in the previous French and Indian wars. But an unfortunate quarrel had sprung up between these officers, and consequently Congress refused to appoint either of them, and selected Sullivan for this important office. He accepted, and was stationed on Winter Hill during the subsequent siege of Boston, having under his command the three New Hampshire regiments, commanded by Stark, Poor and Reed, also a regiment from Rhode Island, and for a portion of the time, the three Massachusetts regiments, commanded by Colonel's Nixon, Mansfield and Doolittle. Gen. Sullivan, on assuming his command, supplanted Folsom, who had the temporary command of the New Hampshire forces, and held the commission of General of the militia under State authority. Folsom retired from active service, evidently dissatisfied. In March, 1776, Sullivan complained of Folsom's treatment in a letter to Meshec Weare. In this letter, which may be found in Bouton's Historical Sketches, vol. 8, p. 118, is embraced the following honorable sentiment: "I wish we all could leave our private resentments in our closets, when we are acting in our public capacities, and consider only the means of promoting our country's good." On the other hand, we do not find that Stark took offence at being outranked by Sullivan, but it appears that he gave Sullivan his uniform support at Winter Hill, Trenton, and at other times. Gen. Sullivan received a patriotic letter from the Committee of Safety of Hillsborough county, under the date of July 19, 1775, congratulating him upon his appointment of Brigadier General. This committee was composed largely of the immediate friends and neighbors of Stark, and was signed by Matthew Patten of Bedford, as Chairman of said Committee. Col. Stark resigned his commission and retired from the army early in 1777, in consequence of being outranked by the appointment of Gen. Poor by Congress. The battle of Bennington settled this difficulty, and Stark returned to service with a higher rank and fresh laurels. In July, Sullivan was made Major General.

The next active service of Gen. Sullivan was on Long Island. He participated in the battle of August, 1776. He had not the responsibility of the chief command. He fought bravely against a superior force, and he and Lord Stirling were both made prisoners. We do not learn of any charge of any kind resting against him, though it was an unfortunate battle to the American cause. He was exchanged soon afterwards for Gen. Prescott. Again, in December of the same year, we find him commanding a division of our army in the important engagements at Trenton and Princeton. In these engagements he was active and successful. Early in April, 1877, he was assigned to the command of the Northern Army, and for a short time rendered essential aid to Arnold in his retreat from Canada. In the campaign of 1776, after the evacuation of Boston by the British, and the death of Gen. Thomas, who had been assigned to the command of the Northern Army, upon the special request of the authorities of New Hampshire and Massachusetts, Gen. Sullivan for a short time was sent to the relief of this army. It was said that by his great exertions and judicious management the condition of the Northern army was much ameliorated. On his retiring from that service, July 12, 1776, the field officers of that army, in a published address, rendered to him their grateful and sincere thanks. In June, 1777, we find the famous letter of Peter Livius, for many years a citizen of Portsmouth, and a member often of our State Council, who had turned Tory and fled to Canada, addressed to Sullivan and by threats and liberal promises urging him to unite his fortunes to British interests. This letter is only important as showing the high estimate which was then placed by Livius, who was a man of discernment, upon the influence of Gen. Sullivan. Livius wrote, "You were the first man in active rebellion, and drew with you the Province you live in. A few months will probably decide the contest. You must either fight or fly, and in either case ruin seems inevitable." Then the inducements to treachery to the American cause are held out to Sullivan: "You embrace my offer, then I engage my word to you, you will receive pardon,

you will secure your estate, and you will be further amply rewarded." Notwithstanding Bancroft has made strong imputations upon the fidelity and patriotism of Sullivan in another of his volumes, we yet believe his charge is groundless, and that the evidence and reasoning of Hon. Charles H. Bell in refutation of such charge, which has recently been spread before the public, are sufficient to satisfy the most skeptical upon this subject. The letter of Livius was detected on its passage, and there is no evidence that it reached Gen. Sullivan, while the war continued, or that this correspondence was invited by him or listened to for a moment.

Returning to the military life of Sullivan, we find him in August, 1777, planning and executing an expedition against the enemy on Staten Island. This was not entirely a failure, nor did it prove so successful as he had anticipated. It was alleged that he had not the authority of Congress, or the commander-in-chief, for engaging in this enterprise. Gen. Sullivan demanded a court of inquiry, and obtained it. It was composed of General Knox, McDougal, Spencer and Lord Stirling. The substance of their finding was, using their language, "That Gen. Sullivan's conduct in planning and executing the expedition upon Staten Island was such, in the opinion of the Court, as deserved the approbation of his country, and not its censure." This seems to have been a complete vindication of his conduct. In the autumn of this year both the battles of Brandywine and Germantown were fought, in each of which Gen. Sullivan commanded a division of the army. As to the battle at Germantown, Sullivan had the command of the right wing of the army, and acted immediately under the eye of Washington, who bore strong testimony to his bravery and gallantry on that occasion. As to the Brandywine battle, it appears that a representative of North Carolina in Congress, by the name of Burke, claimed to have been a spectator of this conflict, and preferred his complaint against Gen. Sullivan's conduct. His charge was met by Sullivan, who, on the 27th day of September, 1777, addressed a letter to John Hancock, President of Congress, giving a full and circumstantial account of the events, as they occurred in battle, especially vindicating his own conduct, and asking for such justice as a Court of Inquiry might give him. His request for this Court was granted, and a trial was had, and he was honorably acquitted. The aforesaid letter may be seen in the July number of 1823 of the Historical Collections of this State. It is obvious that Sullivan's Division bore the weight of that battle, and that a portion of his men did not behave with their usual bravery. The attack upon him was sudden and unexpected, and made by superior numbers, before he could form his troops into a perfect line. Hence, confusion ensued, and some of his troops fled from the field. It required much exertion and ability on the part of Sullivan to maintain the contest as well as he did. Fayette was wounded in that battle. He testified before the Court of Inquiry, "That such courage as Sullivan displayed on that day deserved the praise of all." Washington testified, "His conduct was active and spirited." If Bancroft had been present at that Court, and heard the evidence in favor of Sullivan, we are of the opinion he would have withheld the ungenerous fling published by him a century afterwards.

It is a matter of historical record, that early in the year 1778, Gen. Sullivan wrote to Washington, that the wants of his family at home, the loss of his private property by the robbery of the enemy, and the inadequacy of his salary, must compel him to leave the army. At the request of Washington, he consented to remain in the service, and he was soon afterwards appointed to the important separate command of the American forces then assembled at Rhode Island. The French fleet was unable to co-operate in the proposed attack upon the British troops and shipping stationed there, therefore, Sullivan was compelled to retreat, and in effecting this, he was attacked by the enemy, and they were repulsed. For his services rendered in this expedition he received the thanks of Congress, and of both of the Assemblies of New Hampshire and Rhode Island. In 1779,

he was again assigned to command a division of the army, whose duty was to punish the savages, who had destroyed our settlements at Wyoming, etc., and butchered many of our frontier inhabitants. Gen. Sullivan was successful in this campaign, and retaliated upon the enemy to that extent as to prevent subsequent depredations in that region. Upon his return from this expedition, he and his army received the thanks of Congress. At the end of this year he resigned his commission, and retired from military service, assigning, among other reasons, that his health was impaired. Here was the termination of his military life.

In forming a just estimate of his merits and success as a military commander, we are to weigh the circumstances that surrounded him, the many difficulties with which he had to contend, arising out of the poverty of the whole country, the want of men and adequate supplies of food and munitions of war, and a good sanitary department, united with the lack of good discipline in his troops, the prevalence of fatal camp disease, and his own inexperience in warfare, at the first, and the wonder is, that he was able to accomplish so much towards establishing a good reputation for himself and his country. Washington knew men well, and formed an accurate judgment of the abilities of those around him. At an early stage of the war he wrote to John Hancock, giving his opinion of Sullivan. He remarked, "That he was active, and zealously attached to the American cause. He has his wants and foibles. The latter are manifested in his little tincture of vanity, and in an over desire to be popular. His wants are common to us all. His military inexperience is greatly overbalanced by sound judgment, and an acquaintance with men and books, accompanied by an enterprising genius, which I must do the justice to him, in saying, I think he possesses."

Sullivan, on his part, adhered to the fortunes of Washington, when Conway and others undertook to support him as Commander-in-Chief. Again, at that critical time during the siege of Boston, when, in October and November, 1775, the terms of enlistment of the American army generally expired, and it was necessary to renew the enlistments or supply the places of the experienced soldiers by new men, Sullivan's energy and influence were acknowledged by Washington in persuading the men belonging to this State to re-enlist. Also in procuring more regiments to take the place of Connecticut men who then went home. Sullivan then wrote to the New Hampshire Committee of Safety, "I hope the eager speed with which the New Hampshire forces will march to take possession of, and defend our lines will evince to the world their love of liberty and regard to their country. I must entreat you not to give sleep to your eyes, nor slumber to your eyelids, till the troops are on their march." On the 18th of December, Gen. Greene wrote: "The Connecticut troops have gone home, the militia from this Province (Massachusetts), and New Hampshire, have come in to take their places. Upon this occasion they have discovered a zeal that does them the highest honor. *New Hampshire behaves nobly.*" [Vide Frothingham's History of the siege of Boston, page 274.]

The siege of Boston was maintained by the four New England states. At this critical time Connecticut failed to supply her quota, but in justice to her patriotism, we believe, she afterwards came to the rescue. The able translator of Chatteleux's travels in America, who accompanied Sullivan in his expedition into the Indian country in 1779, thus attests to his military skill: "That the instructions given by Gen. Sullivan to his officers, the order of march he prescribed to his troops, and the discipline he had the ability to maintain, would have done honor to the most experienced ancient or modern Generals." The evidence of eye witnesses, in this class of cases is of the highest order, especially when coming from intelligent and disinterested sources. The facts stated by such witnesses command our confidence. If Gen. Sullivan had acquired the character, such as charged by Bancroft, it is singular that his employers at home, his old friends and neighbors, should stand by him, and that the faithful chroniclers of that day should

fail to record their verdict against him. We find their testimony uniformly in his favor. The same remark will apply to the officers under him, with the exception of Gen. Folsom, who was his rival, and had been outranked. If, after five years of severe warfare, Sullivan had earned a character as General no better than *worthless*, then we venture the assertion the good people of this State would have found out his true deserts, and would justly have withheld future honors.

Now let us trace his future history, and observe the honors imposed upon him. In 1780, he resumed the practice of his legal profession at Durham. In March of that year he was employed by the Legislature of this State to revise the militia laws. In June of the same year he was elected by the Legislature a Delegate to Congress. Here he served for two sessions. He met his old accuser, Mr. Burke of North Carolina, who gracefully withdrew the charge alleged against him in 1777. In 1782, he was appointed Attorney General for this State, and served with ability some four years. During these years he was an active and influential delegate appointed to revise our State Constitution. Our difficulty in relation to the disputed claims of New York and Vermont over a portion of the territory embraced in this State, occupied his attention as a prosecuting officer in 1782. What he said and did is well described by William Plummer, Jr., in the Life of his father. The exciting scene of his action was laid in Keene. It is sufficient to say that success attended his efforts. Again, in 1786, '87, and '89, Gen. Sullivan was elected President of the State, under the revised State Constitution. The duties of this office were similar to those of Governor. The President had the additional labor imposed of presiding in the Council Board, which then consisted of twelve men, with the jurisdiction nearly alike to that exercised by the Senate under the Constitution of 1792, with the additional prerogative of appointing the military and civil officers of the State. An eminent instance of his energy, courage, and successful resistance to lawless power was exhibited by him in resisting the paper money mob that surrounded the Legislature assembled in the meeting-house in Exeter in June, 1786. The means employed in quelling that insurrection, and his treatment of the men engaged in it, displayed much sound judgment, and a thorough knowledge of the deluded men with whom he had to do. In 1788, Sullivan was President of the Convention of Delegates which assembled in this State for the adoption of the Constitution of the United States. Its final adoption was much owing to his persevering exertions and strenuous support. In September, 1789, he was appointed by his old commander, President Washington, District Judge for New Hampshire, an office of honor and some profit, the best in Washington's gift for this State. He continued to hold this office until his death, which occurred in 1795, aged fifty-four.

He passed away in the vigor of his years, after more than twenty years of active military and civil service. Our early historical reading taught us to venerate the name of Sullivan, in consequence of perusing the life and character of John Sullivan. Not one whit of this veneration is withdrawn on account of the undeserved attack of Bancroft. This claim to our regard was still higher advanced by the knowledge we had of the great ability, the brilliant eloquence, and incorruptible integrity of Hon. George Sullivan, the son of Gen. Sullivan, who, with great credit to himself, and satisfaction to the people of this State, discharged the duties of Attorney General for the long period of twenty-one years. After his well-spent life had been closed, we next see the official paternal mantle gracefully descending and resting upon the shoulders of his son John, who, with marked ability performed the work of the same office for the term of fifteen years, constituting forty years of faithful service, rendered by this illustrious family in the same important office.

The best property a State can possess consists in her great and good men. It is the duty of all impartial historians to present truth, and not fiction, end to present facts as they exist, and to allow readers to draw their own inferences from

them. To conclude our remarks on this subject, our simple request to the eminent historian, Mr. Bancroft, is that he would do justice to himself by bestowing upon Gen. Sullivan the reward his services did merit, and that he would withdraw the detractive epithet his military services did not merit.

MARY'S REWARD.

BY HELEN M. RUSSELL.

CHAPTER III.

When Eugene left his home, his heart was filled with sorrow. His mother's death, though long expected, would be a heavy blow to him. As he walked rapidly along, thoughts of the past came back to him—thoughts of the days when he had been so happy at Maplewood. Bitterly did he regret the folly which led him to leave the quiet, lovely country home for the city life which had thus far proved to be so unsuccessful. It was too late for regrets, however, but he made many resolutions for the future. He now felt so sure of his ability to resist temptation that with all the sorrow that filled his heart at the thought of his dying mother, he could not utterly despair.

A rapid walk of five minutes' duration brought him to the Carr mansion. It was a large, handsome building, and was situated upon one of the most beautiful streets in the city. This evening, however, with the wind blowing and the rain and sleet descending, it seemed far from being pleasant, and as Eugene hastened up the marble steps to the mansion, he half wished he had not ventured out in the storm. His summons at the door was speedily answered by a servant girl, who invited him to enter. Throwing off his wet outer garments, he followed the servant up the long stairway, and was conducted to Theodore's room. As the door opened he was greeted with a hearty welcome from Theo.

"I feared you would not come, Ross," said his friend, as Eugene seated himself by the side of the sofa upon which Theo. was resting.

"I am in a hurry, Theo. My mother is failing, and I would like to return home as soon as possible," said Eugene sadly.

"That being the case, I will excuse you. I did not know that she was any worse, or I would not have requested you to leave home to-night. I think you had better return at once," said Theodore earnestly.

"Your note stated that the business could all be accomplished within half an hour, and I think I had better go at once. I hardly think there is any immediate danger, but sister requested me to remain in to-night, and I promised to return as soon as possible, so if you will acquaint me with the nature of the business you wish transacted, I will go at once," replied Eugene.

Theodore drew from his pocket a large pocket-book and took from thence a roll of bank bills.

"I borrowed two thousand dollars of Mr. Jacob Bartlett two weeks ago to-day, and promised to repay him between that time and nine o'clock at night. My illness has prevented my attending to it, and as you know I always make a point of living up to my word in every particular, I felt very anxious to send this money to-night. Here is a letter for the gentleman—I have not sealed it, but never mind. You will please obtain the note of security I gave him. You need not call on your way home, and if your mother is any worse to-morrow I will excuse you from your duties at the store."

Bidding his friend good-night, Eugene left the room and hurried away on his errand, thinking as he did so that one

short month ago Theodore Carr would have feared to trust him with so much money, and his heart beat high with hope as he thought how pleased the dear mother and sister at home would be to know that he was winning his way back to the position of a trustworthy friend in the estimation of Theodore Carr.

Suddenly, in the midst of these reflections, a hand was laid heavily upon his shoulder, and a cheery voice exclaimed: "I am lucky for once, Eugene Ross—was just on my way to call upon you, and as I leave the city upon the eight-thirty express I have hardly a minute to spare. Come, just give me half a welcome, old friend!"

"Fred Marston! I can hardly believe my eyes! I thought you were thousands of miles from here. I *am* glad to see you, Fred."

"I have not forgotten that debt I owe you, Ross, and I can pay you now, thank kind fortune. Come in here out of the storm."

As the young man spoke, he hurried Eugene from the pavement into a large and brilliantly lighted liquor saloon. Very agreeable indeed seemed the warmth of this place compared to the storm without, which grew more severe with each passing moment, but had Eugene noticed whither his friend was leading him, he certainly would not have entered the place. There were several groups of young men seated around the room, many of whom were Eugene's former boon companions. His first impulse was to leave the place at once, but fearing to excite ridicule, he hesitated. Meanwhile Fred Marston had counted out some money, which he handed Eugene, saying in a low voice as he did so:

"You trusted me with this three years ago without any prospect of ever getting your pay. Here it is, principal and interest, and a thousand thanks besides. Now it is my treat, you know," and before Eugene had time to reply, had approached the bar and ordered two glasses of liquor, and a moment later had thrust one into Eugene's hand. All this was done in the hurried, eager manner one is so apt to assume when in danger of missing a train. The smell of liquor aroused all of Eugene's former appetite for the detestable beverage, and forgetting all his good resolutions, his dying mother, his errand—everything, he raised the glass to his lips and drained it. He had no distinct recollection of anything from that moment. With a warm shake of the hand and a hearty goodbye, Fred Marston left him, all unconscious of the wrong he had wrought, for he knew nothing of Eugene's career during the past year. Need I pause to relate all that occurred within the next three hours? While the mother lay dying at home, Eugene sat at the gaming table, and when, at twelve o'clock, he staggered forth into the street, the five hundred dollars that Marston had just paid him and the two thousand Theo. had entrusted to his care, were alike gone. Thoroughly sobered now, and with his heart full of remorse, he strode onward in an opposite direction from his home. His anguish was almost insupportable. He had forfeited Theodore's respect and trust, had robbed his kind friend, had broken his pledge to his dying mother, and had lost all his own self-esteem. He removed his hat and allowed the rain to fall upon his fevered brow. Would they ever forgive him and trust him again? Would his mother—for the first time since he had entered the saloon, he thought of his sister's words to him—"Mother is worse, and I fear she will not live until morning." Turning, he hurriedly retraced his steps homeward. He must see her once more if she were yet alive—if not—a horrid, sickening sense of despair filled his heart at the thought. As he drew near his home he saw a faint light burning in his mother's room. Was she yet alive—his fond, kind mother? He would enter so carefully, lest he should disturb her, should she be asleep. Carefully he opened the outer door and entered, closing it softly behind him. Throwing off his wet overcoat, he crept softly along the hall until he found himself at the door of his mother's room. It was ajar, and he swung it noiselessly open. This was the scene that met his view: The form of Mrs. Ross had been robed for burial, and lay upon the bed, whose snow-white draper

was rivalled by the gleaming whiteness of the cold, dead face. Kneeling by her side was the form of his sister. She was calm now, but it was the calmness of despair. Eugene saw all this at one glance, and a groan that seemed to come from the depth of his heart burst from the pale lips and told Mary of his presence there. She sprang to her feet, turning toward him.

"Oh, Mary, my sister, would I were dead too!" he groaned, as he staggered into the room and sank down by his dead mother's side, weeping bitter, passionate tears, begging her to speak to him once more—to forgive him. In vain Mary besought him to arise, to calm himself—the dawning day found him still there, burning with the fever that was consuming him. The disgrace that awaited him, the anguish that greeted him, together with the exposure out in the storm, had done their work, and a brain fever was the result.

CHAPTER IV.

Two weeks have passed since the events related above. There had been a quiet funeral, and the body of Mrs. Ross had been placed in the tomb. It had been her request to be laid in the cemetery near her old home at Maplewood, beside her husband, but Eugene's terrible illness had prevented, therefore they had placed the body in a tomb, and awaited the coming of summer before laying her in her last resting-place. Eugene still hovered between life and death, and Mary's sweet face grew daily more pale and wan. Mrs. Wilmot, a true and tried friend, still remained with the worn-out girl.

One afternoon, as Mary sat by her brother's bedside, Mrs. Wilmot entered the room—the sitting room had been converted into a sick room—and approached Mary, saying in a low voice:

"Mary, Mr. Carr awaits you in the parlor."

Mary arose, and motioning the lady to the seat she vacated, glided from the room. As she entered the parlor, Theodore arose from a seat near the window and advanced to meet her. He greeted her warmly, saying, as he led her to an easy chair:

"You are looking pale and ill, Mary."

His dark, handsome face grew sad as he gazed into the worn, white face of the girl.

"Mr. Carr, I have sent for you that I might learn the meaning of my brother's wild ravings, and also to know if my worst fears are realized. This morning I accidentally found a letter which was addressed to Mr. Jacob Bartlett of this city. I opened it, as it was not sealed, and I thought it might throw some light upon his strange and to me incomprehensible words, and I found your signature at the bottom of the sheet. In it you stated that you would send by the bearer, Eugene Ross, the sum of two thousand dollars which was his—Mr. Bartlett's—due. Will you tell me if he carried the money to the gentleman, or—" she paused, and her head drooped upon her hands, while heavy sobs shook her frame.

"Miss Ross—Mary—I would have spared you all knowledge of this if I could have done so. Believe me, I would rather lose twice the amount than see you suffer like this."

"Did he lose the money at the gaming table, or was he robbed while intoxicated?" she demanded, raising her face again in its almost deathly pallor.

For a moment Theodore hesitated, then, deeming it best to tell the truth at once, he said sadly:

"He lost it at the gaming table, Mary, but do not let this worry you. If he lives he may be able to repay me; at any rate, I shall never trouble him or you for it. I shall never miss it, Mary, so do not take this to heart so deeply."

Mary arose slowly to her feet and held out her hand to Theo. with a sweet, womanly gesture peculiarly her own, and then said firmly:

"You say you will never trouble us for it. Do you think I could rest easy with such a burden upon me? Wait a little, until Eugene is better, or—" she paused a moment, her voice faltering, then she resumed more firmly, "As soon as possible you shall be repaid. This house must be sold, and I hope it will bring enough to pay all debts. I think it will;" then, seeing the look of sorrow

on Theodore's face, she said, "You are very kind to us, one of the noblest of friends, but indeed, I cannot rest until you are repaid. I must go to my brother now. I thank you for calling."

"Mary, wait one moment," said he, as she turned to go. "I wish so much to assist you. Will you not tell me what I can do for him or for you?"

"I thank you, but you can do nothing —no one can now," she said sadly.

Theodore took her hand for a moment, then he relinquished it and left the room, while Mary returned to her brother's bedside with a heart that seemed well-nigh broken.

The days passed slowly by, and at last there came a day that brought with it the certainty of life for Eugene. and slowly he began to improve, but it was weeks before he could talk with Mary and tell her what little he knew of that sad night.

In vain Theodore pleaded with Mary not to sell the house; she was determined, and nothing could shake her determination, and there came a day at last when she paid into his hands the sum of two thousand dollars as an equivalent for what Eugene had lost. He refused positively to take any interest, and after paying all other bills, she found herself the possessor of one hundred dollars and a small stock of furniture suitable to furnish four small rooms. She rented some rooms in an obscure part of the city, and with the assistance of Mrs. Wilmot obtained some sewing, whereby to earn a livelihood. As soon as Eugene was able he returned to the store, and, alas! to his old dissipated habits, and soon became entirely unfit for work. I will not try to relate how much his sister—with her proud, sensitive, loving heart—suffered. She was not alone in her sorrow, and often her sweet pale face could be seen amid the haunts of sin and misery, seeking to help those who were even worse off than herself.

CHAPTER V.

"Theodore, I cannot be your wife. I thank you for the honor conferred upon me, but I shall never leave Eugene. I promised my dying mother never to forsake him, and God helping me, I never will." The influence of a firm and noble purpose lit up her face until it glowed as with inspiration.

"But you need not forsake him, Mary. I will take him to my home,and together we will seek to reclaim him. I love you truly and have done so since the hour I first saw you. Don't send me away hopeless."

Sadly Mary raised her tear-dimmed eyes to his as she answered gently, a flush passing over her sweet face:

"I do love you, Theodore. If it will make you happier to know it, I am willing to tell you—but I cannot be your wife. Do you think I would disgrace you thus? No—no; Eugene is my brother, and if I were to marry you, it would certainly disgrace you to have him an inmate of your home."

In vain did Theo. plead with her; she remained firm, and at length he left her, his noble heart filled with intense sorrow. The little scene had taken place in Mary's humble little home.

After he left her, Mary sat for a long time with her head buried upon her little work table, her work falling unheeded upon the floor. The "what might have been" arose before her mind's eye, and she saw herself the happy wife of Theodore, and Eugene honored and respected, and in spite of her brave, true heart, a low moan of anguish escaped her. It could never be, she thought bitterly.

Eugene's room opened out of the siting room, and this afternoon he had, unbeknown to his sister, gone directly to it instead of going out as was his custom. He was just upon the point of leaving the house, however, when Theodore had entered, and not wishing to meet him, he remained and heard every word they had uttered. It would be impossible to describe the thoughts that passed through his mind as he reviewed the past and began at last to realize all that his sister was doing and had already done for him. He thought bitterly of Clara Corinth. From her hand he had taken his first glass of wine. How well he remembered it—the spacious rooms thronged with guests, and the beautiful, richly dressed Clara standing by his side, the

white, jewelled hand extending a glass of wine toward him. He was then on the high road to wealth, was respected and made much of. *What was he now!* A disgrace to his sister and himself. Was there, could there be hope for such as he? For the first time in many years, he knelt down and prayed long and fervently, and his prayer was for forgiveness and help. His prayer ended, still he knelt, thinking of the days of his boyhood, when his dear mother had taught him to pray, and had told him of the kind, loving father, so tender and merciful, "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever," and his heart gave a throb of joy at the thought. He would *try again*, and, God helping him, become a man once more.

He waited until his sister left the room, and then he stole cautiously forth lest she should hear him. When he came in to tea he greeted her with a kiss, the first for many long weeks, and the lips that pressed hers were free from the taint of liquor. It was now toward the close of July, and the sultry heat of the city made Mary long for the cool, pleasant walks and drives of Maplewood. Early in June they had conveyed the form of their mother to its last resting-place beside their father. They had passed a few days at their old home, but strangers were there, and it brought too forcibly to mind their great and irreparable loss, so they had soon returned to the city, but Mary felt an eager, passionate longing for her old home stealing over her as the days grew more sultry. Consequently, when Eugene proposed returning to the country, she unhesitatingly announced her readiness to accompany him. He wished to free himself from the temptations which surrounded him, and, beside, he longed for the sweet balmy air of his boyhood's home.

Five years and more have passed and gone, and brought with them many changes. Once more it is evening in the great city. The moon and stars shine as brightly as they did upon that night so long ago, when first I introduced to the reader the characters of my story. The City Hall is brilliantly lighted and filled to repletion. To-night the celebrated temperance lecturer, Eugene Ross, is to speak to the people who congregate to hear him, and they have poured in until the vast hall is completely filled; then the doors are closed, and the hearers await the appearance of the lecturer.

For the past two years he has been absent from the city. The first two were devoted to labor and study, the last he has passed in travelling from place to place, lecturing wherever he judged his words were the most needed. At length he stands before the waiting throng, and as his eyes wander from face to face and he sees and recognises many familiar ones, he realizes more forcibly than ever before how great a change five years have wrought in him. He looks even younger than when we first saw him, for then dissipation had given to the noble face a worn, haggard look. Now the dark brown eyes are steady, and the handsome face wears a look of almost boyish hope and happiness. Would that I possessed the power to depict faithfully the grand sublimity of his words, which seemed inspired. Suffice it to say that he held his hearers spell-bound until the close of his lecture. Then a burst of applause greeted him that brought the tears to the eyes of a lady sitting near the rostrum, and whose tender, loving glance has encouraged him throughout the evening. Bowing low before the audience, he steps down and hastens to her side. It is his sister, Mary Ross no longer, however, but the honored wife of Theodore Carr, who, proud and happy, stands by her side. Two years ago she became his wife, and the days have been full of happiness for her.

"Brother, do you know how happy I have been to-night?" said Mrs. Carr, after they had entered the carriage and were being driven toward home. Eugene's voice was full of intense feeling as he replied:

"Mary, had you not persevered in your noble efforts, to-night I should have lain in a drunkard's grave. Under God, I owe my life, everything, to you and your husband. If you are *perfectly* happy, my sister, it is no more than your just reward. You have known many

trials, but the sun has broken through the clouds of sorrow that surrounded you, and I trust its rays will hereafter shine with undimmed splendor."

Clara Corinth had been one among the audience that night, but the years that brought Eugene and Mary from misery to happiness, had done just the reverse for her, and she was reduced to poverty even greater than that which Eugene had once known. Bitter, scalding tears had rolled down her cheeks when he had spoken of the fair, jewelled hand from which he had taken his first glass of wine, for she knew whose hand he referred to. From that hour she seemed changed. Hitherto she had borne the trials of adversity with a fretfulness that had been almost unendurable to her parents, but when, one year later, she stood with Eugene before the altar and was made his for life, the fair face, so beautiful in the days of her arrogance and pride, was ten-fold more lovely now in its softened, tender radiance. True to the one love of his life, Eugene had sought her when he learned of her misfortunes, and when he saw how gentle and womanly she had become, he once more asked her to be his wife. She is no longer the proud, heartless belle of society, but the gentle, loving wife, refined by the trials of adversity, worthy of her husband's deepest love. The love of Eugene and Mary is still undimmed, and the passing years bring naught but the purest happiness to Mary, thus making still greater her rich reward.

AN APRIL NIGHT.

BY LAURA GARLAND CARR.

With a steady, rythmic beat,
Like a thousand fairy feet,
Prancing, dancing all in time, upon the roof,
Through the livelong April night,
While the stars were out of sight,
Fell the raindrops, keeping slumbers all aloof.

I could hear the jolly rout
As they rushed adown the spout,
Then made off with noisy splutter to the drain;
While no moment, overhead,
Ceased that tinkling, airy tread,
In the coming and the going of the rain.

With what zest the merry crew
Drummed a rollocking tattoo
On the old tin pan the boys had left in play;
Striving each, with tiny might
To dispel the gloom of night,
Driving visions of the midnight far away.

Once a seeming tearful sob
Set my pulses all athrob;
And I stared with dim forebodings through the room;
But a gust of misty laughter
Breaking up the sound, just after,
Bore away the dismal fancy none too soon.

By and by the measured flow,
Growing softer, sinking slow,
Lulled and soothed the weary tumult in my brain;
Till, half waking, half asleep,
Dream-like scenes around me creep,
Ever changing, ever blending with the rain.

Mossy banks where violets grow,—
I had roamed there long ago—
Bosky dells where swelling May buds shun the sight;
Holding close, in leafy cells,
Rosy tints and woodsy smells,
Till the gentle hands that love them bring the light.

Spreading meadows, green and low,
Where the yellow cowslips grow—
Racing brooks that babble, babble as they glide;
Sending little jets of spray,
In their own delightful way,
Over everything that dabbles in their tide.

Now the morn comes creeping in,
And the daily cares begin;
While the baker's bells are jangling by the door.
Clouds and fancies fade away
In the steady glare of day,
And the pleasant April madrigal is o'er.

Concord, N. H.

EDUCATION IN HOPKINTON.

BY C. C. LORD.

"SCHOOL LOTT."

A fundamental principle entertained by the early residents of New England implied the necessity of general education. Public instruction of children and youth was deemed of sufficient importance to require a legal encouragement and support. The first settlers of Hopkinton received their grant from the authorities of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, under a stipulation that one of sixty-three lots should be devoted to a school. This lot was designated on a plan of the new settlement, drawn as early as 1736. Four roads, diverging from a central point to the four cardinal points of the compass, were delineated on a chart, and proprietors' and other lots located in regular arrangement. By this plan, "School Lott" was declared to be the sixth in regular order "on the north range, beginning at the meeting-house on the west side." The complete north range of lots on the west side was as follows: 1, the minister's; 2, John Weston; 3, Nathaniel Smith; 4, David Burnap; then a triangular lot, marked 1, assigned to Benjamin Bowker; 6, "School Lott"; afterwards lots 7 to 13 respectively, assigned to Ebenezer Giles, Daniel Mellen, James Morris, Joseph Haven, David Woodwell, Matthew Lackey, and Robert Claflin.

Owing to the Mason controversy, well known to persons familiar with the history of our State, a second grant of the township was secured in recognition of the reputed rights of John Mason and his heirs. A record of this transaction is found under the date of November 30, 1750. Henry Mellen, yeoman; Thomas Walker, cooper; Thomas Mellen, cordwainer; and their associates, were declared proprietors. The township was divided into seventy shares—one for each proprietor and one for a school.

LOCATION OF SCHOOL LOT.

In the ancient Proprietor's Record of this town is found the following description, *verbatim et literatim:*

"The Lot Number Six, in the first Division, on the west Side of the north Range, Belongs to the School wright, and is Bounded as Followeth; viz., Beginning at a Stake or Tree no. Six; thence South one Hundred and Sixty Rods, to a Stake or Tree no. Six; thence north fourteen Degrees west, Forty Rods, to a Stake or Tree no. Six; thence North, one Hundred and Sixty Rods, to a Stake or Tree no. Six; thence South fourteen Degrees East, Forty Rods, to the first menshioned Bound."

Also:

"The Land Laid out to make up for the Road through the Parshonage lott, School lot, and Through no. Seven, no. Eight, no. Nine, no ten and no. Eleven, in the Same Range. is layed at the west End of the above Said Lots, Seven Rod, the Same Course of the Lot Lines and the wedth of the above Said Lots."

Subsequently, in the event of actual settlement, another division and arrangement of lots was made. A more practical knowledge of the territory, and the annoyances resulting from finding some of the settlers' lots located in swamps, ponds or other impracticable places, necessitated a new distribution. Consequently new lines and boundaries were determined and described. Out of this condition and arrangement the following description no doubt resulted. We also give exact copy:

"The School Lot, Second Division, Contains about one hundred and forty-two acres, begins at a burch tree on the Southerly Side of Joseph Barnard's Land; thence South 74 degrees west, 77 Rods to a hemlock; thence North 22 Degrees West, 144 Rods, to a Stake and Stones; thence South 75 Degrees West, 44 Rods, to a maple tree; thence South fifteen Degrees East, 39 Rods, to a Beach; thence South 75 Degrees West, 23 Rods; thence South Seventeen Degrees East, 137 Rods,

to a Stake and Stones; thence South 70 Degrees East, 36 Rods, to a beach tree; thence South 20 Degrees West, 45 Rods, to Stake; thence South 70 Degs. East, 48 Rods, to a Stake and Stones; thence North, 62 Rods, to a Stake and Stones; thence East 10 Degs. South, 96 Rods, to a Stake; thence North 20 Degrees West, 68 Rods, to a hemlock; thence North 75 Degs. East, 20 Rods, to pine tree; thence North 15 Degrees West, 43 Rods, to the first bound."

FIRST ATTEMPTS AT PERMANENT SCHOOLS.

It is said the first schools were of an itinerant character, the teacher going from house to house giving and hearing lessons. Schools were sometimes kept in private localities. We find no record of such schools, or of an attempt to establish a permanent school till 1765. On the 5th of March that year it was voted to have a school two months "the ensuing year." At the regular meeting in March, 1766, it was voted "to have two schools in town." On March 12, 1768, it was voted to build two school "housen" —one near Esquire Townsend's and the other between Jonathan Harris' and Moses Gould's; each of these "housen" was to be 22x18, and 7 1-2 feet post. This act, however, was not fulfilled, for at a meeting two weeks later it was voted to reconsider it.

DISPOSAL OF "SCHOOL RIGHTS."

Because of circumstances unavoidably prevailing in a new settlement, there were probably no schools on the school lot. The population of the town becoming rapidly and widely distributed, the select local appropriation offered scarcely an advantage to any one. Consequently the question of its disposal came up for consideration. It seems there was at first a proposition to sell it, for we find the record of a vote passed on March 2, 1778, to sell "school rights" and appropriate the interest of the money to school purposes; also, on March 6, 1786, it was voted to sell "school rights" and appropriate the money for town schools. It would appear, however, that the question of the right of the town to allow the property, assigned to school uses under the solemn stipulation of the original grant, to pass out of its hands, became a serious one. But men have often been found equal to both horns of a dilemma, and in this case a compromise was reached by formally reconsidering the above acts and disposing of the land by lease. Thus, on March 20, 1786, it was voted to lease the "right" for a term of 999 years. The lessee was to give bonded security and pay interest annually "till the principal was paid." The interest of the principal was to be appropriated for schooling till the end of time.

From the peculiar diction of the town clerk officiating at this period, it is plain enough the citizens of the town considered the school property virtually sold; yet by the act of consent to the disposal itself, it is evident that in the year 2785 the subject of a re-disposal can be properly entertained.

Joseph Barnard, at the south of whose land lay the school lot, was the grandfather of the present citizen of that name, who occupies the site of the original family possessions. School lot was leased in whole or in part by Benjamin Titcomb, who lived near the site of what was Titcomb's (afterwards Webber's) mill. Titcomb sold the property to Mark Morrill; Morrill, to Maj. Timothy Darling; Darling, to Stephen Sibley; Sibley transferred it to his son-in-law, Dr. C. P. Gage, of Concord; the ground is now tilled by Alonzo Rowell. School lot in process of time became divided, and various mentioned parties have held in possession lesser portions of it.

DIVISION OF THE TOWN INTO SCHOOL DISTRICTS.

During the gradual progress of civilized society in the town, schools were located to suit the wants of the growing and spreading population. Some time passed, however, before special legal attention was given to school districts. On March 1, 1784, it was voted to "Divide the town into eight parts for schooling." We are unable to give the exact location of these "eight parts." It would seem quite possible, however, that they were included in the central, western, southwestern, southern, south-eastern, and eastern portions of the town. The greater regularity of the surface and easier cultivation, together with the more fertile nature of the soil, would naturally turn the tide of settlement largely in

those directions. The present location of the first eight school districts in their numerical order, supports this view. Number 1 is "Lower Village;" Number 2, "Emerson's Hill;" Number 3, "Hatfield;" Number 4, "Sugar Hill;" Number 5, "South Road;" Number 6, "Jewett Road;" Number 7, "Main Road;" Number 8, "Beech Hill." Thus from the centre we pass first to the west, then through the south to the east. On March 20, 1799, it was voted "to lay out schools according to scholars between three and twenty-one years of age." This is substantially the arrangement obtaining at present, by which also we have increased our school districts to the number of twenty-one.

On March 4, 1801, it was voted to have Prudential Committees in school districts. Schools at this period were also supervised by some competent person or persons, as the minister or other learned citizens, singly or associated. In the year 1827, the State Legislature made a law requiring a Superintending School Committee in every town. This act is said to have embodied all the valuable points implied in the previous State laws or customs, and it required not less than three or more than five committee men in each case.

THE FIRST COUNTRY SCHOOL HOUSE.

The first country school house in Hopkinton was, generically speaking, a framed building, but of very humble appearance. It was frequently unpainted, and the unprotected clapboards soon revealed the influence of the elements. Inside, the walls were closed with plain wainscotting which rapidly grew dingy with time. The seats were arranged on an inclined plane, while the procumbent portions were set with hinges enabling them to be let up with a clatter and down again with a bang. The teacher's desk was not only stationary, but sometimes a complete enclosure, in which the instructor could ensconce himself, and be approached only in one direction, as in an ancient church pulpit. The huge fire-place was an important item in the sum of outfits, especially in winter, when it devoured large quantities of fuel, the dying embers of which sometimes favored the roasting of a potato by some hungry scholar during noon-time. In summer, the otherwise empty volume of space was frequently filled with green boughs, giving the place a more tasty and inviting aspect.

THE ANCIENT SCHOOL TEACHER.

As now, in former times the school teacher in a great measure represented the popular idea of social culture. Dignity and learning were considered inseparable personal qualities; in the teacher they largely culminated in an excess of firmness and sternness. Too little consideration of the gentler elements and principles implied in childish disciplinary needs was entertained by the head of all knowledge in the country district. Instruction was mostly the ultimatum of reputed or even officious authority. Scholars were expected to hear and read, and, hearing and reading, obey and learn. The rod was by no means withheld in the enforcement of this idea. So boys and girls were taught to read, spell, write, cipher, and perchance gained a smattering of grammar and geography. The common educational instruction and discipline of these times has been burlesqued by some one in the following manner:

Old John Brown kept the village day-school,
And a happy old John was he;
He spared not the rod, but he kept the old rule,
As he beat in the A, B, C;
Every letter through the little boy's noddle was driven,
As fast as fast could be,
While A after B followed C through the noddle,
Like nails in the A, B, C.

John G. Saxe, the humorous poet of Vermont, gives a unique description of the character and experiences of "Ye Pedagogue" of ye ancient time. We quote in part:

Righte learned is ye Pedagogue,
Fulle apt to reade and spelle;
And eke to teache ye parts of speeche,
And strap ye urchins welle.

Righte lordlie is ye Pedagogue,
As any turban'd Turke,
For welle to rule ye District Schoole,
It is no idle worke.

With such an impersonated ideal at the head of the common school, it is little wonder that rebellion often festered there, and that open rupture sometimes deposed

the autocrat of the birch and ruler. Yet we must also remember that the times themselves were in a greater measure composed of sterner moralities and materials, and that a teacher of those days had, if anything, less cause to be thankful than the instructor of later times. Notwithstanding the popular esteem of schools, teaching was practically a menial service and poorly paid. In illustration of the position of a school-master in New Hampshire in the earliest times, we present a list of the duties of such a person, as prescribed by the regulations of the town of Portsmouth in the year 1661, as follows: "To act as court messenger, to serve summonses, to lead the choir on Sundays, to ring the bell for public worship, to dig the graves, to take charge of the school and to perform other occasional duties." Considering his time and circumstances, we may be justified in concluding that it is quite possible that the ancient school-master had a better heart than he was always able to reveal.

SELECT OR HIGH SCHOOLS.

The importance of high schools was early recognized, yet none of this character were ever supported at the public charge. In 1769, when the State laws required the several towns containing a certain maximum of population to support such schools, Hopkinton voted that "If the town was complained of for not keeping a grammar school, the town would pay the charge." The most memorable high school, not an incorporated institution, ever existing in town was that taught by Mr. John O. Ballard.

John Osgood Ballard, more familiarly known as "Master Ballard," was born in Warner, in the year 1768. In quite early life he came to Hopkinton and began a career by teaching schools in different districts. He taught in the village when the school house was near the present residence of Mr. Samuel R. Adams. Subsequently, he entered into trade, being at one time a partner of the late Joseph Towns. Later he opened a store in the east end, lower floor, of his dwelling-house, the same now owned by Mr. E. W. Upton. He closed his mercantile course by a financial failure. The disaster came about by the decline of prices at the end of the war of 1812. It seldom pays to buy in time of war and sell in time of peace, as Master Ballard found to his sorrow. In the attempt, in part, to reverse fortune he opened a select school about the year 1816. His school room was his former store. The old shelves still remained. Around a larger part of the circuit of the room he built a sloping desk into the wall. In front of this was a continuous, plain, board seat, without a back. Pupils using this seat and employed at the desk must face the walls. In reversing their position they lifted their feet, swung them round, and so met the gaze of their instructor, whose desk was on the west side, near the fire place. There were also numerous seats, or chairs, in different parts of the room. Master Ballard's discipline was not altogether unlike the representative teacher of his time, yet he had an element of mildness foreshadowing the better times coming. Though he kept his rawhide and used it, yet he sometimes raised it ominously in the face of a frightened pupil and remarked, "*You, sir!*" allowing it afterwards to descend in mercy without a blow. To illustrate a phase of persuasive discipline on Master Ballard's part, we have the story of his advice to a boy pupil, whom we will here call Johnny, and who was somewhat notorious for habitually dirty hands. Accosting this pupil one day, Master Ballard inquired:

"Johnny, does your father keep hogs?"

"Yes, sir," replied Johnny.

"Does he sometimes boil potatoes for them?"

"Yes, sir."

"Does he sometimes mash the potatoes with meal?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, the next time he mashes the boiled potatoes with meal, won't you take some and ——"

Here Master Ballard motioned with his own hands in imitation of scrubbing them with mashed potatoes and meal. Sad to relate, we have no account of the effect produced on Johnny's mind by this eloquent appeal.

The course of study pursued at Mas-

ter Ballard's school was mostly confined to English branches. Instruction was thorough. Proper attention was paid to reading and spelling, as also to defining. The spelling book and dictionary were studied by every pupil. Master Ballard himself was very apt in defining English words; few words in recognized use had escaped his knowledge. For about thirty years he kept up an uninterrupted school, but received some assistance in the work of teaching during later service, particularly by his son, afterwards the Rev. Edward Ballard. On a plain slab in the cemetery in Hopkinton village can be read this inscription:

JOHN OSGOOD BALLARD,
DIED
APRIL 27, 1854,
Æ 86.

Many a man has a more eloquent inscription on his tombstone who never did half the appreciable good accomplished by John Osgood Ballard.

The ancient Court House and Legislative Hall was often used for the accommodation of select schools. The first Court House was the property of Hillsborough county, before the organization and separation of Merrimack. It occupied the site of the present town house, upon land given to the county by the late Benjamin Wiggin, Esq., and was built not far from the year 1798. It was about two-thirds as long as the present town house, of corresponding width, and contained two stories. On the lower floor were two jury rooms. On the upper was the court room, with judge's bench of semi-circular arrangement in the middle of the west end, flanked by a wall seat on each side. On the opposite end, and also on the two sides, were three rows of seats. In the centre was the bar—a semi-circular arrangement, with railing and two rows of seats. In opposite and prominent positions in the eastern part of the room were two sheriff's or prisoner's boxes; there was also another, as well as a fire-place, on the north side. In anticipation of accommodating the New Hampshire Legislature, which met here in 1798, and also in 1801, 1806, and 1807, an addition was made to the Court House, extending the structure in the easterly direction. By this arrangement an entrance was allowed in front, opening into a hall-way or waiting room, occupying the whole space of the addition, furnished with a simple encompassing wall seat. Passing north, one came to a broad flight of stairs, which turned to the left twice and terminated in a narrow hall on the second story. East of this hall was the Senate Chamber, containing the President's seat in the middle of the south side, and a plain wall seat around the apartment. Schools were held in the Court Room, the Senate Chamber, and in one or both of the jury rooms. Some of our older citizens and residents can remember as teachers of these select schools Miss Catharine Perkins, sister of the late Roger Perkins, and afterwards wife of Dr. Ebenezer Lerned; Miss Harriet Perkins, daughter of Roger Perkins; Miss Mary Ann Stanley, daughter of Theophilis Stanley; Miss Betsey Blanchard; Samuel Cartland; John H. Stark; Jonathan Farr, Dedham, Mass.; Horace Chase, afterwards Judge Chase; and perhaps others. Hon. John Harris at one time kept a reading school in the Court Room. Pupils were admitted by cards. Mr. Harris took great pride in good reading, in which he was reputed to be an adept. During his school a prize was offered for the best rendering of the Scripture passage, "What went ye out into the wilderness to see," etc.

ANCIENT TEXT BOOKS.

Because many text books were used during the earlier times in both the common and high schools alike, we have omitted any particular mention of them till now. There were, in common English branches, the American Preceptor, the Columbian Orator, and Scott's Lessons, readers; Webster's Speller; Perry's and Walker's Dictionaries; Adams's and Pike's Arithmetics; Murray's Grammar (Abridgement and Sequel;) "Young Ladies' Accidents," also grammatical; Pope's "Essay on Man," for analysis and parsing; Morse's and Worcester's Geographies, etc. In higher English, Blake's Philosophy, Ferguson's Astronomy, Sumner's Botany, etc. In

classics, "Liber Primus," containing the first chapters of the Book of Genesis for translation from Latin into English; "Selecta Profanis," and Virgil: and perhaps others.

For illustration in geography, there were globes and atlasses, but there were no further means of illustration except a slate, pencil and ruler. The reading books were classical and choice in their selections. Geography was sometimes taught as reading lessons. Most of the English text books had many good features, but inferior in numerous respects to some of recent times. A curious feature was sometimes introduced into arithmetics, in the form of riddles or uniquely stated questions. We once saw an ancient arithmetic which offered in all gravity this problem:

As I was going to St. Ives
I met seven wives;
Each wife had seven sacks,
Each sack had seven cats,
Each cats had seven kits;
Kits, cats, sacks and wives,
How many were going to St. Ives?

We have no doubt many boys and girls may have ciphered long and hard over this problem, trying to develop the sum of a series of a geometrical progression, without once noticing the main point, that there could possibly be but one individual going to St. Ives, since the long array of kits, cats, sacks and wives were coming from St. Ives, and of course going the other way.

In a somewhat ancient arithmetic is found the following mathematically consistent problem:

If one pound ten and forty groats,
Will buy a load of hay,
How many pounds with nineteen crowns,
For twenty loads will pay?

Also this, more stately in its diction:

After an old man's death, in gold was found,
Left to his family, eight thousand pounds;
To be bestowed as his last will directed,
Which did provide that none should be neglected;
For to each son, there being in number five,
Three times each daughter's portion he did give;
The daughters each were also to receive
Double the sum he to their mother gave;
His daughters, all in number, were just four,
Their gold in weight eight times their mother's store:
Now, that this will may justly be fulfilled,
What must the widow have and what each child?

HOPKINTON ACADEMY.

This institution, which attained to a widely extended and honorable celebrity, was principally founded by Dr. Ebenezer Lerned, a native of Medford, Mass., a graduate of the academical department of Harvard College and of the medical department of Dartmouth, who came to this town in 1793 or 1794, from Leominster, Mass., where he had been teaching school about a year. Through his dominant exertions a preliminary meeting was held on September 11, 1826, of which gathering James Stark was made Moderator, and Philip Brown, Clerk. After deliberation, Rev. Roger C. Hatch, Rev. Michael Carlton and Horace Chase were chosen a committee to secure subscriptions to the enterprise. To this committee Abram Brown, Parker Pearson and Philip Brown were added. A contribution of five dollars was to make one qualified to vote for officers. On the 24th of February, 1827, the movement had attained such proportions as to warrant the selection of a committee to report a plan of organization. Ebenezer Lerned, James Stark, Stephen Darling, Stephen Sibley and Abram Brown were chosen. They reported on the 3d of the following March. Their plan was accepted, and Ebenezer Lerned, Philip Brown and Stephen Sibley were selected to procure a preceptor. Permanent organization was effected two weeks later, as follows: Trustees—Ebenezer Lerned, President: Abram Brown, Stephen Sibley, Matthew Harvey, Phineas Clough, Roger C. Hatch, Michael Carlton. On the 23d of March it was determined to fit up the Court House with the consent of the Selectmen.

School began the spring of the same year, under an arrangement admitting of four terms of twelve weeks each per year. The hours of study for the first term, opening the first Wednesday in May, were prescribed to be from 8 A. M. to 12 M., and from 1 to 5 P. M.; other terms were left to the discretion of the trustees. There were to be reviews once a week.

The act of incorporation was approved June 26 of the same year. In due time improvements were made in the upper story of the Court House. This building had practically ceased to be the property of either Hillsborough or Merrimack Counties; especially as the courts of the

latter had been established in Concord from the incorporation of 1823. The Court Room and Senate Chamber were remodeled. Entrance was effected at either end by a hall and stairway. In the former apartment a platform and teacher's desk were located on the east; in the latter, on the north; opposite either were plain wooden seats and desks arranged in rows in the usual manner. Between these two rooms were two smaller apartments, devoted to recitations, bell uses, drawing garments and laboratory. A bell was presented to the institution by Isaac Chandler, a former and later citizen of Hopkinton, then of Boston. This gift was acknowledged by vote of thanks on the 30th of April.

The first preceptor of Hopkinton Academy was George Peck, who remained but a short time. The catalogue for the fall term of 1827 gives the following board of instruction:

Jeremiah Russell, A. B., Preceptor; Mr. Jeremiah Gates, Assistant Preceptor; Mr. Luther Cross, Lecturer on Chymistry.

The following persons were Trustees: Ebenezer Lerned, M. D., President; Abram Brown, Esq., Mr. Stephen Libbey, Phineas Clough, Esq., Rev. Roger C. Hatch, Rev. Michael Carlton; Rev. Nathaniel W. Williams, Concord; Hon. Henry B. Chase, Warner; Artemas Rogers, Esq., Henniker; Philip Brown, Esq., Treasurer; Horace Chase, Esq., Secretary.

The resident students in the gentlemen's list were Philip Brown, jr., Alpheus R. Brown, William S. Chandler, Isaac C. Chandler, Moses T. Clough, Hilliard L. Currier, Frederic R. Harvey, Thomas B. Jewell, John Kelley, John T. G. Leach, Edward A. H. Lerned, Benjamin F. Long, Isaac C. Long, Charles E. Long, David S. Page, Abram B. Sibley, Nathaniel C. Smith, Edmund E Smith, Solon Stark and Isaac Story; in the ladies' list were Sophia W. Bailey, Catharine W. Bailey, Mary G. Bailey, Sarah L. Brown, Helen M. Chase, Paulina Clark, Hannah S. Currier, Ann L. Darling, Mary Darling, Margaret H. Hall, Margaret E. Harvey, Eliza O. Jewett, Clarrissa G. Leach, Catharine C. Lerned, Judith Morse, Martha W. Rogers, Nancy G. Silbey, Sarah Silver, Bridget Stark, Mary Stark, Martha H. Story, Mary J. B. Tyler and Hannah Weeks.

The whole number of gentlemen was 47; ladies, 26; total, 73. This catalogue contained only the list of officers, instructors and students, and the recapitulation of the latter. It was printed on plain paper, with a coarse, brown cover.

The next year the school was divided into special male and female departments. The catalogue for the fall term announced the following instructors:

Rev. John Nash, A. M., Preceptor; Miss Judith D. Peabody, Preceptress. The students were, gentlemen, 45; ladies, 32; total, 77.

Hopkinton Academy advanced rapidly in success and popularity. In 1830 there were 113 students; in 1831, 159; in 1835, 162. Among the earlier preceptors were Enoch Colby, Enoch L. Childs and Moody Currier, with a large list of assistants, in the male department; in the ladies' department were Miss Caroline Knight, Miss Mary L. Childs, Miss Lucy Adams and Miss Mary Y. Bean, with various aids. Subsequent to this time many residents of this town remember many principals; more recently, Preceptors M. B. Stebbens, Dyer H. Sanborn, Wm. K. Rowell, John T. Clark, Stephen W. Clark and their assistants; also Miss J. E. Stebbens, Mrs. M. A. Rowell, Miss Clara Flint and other teachers.

About the year 1843, the academy experienced a heavy reverse, by which its available funds were reduced from $2500 down to $500. The circumstance was induced by the business failure of Nathaniel Curtis, a merchant in Hopkinton Village, in whose hands were considerable sums of the institution's means. An investigation showed an actual deficit of $1765.18, arising from bad notes and expenditures above the income. The authorities of the academy failed to put in their claim in bankruptcy, and never recovered their losses. For several years the school fluctuated to a greater or less extent in consequence of this calamity. The institution received an important impulse in 1851, when a new charter was

approved on the 4th of July. By the new arrangement, the sum of ten dollars contributed by an individual, made him a trustee. The board of trustees was increased, improvements made, and prosperity followed. At this period the internal arrangements were made more attractive and advantageous by new desks and seats of modern style and superior accommodation. The time-honored institution declined again, however, from the same causes that have ruined many enterprises of its kind all over the country. Changes in population, and the increase of local high schools in larger places have wrought results against which none but well founded or denominationally supported institutions can contend. Last of all, and sad to relate, Hopkinton Academy, as a material structure, went up on the wings of flame on the morning of March 29, 1873. Many a precious memory was quickened, and many a deep regret was experienced, when it perished. As an institution, Hopkinton Academy nominally exists, but its direct influence is, as it were, nothing.

In the days of its pristine and meridian usefulness, the instruction taught at Hopkinton Academy was thorough and efficient, confirming the purposes of the institution as defined in the catalogue of 1835: "It is designed, in the course of studies pursued and in the instruction given, to develop and strengthen the faculties of the mind, as well as to store it with useful knowledge. Efforts are made to lead the mind to think and reason upon the subjects presented."

The influence of this culture has been and is now acknowledged far and wide. Not the least of the work done was the turning out of not a few of our own town's people who have made teaching, to a greater or less degree, a specialty of their lives. Among these are Prof. Frank Fisk, D. D., Chicago; Prof. A. P. Gage, Charlestown, Mass; Prof. H. P. Gage, Boston, Mass.; G. W. Currier, Esq., Capt. Isaac Story, Mr. Charles Gould, the Misses Lerned, the Misses Brown, Mrs. Nellie Clask, Miss Lucy S. Currier, Hyde Park, Mass., and Miss Jennie Morgan, Providence, R. I.

CONTOOCOOK ACADEMY.

Previous to the establishment of this institution, frequent temporary high schools had been sustained in Contoocookville. Among those teaching them were ex-Governor Walter Harriman, Prof. Dyer H. Sanborn, Capt. Orville Smith. A decided effort for an academy was made in 1855. On the 15th of December of that year a preliminary meeting was held in what was then Merrill's Hall. Geo. L. Kimball was Chairman, and F. A. Kimball, Secretary. Messrs. John F. Burnham and Frank A. Kimball exhibited a voluntary subscription list amounting to $1450. After consideration, it was voted to abandon this list, on the assurance of pecuniary aid encouraged by the Rev. Abiel Silver, in case the proposed institution came under the control of the New, or Swedenborgian, Church. The reverend gentleman pledged $500 from a friend in such case. The plan being received favorably, Abiel Silver, Asa Kimball and I. D. Merrill were chosen a committee to obtain subscriptions. Contributions came in rapidly, and soon amounted to $3000 or more. Of this sum John H. Williams, Waltham, Mass., gave $1000; Jacob Silver, Michigan, $500; Abiel Silver, $200; John Burnham, $200; William Howe, $150; Asa Kimball, $140; I. D. Merrill, $100; Capt. Paul R. George, $100. Other persons gave smaller amounts. There are now 57 shares in this institution; they are rated at $10 each.

On the 18th of January, 1856, a building committee was appointed. It consisted of Abiel Silver, Asa Kimball, Jacob M. Morrill and I. D. Merrill, and Mr. Merrill was also Treasurer. On the 24th of the same month Abiel Silver, I. D. Merrill and Geo. W. Morrill were chosen a committee to draft a constitution. On the 13th of March it was voted to secure a charter, and Phineas Clough, 2d, was added to the committee on subscriptions. Building operations began the same spring.

The charter was approved July 11. The securing of the act of incorporation was attended with some difficulty. The subject of a charter first came before the

New Hampshire legislative committee on incorporations, which body, not comprehending the significance of the term "New Church," were disposed to treat the matter with supreme indifference. Mr. I. D. Merrill, however, was a representative for this town, and a member of the committee on education. Through his influence and official position the charter became a fact. Although the work of building was not completed, yet upon the act of legal incorporation a meeting was held in "Academy Hall," among the lumber and shavings, and organization effected as follows:

Abiel Silver, President; John Burnham, Vice President; William Howe, N. A. Davis, H. C. Stanley, Ebenezer Morrill, Paul R. George, S. L. F. Simpson, H. E. Perkins and Joseph Dow, Directors; Abiel Silver, John Burnham, I. D. Merrill and Alonzo Currier, Executive Committee; Abiel Silver, Rev. Wm. B. Hayden and Asa Kimball, Property Board of Trustees. On the 24th of August Geo. L. Kimball, I. D. Merrill and S. L. F. Simpson were chosen a committee to arrange for a term of school.

The first term of Contoocook Academy began in the autumn of the same year, with about 80 pupils. Ambrose Wayland Clark of Dartmouth College was principal. He remained but a short time, owing to a more advantageous opportunity for employment. In 1858, Rev. Geo. H. Marston of Limington, Me., came to Contoocook to become the successor of the Rev. Abiel Silver as minister of the New Church, and also to take charge of the academy. He was associated with Miss Amy Andrews of Boston, who afterwards became his wife. He remained till sometime in the year 1862. Since that time there have been different teachers in charge of the institution. Mr. John C. Ager, Mr. Thos. B. Richardson Mr. S. C. Kimball and others have taught for longer or shorter periods. Rev. Chas. Hardon is the present principal.

Contoocook Academy stands on the high land south-west of the village of Contoocook, on a site purchased by the corporation of Wm. Howe for the sum of $150. It is a neat building, two stories in height, containing Academy Hall above and drawing and recitation rooms below. In the tower is a bell. W. S. Davis is president of the corporation.

CONCLUDING OBSERVATIONS.

Having thus briefly closed our historical sketch, it becomes proper to consider the present status of education in Hopkinton, and offer such suggestions and reflections as may be profitable. During the years that are past this town has lost many advantages through circumstances beyond her control. These circumstances have already been in part pointed out. Still we have made very material gain. In the department of school discipline we have accomplished much. The teacher no longer inspires the child through the terrors of the rod or the ruler, and the order of the children is as good as, or superior to, that of past times. Not so much improvement as might be has been made in school architecture, yet we have some school houses that are sources of justified pride. The edifices of No. 1, No. 5, No. 12 and No. 24 are especially commendable. Certain others are quite decent, comfortable and respectable. Some of our instructors seek to approach the youthful mind by improved rational methods, and with edifying success. Various arts are devised to make the place and hour of school attractive and inviting rather than repulsive and forbidding. It is now quite common to find various features of decoration and ornamentation, as with pictures, flowers, and different tasty conceits, sustained throughout the whole school year.

Yet we have room for very important improvements. Prominently, we need a better distribution of the school funds. In our town are 21 school districts, containing, in 1875, 478 legal pupils. That year we raised from all sources $2507.52, or $5.24 for each scholar in the town. Now if every scholar could get his share of educational advantages for the sum of $5.24 expended, the distribution would be even; as it is, however, only six districts in town get their schooling for anything less than $5.24 per scholar, while the remaining 15 pay over that amount.

New Hampshire legislative committee on incorporations, which body, not comprehending the significance of the term "New Church," were disposed to treat the matter with supreme indifference. Mr. I. D. Merrill, however, was a representative for this town, and a member of the committee on education. Through his influence and official position the charter became a fact. Although the work of building was not completed, yet upon the act of legal incorporation a meeting was held in "Academy Hall," among the lumber and shavings, and organization effected as follows:

Abiel Silver, President; John Burnham, Vice President; William Howe, N. A. Davis, H. C. Shirley, Ebenezer Shirtill, Joel R. George, S. L. F. Simpson, H. K. Perkins and Joseph Dow, Directors; Abiel Silver, John Burnham, I. D. Merrill and Alonzo Currier, Executive Committee; Abiel Silver, Rev. Wm. H. Hayden and Asa Kimball, Property Board of Trustees. On the 31st of August Geo. L. Kimball, I. D. Merrill and S. L. F. Simpson were chosen a committee to arrange for a term of school.

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Contoocook Academy stands on the high land north-west of the village of Contoocook, on a site purchased by the corporation of Wm. Howe for the sum of $150. It is a neat building, two

More than this, the six districts mentioned have 258 pupils, and receive $1035.70, while the remaining 15 have 220, and receive $1471.82. This arrangement, therefore, incurs an expense of $436.12 more for teaching 38 scholars less. Again, last year, the six districts with more pupils and less money had 20 weeks of instruction on an average, while the 15 with less pupils and more money had only 17 weeks. Thus we have an illustration of a rule that works too imperfectly to deserve to be tolerated by an intelligent community. There are several ways to improve this condition of things: First, by a concentration of school districts; second, by the adoption of the optional law, putting the school matters of the town in the hands of a board of education with power to locate schools where they are most needed; third, by a distribution of money according to the length of the school term, and so directly with reference to the expense of holding it uniformly throughout the limits of the town. We are indisposed to enter into lengthy discussion here, but, in reference to the third resource pointed out, we affirm that if it is a fact that education is a public necessity, and population is uniformly taxed for its support, each child in town should be entitled by law to all the advantages implied in a uniform length of all the common schools.

In too many instances we need better school buildings. We have no space to discuss this subject. We only wish the law forbade any school district to draw its portion of the public funds until it had supplied itself with a school house acceptable to the educational authority, and in which the comfort, health or life of a scholar could not be endangered. We also need better opportunities for instruction in high branches. We need a local high school, to which pupils can repair for preparation to teach if they are so disposed. So long as things remain generally as now, we shall have to depend largely on our local population for instructors. If these have no advantages derived from a local high school, the common schools must materially suffer.

Said Confucius of China: "Let the public schools be maintained, and, above all, let youth be instructed early in the duties of life and formed to good morals." We cannot afford to overlook the uses implied in a good system of practical education. Statistics, it is said, can not lie. Exact computation shows that of 50,000 persons at one time confined in the jails of the State of New York, 30,000 were illiterate. It was also found that of all the illiterate persons residing in that State one in three had committed some crime; while of all the educated only one in twenty-seven had been found guilty. It has been further proved that education reduces criminals from 33 in 100 to 3 in 100. Such and similar facts no doubt have weight in the estimation of not only Germany, but Holland, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Turkey, Egypt and Australia, all of which have or are adopting compulsory education in their borders. That these facts need practical contemplation is evident from the reduction of our State school population to the number of 1125 in two recent years, that the average ages of children attending school materially decreased, and that the number of children living and moving in defiance of the compulsory law increased by 484 in the same time.

The essential qualities enabling us to aspire and improve are inherent, but they need education and culture to make them effective in the highest degree. Persons of good natural endowments will assert their better powers without books or schools, but trained discipline and skill are required to make them true lords of society. What is asserted in the following lines is as true of man's intellectual nature as of anything else:

IN THE ROUGH.

The marble was pure and white,
Though only a block at best,
But the artist, with inward sight,
Looked further than all the rest,
And saw in the hard, rough stone
The loveliest statue the sun shone on.

So he set to work with care,
And chiseled a form of grace—
A figure divinely fair,
With a tender, beautiful face;
But the blows were hard and fast
That brought from the marble their work at last.

So I think that human lives
Must bear God's chisel keen,
If the spirit yearns and strives
For the better life unseen;
For men are only blocks at best,
Till the chiseling brings out all the rest.

CALEB WINN.

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BY REV. LEANDER S. COAN.

One day, as I sat in my study,
I heard on the gravel-walk
A step which to me was familiar,
But I missed the familiar talk—
The Corporal's Yankee lingo,
So I knew that something was wrong,
For the old fellow's cheery accents
Were never silent long.

"I want ye to come with me, parson,
Down to see comrade Winn;
He was with me in my regiment.
An' the best uv neighbors has been.
He is sick, and in great trouble,
An' wants to talk with you;
You'll find whatever he tells ye
Like the gospel, straight an' true.

"He hain't told me about it,
So I think it's somethin' sad;
He has taken his bed, an' wildlike,
Takin' on terrible bad;
His old wooden leg is hangin'
Agin the bed-room wall;
For you he keeps enquirin',
But don't want others to call.

"Here we are, at his cottage,
Don't knock, but go right in;
I'll wait here in the kitchen,
Where I have often been.
I hope you can help him, somehow;
I reckon it's caused by grief,
For he says that the doctors
Can't give him any relief."

* * * * * *

"I'm reported in hospital, Chaplain,
And my time here is short;
But I'm not goin' to whinin',
You know I ain't that sort.
Ever sence that day in the Wilderness,
I've been prest here, the heart;—
Sence I lost my leg by a minnie,
Couldn't stan' no great start.

And now I've had one, Chaplain,
I'm sure I'm almost done;
This shot's goin' ter drop me,
I've got to turn in my gun.
When I knew that I was goin',
That my march was almost through,
I thought that I might die easier
Ef I could tell it ter you.

"No, no—'tain't *that*, Chaplain,
I fixt that long ago,
And now, ef the Captain's ready,
Then I'm already ter go.
I know that I'm fur from perfict,
But I've been a-tryin' fur years,
And 'bout that comin' roll-call
I hain't got no fears.

"It's about my daughter Mary,
Who cried so when I went,
Who grew so tall 'n' han'some,
So patient 'n' content;
How good a girl she's alwus been!
How fair she'd grown to be,
How kind she's been, and faithful,
And sot the world by me!

"Oh, God! I can't tell it to ye!—
It came, I don't know how,
But it's here, the wust of trouble,
With no help fur it now.
But he came so proper and pleasin';
He seemed to love her, too;—
I'd ez soon have thought uv watchin'
Or gone ter mistrustin' you.

"But the wust uv it is, he's left her;
And she's gone well-nigh mad!
It breaks my heart to see her—
You know the smile she had?
She sits now with a kind uv stare
That's jest heart-breakin' ter see;
She don't know't I'm dyin',—
No, sir; she don't know me!

"How can I go 'n' leave her?
That han'some scoundrel abroad!
What does God mean by it Chaplain?
Or isn't there any God?
Ez innocent ez a baby,
With him how much uv a chance?
And he, by this time, ma'be,
Travellin' over in France!

"You needn't tell me 'bout law fur it!
A hell, or a God, or not;
Ef ther's any sich thing ez jestis,
The villain ought to be shot!
Ez I hope fur heaven, I'd do it,
And think I was doin' well;
And, ef God knows a father's feelin's,
Be runnin' small resk uv hell.

"Some folks sez that ther' ain't none!
But what's to be done with sich?
Where else can there be jestis
For one like *him*, that's rich?
Ef there ain't none, then there should be,
I guess that there'll be enough,
And fur sich fair-seemin' scoundrels
God can't make it too rough!

"Don't set there mutterin' '*law* fur it!'
What chance can there be in law?
Can ye show me a case uv jestis
In that way't ever ye saw?
What chance to bring back honor,
Or innocence back again,
Or wipe from an honist famerly
The least of an awful stain?

"Why, he goes abroad respected,
While she's ez good ez dead;
And byme bye he'll be back agin
A-holdin' up his head;
But ef I could live to see him here,—
A Jedgment Day, or not,—
Ef his grave-stone told the truth uv it,
'Twould say, 'THE--VILLAIN--WAS--SHOT.'

* * * * * *

"Been--a week--has it--Chaplain?
You--see--I'm--goin'--fast;
I want--you--to stay here--with me;
It's comin'--discharge--at last.
I hope--that--Christ--will--remember
When--He--makes up the books,
The--blood--I shed--in battle,
He--knows--how your own blood looks.

"Is--it night--now--or evenin'?"
"No, comrade the sun shines clear."
"Then--that--roll-call--is--comin',
P'r'aps--you--can here it--here.
"*Dress by the colors!*" He wanders.
"Could--I have--a flag--for a pall?
It seems--I can--see--one--floating
From--a flagstaff--grand and tall.

"It seems--to float--clear to Heaven.
Hark!--can I--hear--a bell?
Yes--it's--still--a-ringin'—.
You--cannot--hear it?--Well,
Good-bye--take--care--uv--Mary—"

And when he heard the roll,
I trust that Christ had mercy
On the rough old soldier's soul.

And there, on the wall of his 'bed-room,'
Hung up by its strap to a peg,
Just where he last had left it,
Was his well-worn wooden leg.
We buried it carefully with him,
Strapped on, as it was before,
With the flag, as he requested,
For none deserved it more.

And while I live and remember,
I never can forget
His chivalric honor and 'jestis,'
Nor how his cheeks were wet,
At thought of the flag, and Mary,
Nor the teason he fought so well,
Nor the treason to woman's trust and love
By which at last he fell.

"*NONE TO SPARE.*"

I had thought of her very often—my friend, with her large family and multiplied duties; and I had wondered if some of the little ones had not been denominated "unwelcomed strangers," when they nestled so fast round her mother-knee. In fact, I was quite sure they must be, for her house was in such a topsy-turvy condition—dolls, cradles, tops, kites, and miniature fire-arms, literally covering the pretty figures of the carpet. And then she was so pale and emaciated, and her brow was furrowed by so many lines of care! I was quite sure she was not as happy as I, with my sweet baby—although I dropped a tear for the little darling who had been gathered by the angels—for, my rooms were perfectly kept, the carpets bright as new, and baby always so sweet and nice in her fresh white linen. I thought—I will not tell you my thoughts, for they were very wicked ones, and I drove them away as soon as ever I could.

I could never verify my suspicions, for whenever I visited my friend I found her cheerful and happy, in spite of the confusion which everywhere prevailed. She stepped over dolls' heads with the grace of a queen, not the slightest scowl mounting her pretty face—went round wheelbarrows and dump-carts without a naughty word out of her lips; while I sat boiling over with indignation, and a silent desire to take them by course and give them a good pious thrashing!

I afterwards greatly rejoiced that I kept the peace, and endured my visit to

the end; for, during the season of a raging disease among children, the circle was broken, and the youngest of her eight was laid beneath its winding-sheet of snow.

I called upon her to offer my warmest sympathy, for I truly loved my friend, when I found her heart-broken and crushed by the loss of her baby.

"Oh," said she, "my mother-life has been one of great care and anxiety, but love helped bear the burdens; and although weary and worn, I find I had none to spare!"

I felt rebuked. I could give her no answer; so I kissed her pale lips, and turned homeward, I trust a better mother to my own, and more tender and loving to the little ones who crowd another's door.

MAUD MULLEN.

EDITORIAL MEMORANDA.

Subscriptions for the GRANITE MONTHLY can commence with any number which the subscriber may choose, the edition of each issue having been large enough to supply a considerable prospective demand.

The many admirers of the poetical productions of Rev. Leander S. Coan of Alton, (some of which have appeared in our pages), will be pleased to learn that Mr. Coan contemplates the publication of an edition of his poems at an early day.

The portrait of Hon. Joshua G. Hall, which appears in this issue, is from a photograph by F. H. Foss of Dover, as was that of Rev. Geo. B. Spalding, in No. 7. Mr. Foss is an artist of unusual merit, having few, if any, superiors in his line in New England.

The unavoidable delay in the appearance of this number of the GRANITE MONTHLY (a circumstance certainly as much regretted by us as any of our patrons), will not prevent the publication of No. 12, which completes the first volume, before the first of June. Among the interesting articles which will appear in the next number will be one by Prof. Sanborn entitled "The Pulpit in New Hampshire during the Present Century," and one by Asa McFarland, Esq., of Concord, entitled "Several Sundays in Europe," written from his personal observations during a visit to Europe some years since.

From a recently published account of a reunion of the natives of New Hampshire in Vineland, N. J., we are led to the conclusion that a considerable portion of the thrift and enterprise of that flourishing settlement is due to the New Hampshire element in its population. And in this respect Vineland is no exception to the general rule. Visit almost any city in the Union and you are sure to find, upon investigation, New Hampshire men at the head of some of its most important business enterprises, and you also find them conspicuous in public and professional life.

While we have failed to accomplish as much as we had hoped in the work upon which we entered nearly a year ago, we have the satisfaction of knowing that what we *have* done is appreciated, not only by our patrons, but also by disinterested parties whose attention has been casually directed thereto. In a recent private communication the editor of the *Historical Magazine* says: "I congratulate you on making a work which is a credit to you and your State; but I fear it is too good to be profitable in a pecuniary sense. Readers, now-a-days, prefer *trash*, and you pander very little to the tastes of such readers."

We would add, that while it is true

that our enterprise has not proved a profitable one in a pecuniary sense thus far, and while we never expect to "get rich" from its results, we have strong gound for hope that the intelligent people of New Hampshire will yet accord us the encouragement, which, with our own continued efforts, shall make it a substantial success.

In the recent sad and startling death of John E. Lyon, President of the Boston, Concord & Montreal and White Mts. Railroad, the people of New Hampshire have sustained a great and irreparable loss. Certainly no other man, in the past quarter of a century, did so much as the deceased railroad manager to develop the resources and advance the material interests of the State; and, though laboring primarily for the benefit of the corporation of which he was the official head, he is justly entitled to be regarded as a public benefactor.

If the State Agricultural College must be given up as a practical failure (which some are not yet ready to admit), it is certainly to be hoped that the State Normal School will not be allowed to follow in its wake. But the latter can only be maintained by a liberal policy as well as by a careful and judicious guardianship on the part of the State. The policy of "doing things by halves" is a mistaken one in public as well as private affairs, and certainly an institution of this kind should not be left to take care of itself. It should have a generous support and careful supervision at the hands of the State so long as it remains a public institution.

So far as heard from the census taken by the selectmen and assessors of the various towns and cities of the State, in accordance with the suggestion of Governor Prescott, indicates a large increase over the population shown by the census of 1870, in many places, and there can be no question but that a considerable increase for the entire State will appear. The town of Littleton shows an increase of about three hundred, Claremont five hundred, Newport about the same in proportion, and many others a similar increase. Of course in some of the "back towns" and rural districts, remote from the business and manufacturing centres and railroad facilities, there has been a decrease, but it is not at all likely that it will equal the increase shown in the larger towns and villages. We may add in this connection that the prospect is that the next ten years will show an increase rather than decrease of population in the country towns. The tide is turning, and the surplus population of the overcrowded manufacturing towns has already begun to find the way back to the deserted farms where there is ample opportunity for healthy and fairly remunerative labor.

THE

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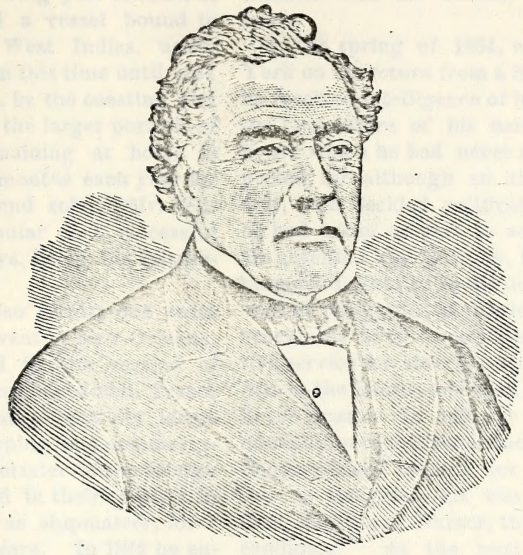
HON. DANIEL MARCY.

New Hampshire has but a single sea-port, and her shipping interest is necessarily limited, yet her one sea-port has a safe and superior harbor, and its location is naturally a most advantageous one for commanding the trade, not only of a large section of New England, but far beyond, even to the great North-west. Portsmouth is, in fact, the nearest, and naturally the most readily accessible ocean port to Ogdensburg, and had its citizens, and the people of the State of New Hampshire generally, been thoroughly alive to their opportunity, and animated by a proper degree of local and State pride, our sea-port might have been to-day the successful rival of Boston—a great commercial emporium, commanding a vost foreign and domestic trade.

Something has been done, however, by Portsmouth in years past, in ship-building and the carrying trade, and, although it can never secure the position which it might once easily have attained, it is to be hoped that the future will witness, at least, a higher degree of prosperity in this direction than has heretofore been developed.

Among the representatives of the enterprise and industry of Portsmouth during the past half century, there is perhaps no one more worthy of mention, or who has attained in a higher degree the respect and esteem of the community than the HON. DANIEL MARCY, and certainly no one has been the recipient of stronger tokens of public favor. Mr. Marcy was born in Portsmouth, November 7, 1810, being now in his sixty-eighth year. His father, Peter Marcy, was a native of Bordeaux, France, but came to this country in early youth, with Capt. George Huntress of Portsmouth, in which place he made his home, but pursued the occupation of a sailor, in the West India and coasting trade, attaining the position of ship-master. He married a Miss Knight, from one of the old families of Eliott, Me., by whom he had three sons—Samuel, Peter and Daniel. When Daniel, the youngest, was a child of two years, Mrs. Marcy died, leaving the boys to their father's care. He had little time to devote to their instruction and guidance, but did the best he could for them, with the limited means at his command, and himself died, ten years later, leaving to his sons the simple heritage of a good name and an honest example.

Samuel Marcy, the eldest of the brothers, went to sea, at twelve years of age, under Capt. Titus Salter. He followed a sailor's life for a number of years, but finally engaged in business as a stevedore at New Orleans, which city he thenceforth made his home, and was quite successful in business. He married a Miss



HON. DANIEL MARCY.

Perkins of Dover, and died some years ago, at about sixty years of age, leaving his wife and three children. The widow and two surviving daughters still reside in New Orleans.

Peter Marcy, the second son, was apprenticed at an early age to Isaac Nelson, a prominent ship carpenter of Portsmouth, with whom he served the usual term of seven years, completing his service in 1828, when about twenty-one years of age. With a full stock of Yankee "pluck" and courage as his capital, with his chest of tools, he immediately embarked for New Orleans in the ship Wm. Badger, paying twenty-five dollars passage money, and working at his trade upon the ship during the voyage. Arriving in New Orleans, he was not long in laying the foundation for future success. He built the first dry dock in that city, and soon established a large and profitable business, in which, together with his subsequent shipping ventures, in company with Daniel, he has gained an ample fortune, although suffering greatly, as a matter of course, through the losses and depreciation consequent upon the late unhappy civil war. He has been prominently engaged in public affairs, and was for sixteen years a member of the Louisiana Legislature, and has held and retains in the fullest degree the confidence of the people among whom he resides. Although retired from public life and active business, he is still in the enjoyment of vigorous health and mental activity, and manifests a lively interest in all matters looking to a restoration of the commercial and general prosperity of the country. "Waverley," his family seat, located across the river in Algiers, now a part of the city of New Orleans, is the abode of substantial comfort and elegance, and commands an extensive view of the city and shipping. His wife was an accomplished Southern lady, intelligence of whose sudden death has just been received at Portsmouth at the time of writing this article. He has five children, two sons and three daughters.

Daniel Marcy, the subject of our sketch, at twelve years of age, or about the time of his father's death, went to work upon a farm in the vicinity, but the

inclination for a sea-faring life, always strong in the family, could not be overcome, and the following year found him engaged on board a vessel bound to Demarara, in the West Indies, under Capt. Sheafe. From this time until 1831 he followed the sea, in the coasting and West India service, the larger portion of the time, but remaining at home in Portsmouth a few months each year for several years to attend school, Mr. William Harris, a popular and successful teacher of those days, being his instructor.

In 1831, being then twenty-one years of age, Mr. Marcy went to New Orleans, where he engaged in the service of Messrs. R. D. Shepard and Judah Truro, two wealthy residents of that city, largely interested in shipping and commerce. He engaged as shipmaster in the foreign trade, and remained in their employ, in continuous service as shipmaster, for a period of eleven years. In 1842 he entered into an arrangement with his employers, Messrs. Shepard and Truro, and his brother Peter, for the building of a ship at Portsmouth, all taking an interest in the vessel, and he came to Portsmouth to superintend its construction. When it was completed, he took command of the ship for its first voyage.

This arrangement, by which a ship was built at Portsmouth each year under Capt. Marcy's supervision, and its first voyage made under his command, continued until 1851, when Messrs. Shepard and Truro withdrew from business. Capt. Marcy, however, in company with his brother Peter, inducing citizens of Portsmouth to share in each venture, continued his operations in the ship-building line until the outbreak of the rebellion, the consequences of which were fatal to the ship-building interest, and almost totally destructive to American commerce. He made his last voyage as master of a vessel in 1852, in which year he built the ship Franklin Pierce. This final voyage was from Portsmouth to New Orleans, from there to Liverpool with a cargo of cotton, and return to New York with eight hundred and fifty emigrant passengers. From that time Capt. Marcy remained mostly at home in Portsmouth, although frequently called to the South through his business associations with his brother at New Orleans.

In the spring of 1854, when in New York on his return from a Southern trip, he received intelligence of his election to the Legislature of his native State, an honor which he had never sought or expected, for although an ardent Democrat, with decided political convictions, he had taken no part in active politics. He accepted the position, however, and attended faithfully to his duties as a servant of the public, acquitting himself so acceptably as to be continued in legislative service for several successive years, first in the House, and then for two years in the Senate. In 1861 he received the nomination of the Democracy of the First Congressional District for Representative to Congress, but was defeated by Gen. Marston of Exeter, the Republican candidate. At the next election, in March, 1863, Gen. Marston being then in service in the field, and Joel Eastman of Conway the Republican candidate, Capt. Marcy, who was again the candidate of the Democracy, was elected, and served as a member of the Thirty-Eighth Congress, performing honorable service for his district and State and the country at large.

The country was then in the midst of civil war, and while vast appropriations were necessary for the support of the army and the maintenance of the government in the contest with rebellion, numerous schemes were on foot for plundering the public treasury and robbing the people. All these schemes met the determined opposition of Capt. Marcy, but he never failed to give his vote for all necessary appropriations for the army and the public service. It was during his term that the measure by which the government surrendered its first mortgage upon the Union Pacific Railroad came up in Congress. This measure, which paved the way for the "Credit Mobilier" fraud, whose exposure so startled the country a few years subsequently, he opposed with his vote and influence at every stage, although acting with a small minority of the members.

During the period of his Congressional service the Washington hospitals were filled with sick and wounded soldiers, and certainly no member from any State was any more assiduous in his efforts in their behalf than Capt. Marcy. Hundreds of sick and suffering soldiers from our State had their wants supplied at his hands, while no service, in his power to render, was ever withheld from a New Hampshire soldier, whether in sickness or in health. He was the candidate of his party for Congress at subsequent elections, but the Republicans were too strongly in the ascendancy to admit of his success.

In the memorable campaign of 1871, Capt. Marcy was again the Democratic candidate for State Senator in the First District, William Marden being the Republican candidate. There was a third ticket in the field, receiving sufficient votes to defeat a choice of Senator by the people, but the result was the election of Capt. Marcy by the Legislature. The next year, and for two or three succeeding years, he was elected to the House by the people of his ward, who ever found in him an honest and faithful representative. This, with three years in the city government, as a member of the Board of Aldermen, constitutes the extent of his public service, with the exception of six years as a member of the Board of Trustees of the State Reform School, upon which he was appointed by Gov. Straw, and of which he was for five years president, taking great interest in the management of the institution. He was also a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1876.

Capt. Marcy was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention at Charleston in 1860. He was in New Orleans when chosen, and proceeded to Charleston in company with many of the delegates from the Southern States. The spirit of secession had already begun to manifest itself, and many of the party leaders at the South were outspoken in their determination to withdraw from the Convention, if they could not control its action, even as they proposed that the South should secede from the Union if the result of the election should not be satisfactory. With these men, both on the way to Charleston and during the exciting days of the session, he used all his powers of argument to induce them to stand by the party and the country and abide the result, but to no avail. Other delegates, from New England, however, including such men as Benjamin F. Butler and Caleb Cushing, then high in the councils of the Democratic party, encouraged them in the course they had determined to pursue. They withdrew from the Convention. The party was broken and defeated as the result. Secession followed, with all its terrible consequences to the South and to the nation. More than one of the Southern delegates whom Capt. Marcy urged to stand by their party associates of the North, have since acknowledged to him the grievous error of their course.

In January, 1876, the Democratic State Convention, with great unanimity, presented the name of Capt. Marcy as the candidate of the party for Governor. The nomination was entirely unsought and undesired by him, yet, upon the urgently expressed desire of his party friends, he accepted it, and, although there was no general expectation of a Democratic triumph, the campaign was a vigorous one at least. He was again the candidate of his party in 1877, but the result of the presidential canvass had so discouraged the Democracy that they had little heart in the contest, and the Republicans again succeeded.

During the past few years Capt. Marcy has lent his aid and example toward the revival of ship building at Portsmouth, and with his brother and others as partners in the enterprise, has built several of the finest ships ever launched at that port. The Wm. H. Marcy, a splendid vessel of 1700 tons, built in 1874, made its first voyage to California in the autumn of that year under command of his second son, Capt J. Truro Marcy, and still remains in the California trade, under his command. The Frank Jones, another fine ship of 1600 tons, was built the following year. Last year he built the ship Granite State, a vessel of 1800 tons register and the largest ever built at Portsmouth. This vessel sailed on its

first voyage in October last, bound to Rio Janeiro, under command of Capt. Wm. Ross, with a cargo of ice and apples, and is now making a voyage from Montevideo to San Francisco.

Capt. Marcy has been twice married—first in 1839, to Miss Henrietta Priest of Portsmouth, who died in 1850, leaving him three children, two sons and a daughter, all living at the present time. Both of the sons are ship captains, and have been in service on ship board since leaving school in youth. The younger, J. Truro Marcy, we have heretofore alluded to; the elder, Henry L. Marcy, is in command of the ship "Coldstream'" now on a voyage to China. The daughter is now the wife of S. B. Cunningham of Portsmouth. Subsequently he married Miss Catherine Lord, his present wife, and the daughter of Eben Lord, Esq., of Portsmouth, by whom he has one son, George L., a lad of eleven years.

The house in which Capt. Marcy was born, on Water St., is yet standing. His residence, which has been his home for the last thirty-five years, is a substantial mansion on Pleasant street—the abode of comfort and of a generous hospitality. His religious associations, for the greater portion of his life, have been with the Universalist denomination, in which doctrine he is a firm believer, but he has for the past few years attended public worship at the Episcopal Church.

While his business interests have been mainly in connection with ship building and the carrying trade, Capt. Marcy has long been connected with the banking institutions of Portsmouth, being a Director in the N. H. National Bank from its organization, and also of the Portsmouth Guarranty and Trust Company, which he was active in organizing. He is also a Director of the Portsmouth and Dover Railroad Company.

Although well advanced in years, Capt. Marcy is in vigorous health, bodily and mental, and still manifests a lively interest in all matters affecting the welfare of the community and the business prosperity and progress of the country. Intimately associated, as he has been, with our commercial and shipping interests, he fully realizes their importance, and urges the necessity for the adoption of such measures by the government as shall tend to their encouragement and revival, as a most practical means for the advancement of general prosperity.

NOT OLD.

BY MARY HELEN BOODEY.

Grief does not make one old, though Death hath crossed
Life's shining web, so that one side is bright
With the effulgence of dear Heaven's own light,
The other dark with woe for what is lost;
Nay, though the anguish of the soul thus tossed
Upon the waves of life may seem to be
The centred sorrow of a century,
Youth is not added to the general cost.
The soul may cease to wonted hopes to cling,
And turn indifferent from what once was dear,
But time will prove there bubbles yet a spring
That will entice it with its waters clear;
The bird flies from the South that yet shall sing
A soothing song, and Summer-time is near.

THE PULPIT IN NEW HAMPSHIRE DURING THE PRESENT CENTURY.

BY PROF. E. D. SANBORN.

Fifty years ago, religious controversies were as violent and bitter as political quarrels now are. The public mind can be engrossed by only one great theme at a time. The theological discussions were succeeded by the first great temperance reform, which pervaded all New England. Then followed the anti-slavery war, which culminated in the great civil war, whose earthquake throes still shake the land from ocean to ocean. The religious element entered largely into this controversy, in its origin, and ministers, North and South, became the principal antagonists. Words were soon exchanged for swords, and orators for soldiers. Since the war, the most violent political strife has raged that was ever known on earth. Milton's war in heaven was less malignant. At last an "era of good feeling" has returned; and peace, "with her olives crowned," turns again the public eye and heart toward religion, and modern evangelists preach to assembled thousands, as did Whitefield and Wesley one hundred and fifty years ago. But during the last fifty years a great change has come over the minds of men, both in the presentation and the acceptance of divine truth. The pulpit ministrations of to-day are as different from those of my boyhood as the telegraph and railroad differ from the postal communications and the stage coach travel of that date. The sectarian controversies at the beginning of this century led to the building of three or four churches in small country towns, where only one was needed, and where all are now closed. They led, also, to "protracted meetings," held, in almost every town in the State, from three to twenty days in duration. They led, also, to camp meetings, quarterly meetings, yearly meetings, and second advent meetings, among different denominations, all of which have declined, and most of them are disappearing. The camp meetings, once so efficient in revivals, are now said to be little more than conventions of people of similar views for summer recreation and religious enjoyment. The power of association has not lost its charm. Our most important transactions, in politics, agriculture, education and religion, are managed by great convocations of people. Even the "hay-fever" is cured by crowds huddled together at a mountain hotel.

In religion, the individual is merged in the denomination, and repentance and faith are embodied in high-sounding resolutions. The bible is studied at the Sabbath school and fireside by the dictation of self-constituted hierophants. Men a thousand miles away tell us how and when and what to read in the sacred volume, and add their own version of the passages selected. Then we have great elective conventions, that attempt to regulate the belief and practice of all Christendom. We have evangelical alliances, pan-presbyterian assemblies, church convocations, congregational councils and general assemblies to make creeds and rules for separate denominations. Besides these great controlling bodies, we have Episcopal, Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian and Congregational Boards, and last and not least, Woman's Board of Missions. We have also Sabbath School Parliaments and Conventions and Young Men's Christian Associations to lay out work for ministers, and to teach laymen what to think, how to think, and when to speak their thoughts. Whether these large armies of Christian warriors make greater inroads upon the enemy's domains than the individual sharp-shooters of a former generation, remains to be proved by the results. Probably these popular methods of asso-

ciated action will soon pass away and be succeeded by other human instrumentalities, apart from the church. An Oriental Sultan once commanded his Vizier to furnish a motto for his signet ring which should always be appropriate. He gave him the following: "This, too, shall pass away." In the moral world, as in the physical, "all things are in a state of flux," and events are always "*becoming*," as the Germans say, and never really "*being*."

"The present is a weary scene,
And always wished away;
We live on to be and has been,
But never on to-day."

I propose now to say something of theological warfare fifty years ago. Old Gilmanton was the "foughten field." The soldiers of the cross, or rather of creeds, were styled "Predestinarians" and "Free-Willers," or, in technical language, "Calvinists" and "Arminians." For the last three centuries, two generic creeds have prevailed among evangelical Christians. Good men, holding either of these opinions, have often persecuted their opponents as heretics. The founders of these creeds were Calvin and Arminius. Calvin was born A. D. 1500; Arminius in 1560. The former made infinite justice the basis of his doctrines; the latter chose infinite mercy to build upon. Being men of different temperaments, they reached different conclusions. Calvin made *dogmas* prominent; Arminius enjoined *duties*. Calvin placed human salvation wholly in the hands of God. He elects, calls and justifies whom he will. His opponent made the individual responsible for his eternal destiny. By God's grace, he was able to work out his own salvation. The sinner has the ability to repent, love and work; and God will hear, approve and save the contrite soul. Or, in other words, "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." The sinner sows and reaps; God waters and gives the increase. Ministers of the "standing order" preached much on dogmatic theology. My memory recalls sermons which I heard at the age of twelve years. They were impressed upon me by the discussions they evoked at home. After hearing a sermon on "effectual calling," with an earnest appeal at the close for sinners to repent, the neighbors, on the way home, dropped in to discuss the subject. It was then and there decided "that the minister bound the sinner hand and foot, and then bade him run for his life." He demonstrated his inability to act, and solemnly assured him that he would be eternally lost if he did not act. This seemed unreasonable. After hearing a sermon on a "limited atonement," showing that all but the elect were vessels of wrath, fitted for the fire, the audience were told that if it were certain that only one sinner would be saved, "each should strive to be that one." The majority said there is no hope with such a creed. We are doomed whether we strive or sit still. After hearing a sermon on divine sovereignty, from the text "Is there evil in the city, and the Lord hath not done it?" making, as Dr. Emmons does, God the only efficient actor in the universe, the Arminians said: "He makes God the author of sin. I do not believe the doctrine." On another Sabbath Rev. Mr. Curtis of Pittsfield preached at Gilmanton on "predestination," as the people called it. He went so far as to include the "reprobation" of the non-elect. The rigid Calvinists were delighted, and printed the sermon for circulation. The "Free-Willers," so called, took up the gauntlet and made it the subject of their daily and weekly ministrations. They could then gain admission to no one of the meeting houses in town, hence they met almost every evening at private houses and in schoolhouses, "at early candle-lighting," and on the Sabbath in barns. Multitudes thronged to hear their most gifted exhorters. They took occasion to preach and sing free salvation to all that would repent and bring forth works meet for repentance. They had some spirited little hymns, fitted to inspire zeal and devotion, compiled for their use. Some little snatches of them still linger in my memory. One stanza ran thus:

"Shout! shout! we're gaining ground,
Sing, glory hallelujah!
Satan's kingdom's tumbling down,
Sing glory hallelujah!"

Many of those who had, under the preaching of the "standing order," be-

come convinced that they had nothing to do, unless God called them, began to inquire, to confess, pray and speak in public. The converts were very numerous and very zealous. They could not wait for spring to return, to confess Christ, but cut the ice from the pond in winter and received baptism when their clothes would freeze on coming from the water, and they must ride nearly a mile to the nearest house. The excitement extended to all classes, and the effects, in a limited territory, were as great as that which now follows Mr. Moody's preaching. They flourished for a season, but having no place of worship, and being too poor to build one, they were gradually absorbed into other denominations.

The ministry of Rev. Isaac Smith, who was settled by the town of Gilmanton, continued nearly forty-three years. The last years of his life were troubled by a legal controversy about his unpaid salary. He sued the town for arrears, and alienated many of the voters. During his entire pastorate there was no revival of religion. During that long period only one hundred and fourteen were added to the church, a number barely sufficient to keep it alive. During the same period there were 1141 deaths in the town. There were then no extraordinary aids to clerical labors, no Sabbath schools, church conferences nor Christian associations. Mr. Smith was a gentleman of the old school in manners and theology. He was a graduate of Princeton, a classmate of President Madison, and had the courtly carriage of Revolutionary times. I remember that the magnates had pews in the broad aisle. At the close of each service the people stood until the minister passed out, bowing right and left to his parishioners. Mr. Smith used to exchange about one-fourth of the time. Some of the clergymen who came to supply his pulpit were men of mark, "mighty in the Scriptures," particularly in dogmatic theology. Such were Dr. McFarland of Concord, Dr. Burnham of Pembroke, Mr. George of Barnstead, Mr. Curtis of Pittsfield, Mr. Patrick of Canterbury and Mr. Bodwell of Sanbornton. They generally preached their great sermons when they exchanged pulpits, and these were mostly written on the five points of Calvinism. By them, the churches were indoctrinated, saints were edified and sinners disheartened. They taught the reprobation of the non-elect as well as the salvation of the elect. Impenitent men drew the inference that they could do nothing to better their spiritual condition without divine interposition, through "effectual calling;" they therefore settled down upon the conviction that "they must wait God's time." It was demonstrated to them, again and again, that the sinner could not, before conversion, do a right act; and that even "his prayer was an abomination to a holy God." Many remained in this state of stupid indifference till they were roused to action by illiterate enthusiasts who declaimed against "a hireling clergy," and preached human ability to the utter exclusion of divine sovereignty. These "unlearned and ignorant men" were eloquent in enforcing *duty* in distinction from *dogma;* and they awoke many of their hearers from their "carnal slumbers" and constrained them to cry out: "Men and brethren what shall we do to be saved?" They preached free grace, free will, and the natural ability of men to repent and believe the gospel. They also taught that a contrite sinner could offer an acceptable prayer to God, else the Publican could never have gone down to his house justified. The guilt of rejecting Christ, and the eternal loss of the soul, in consequence, were made equally prominent and dependant on the sinner's choice. The result was that their meetings seemed full of life and joy; and the gloom and despondency, which often followed the preaching of Calvinism, disappeared. Under the precaching of the "Standing Order" of minister, sinners under conviction often became gloomy and fell into despair. They were told that this was the result of their hostility to God; that peace would follow submission. Possibly it was due to their instruction. In theology, as in medicine, the imagination often verifies the prediction of the prophet. When men are taught that they can pass through the gate of mercy only by mortal agony, unreasoning minds really

feel that the pains of hell possess them. The hearers of President Edwards, believing their doom impending, were thrown into convulsions by the terrors of a burning hell and themselves held over it as by a spider's web. I have often heard young clergymen attempt to demonstrate that bodily agitations, swoons and convulsions *naturally* follow a clear conception of the divine wrath; and yet these awful assertions were read from their manuscripts, with as little feeling as they would show in reading a ledger. Terror always produces nervous agitations, whether the cause of the alarm be real or imaginary; whether it arises from superstition or religious belief. It is never a proof of piety or goodness. The jerks and barks of the hearers of Lorenzo Dow testify to as deep emotion as the swoons and trances of the audiences of Edwards. Many a young christian has, for a time, given up his hope when he found that his experience did not meet the demands of his spiritual guide. So did Dr. Wood of Boscawen, in his youth. Dr. Alexander, in his journal, gives an account of an interview which he had in early life with the celebrated revival preacher, Dr. John Blair Smith. The topic of conversation was Dr. Alexander's religious hope and experience. Hearing of sudden conversions and of persons being convulsed with severe convictions, young Alexander began to doubt his own good estate, and to fear that he had never been truly convinced of sin. In this state of mind he sought the preacher and gave an account of his own experience, confessing that he had fallen into sin after his supposed conversion. Doctor Smith said in a very decided and peremptory manner that his exercises were not of the nature of true religion, which always destroyed the power and dominion of sin, and proceeded to account for the joy the young convert had experienced on other principles. This led the inquirer to abandon his hope and to torture himself with efforts to feel and to suffer keen anguish of soul because he could not feel. In this state of mind he met the Rev. James Mitchell, who had more of the spirit of Him who will not break the bruised reed or quench the smoking flax. He informed him "that no certain degree of conviction was prescribed; that the only purpose which conviction could answer was to show us our need of Christ; and this, added he, you have. He then represented Christ as an Advocate before the throne of God, ready to undertake his cause, and able to save to the uttermost all who came unto God by Him." From this moment the young disciple was full of joy. His feelings became uncontrolable. He wept for gratitude. The burden was gone. The light of Heaven beamed into his soul and the sweet consolations of divine grace filled his heart. How different were the results of the counsels of these two ministers. One was abrupt, harsh, and judicial in his opinion; the other gentle, kind and instructive. The one produced distress and despair; the other joy and confidence. The one led the inquirer to abandon his christian hope; the other encourgaged him to cherish it. Young Alexander fortunately followed the advice of Mr. Mitchell, and with the same hope he had entertained for years became one of the most successful preachers and teachers.

Mr. Froude, speaking of the doctrines as formulated by Calvin, says: "All these positions are severelly true, justification by faith, predestination, reprobation—yet they are fitting objects of meditation only to the profound intensity of devotion in which alone they can be harmonized. It is dangerous, it is worse than dangerous, to take these high mysteries which require us to be lifted out of ourselves before they can be even faintly comprehended, to formularize them deliberately into propositions, and in catechisms and theological articles thrust them on the conscience as something which it is necessary to believe. To represent man as an automaton, sinning by the necessity of his nature, and yet as guilty of his sins; to represent God as having ordained all these things, yet as angry with the action of the puppets whom he has himself created as they are, is to insist on the acceptance of contradictory assertions from which the reason recoils—to make christianity itself

incredible by a travesty of christian truth."

Fifty years ago the controversies were very active between Universalists and Unitarians, and "evangelical" denominations. Those new denominations were literally subject to a theological hatred; and most young disciples, fresh from the seminary, were expected to slay these dragons before attempting the cure of souls. I remember that a young candidate for the ministry preached at Gilmanton, when I was about fifteen years of age. He preached from Rev. 6:16: "And they said to the mountains and the rocks fall on us and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth upon the throne, and from the wrath of the lamb." He depicted the last judgment with all the accumulated horrors of the picture of Michael Angelo representing the same scene to the eye. When I found, two years later, on reading "Langdon on the Prophecies," that those words applied to a scene enacted on earth, and long since past, I felt that the young preacher had deceived me. Another young man from Andover preached from Rev. 14:11, "And the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever." He first attempted to give some notion of eternity; he supposed a little bird to come from the sun and carry back a grain of sand, from the earth, and so continue to do till the whole earth were removed, then eternity would only be begun. He proceeded to show that by reason of the growth of sin, in hell, the period would come, in eternity, when a single sinner would suffer more, from eternal burnings, than all the fallen angels since the war in Heaven, and all lost sinners since the fall of Adam have suffered. In conclusion, he assured us that the redeemed in glory, when they looked down over the battlements of Heaven into the burning lake, and saw the smoke of the torment of their own relatives rising upward, would be so impressed with the *justice* of God, that they would shout, in rapture, and cry: "Alleleuia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." Dives, in hell, was more considerate about the welfare of his brethren. Soon after, while teaching a school in Deerfield, I asked the venerable Rev. Nathaniel Wells if that view of the lost was biblical; he replied that he could come to no other conclusion than that the torment of the damned resulted from *material fire.* I doubted, and my heart was then hardened. The pulpits of that day flamed like Sinai, and the spiritual vision of men was blasted. The preachers built on authority as much as the Catholics did. The creed had been, unalterably, settled by Calvin. He went far beyond the English reformers and martyrs of the 16th century. John Hales, an eminent Doctor, in the time of James I., (b. 1584) advised men to trust to themselves in religious matters, to leave nothing for authority, or antiquity, or the majority; to use their own reason in believing as they use their own legs in walking; to act and be men in mind as well as in the rest; and to regard as cowardly and impious the borrowing of doctrine and sloth of thought. Chillingworth, the greatest controversialist of that age, who was first Protestant, then Catholic, then Protestant, forever, clinching his last position by his great work entitled "Protestantism a safe way of Salvation," maintains that Reason applied to Scripture alone ought to persuade men; that authority has no claim to it; that nothing is more against religion than to force religion; that the great principle of the Reformation is liberty of conscience; and that if the doctrines of the different Protestant sects are not absolutely true, at least, they are free from all impiety, and from all error damnable in itself or destructive of salvation. Jeremy Taylor, "the Cicero of the English pulpit," during the civil war, published his great work on "The Liberty of Prophesying," and preached free thought and free speech even when persecuted and imprisoned. All the great and wise theologians of the Reformation, in England, appealed to Reason against authority in all their theological controversies. No one mind was allowed to dictate to any sect. Somewhat later in the history of Protestantism, the creeds that had been compiled by great Doctors were made half-way houses between reason and revelation, at which all Pil-

grims to the celestial city tarried to receive instruction and confirmation. For more than two centuries, men who have been arraigned for heresy have been tried by creeds formulated by uninspired men, instead of the Scriptures. The Augsburg Confession, the Institues of Calvin, the Thirty-nine Articles, the Assembly's Confession of Faith, and, later, Wesley's Commentaries, have been the tests of denominational faith. Every ecclesiastical court in Christendom could carry on their persecutions by appeals to their creeds, if the Bible were annihilated. All sects are the followers of some leader and interpreter. They adopt the views of Arius and Pelagius, of Athanasius and Augustine, of Duns Scotus or Aquinas, of Calvin or Arminius, of Hopkins or Wesley. The text of Scripture, quoted by each disciple, is colored by the medium through which it has passed. Temperament often has more to do with creeds than exegesis.

I have heard sermons on election and reprobation preached to audiences where three-fourths of the hearers were classed as reprobates; and they went away believing that they could do nothing to avert their doom. I have heard the unlimited offer of salvation proclaimed by men who believed that only a limited number were elected to eternal life, and justified by this illustration: "If I am the owner of only one dollar in the world, and I know, assuredly, that only one in the crowd that stands before me would accept it, I may safely say; whosoever, in this multitude, will come to me and ask for a dollar shall receive it." After listening to a sermon on the hardening of Pharaoh's heart, I have heard men ask how the hardened sinner was to be blamed. After hearing the sovereignty of God proved from this text: "Jacob have I loved; Esau have I hated," and that too before the children were born, I have heard the inquiry, "Is the government of God reasonable?" One text ought not to be so overtasked.

President Edwards writes one hundred and thirty pages on "Justification by Faith," and he adds not one iota to the declaration made in his text. His amplification of it makes the doctrine more obscure. In another place, he writes seventy pages more of "Observations concerning faith," under eighty-eight different heads, with nearly as many subordinate divisions and inquiries. In these observations, he assigns to faith as necessary to its existence, everything good that a believer can do, feel, think, enjoy or suffer, in his pilgrimage to Heaven. Faith absorbs the whole activity of the Christian's life. In his treatise on religious affections he is equally minute. He discusses every emotion of hope, fear, joy, trust, and submission that ever was cited as proof of godliness, and demonstrates that every one of these evidences, taken by itself alone, may prove false and delusive. With such commentaries, the gospel is a perfect puzzle. But some one may say, if these doctrines, hard to be understood, are revealed, notwithstanding the unlearned wrest them to their own destruction, shall they not be faithfully inculcated? But, "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" Calvinists and Arminians, Hopkinsians and Methodists, Catholics and Protestants, all attempt to prove their doctrines from the Bible; and every clergyman of a hundred sects deems his own creed the only true one; I therefore adopt the advice of a close-communion Baptist who, in urging me to unite with his church, said: "You must believe, not the creed that has *some* evidence of its truth, but that which has the *most* evidence." No man is shut up to the five points of Calvinism in his pulpit. The whole field of Christian duty, and the related topics of man's dependence, probation, responsibility, retribution and eternal life or death, "according to the deeds done in the body," invite discussion. The conscience is oftener reached by enforcing *duties* than by explaining *dogmas*. Archbishop Whately said of Calvinism: "Whatever abstract truth may be supposed to underlie necessarianism, which is its final term, men are always obliged, even when the warmest advocates of the theory, to disregard it in practice, and to act as if free will and contingency, not fatalism, were the laws which rule human conduct."

The following extract is from the New

York Independent of March 28, 1878:

Some of our readers do not like it because we say that genuine Calvinism is nearly extinct. Let us see what an honored Presbyterian theological professor has to say about it: "Modern theology is not solifidian, nor predestinarian, nor sacramentarian, but Christological." "All Evangelical denominations in their ablest divines are verging towards a Christological theology, in which alone they can ultimately adjust their differences." "The scholastic Calvinists of the seventeenth century mounted the Alpine heights of eternal decrees with intrepid courage, and reveled in the reverential contemplation of the sovereign majesty of God, which seemed to require the damnation of the great mass of sinners, including untold millions of heathen and infants, for the manifestation of his terrible justice. . . . This system of doctrine . . . is austere and repulsive. It glorifies the justice of God above his mercy." "The decree of reprobation is now rarely taught and never preached." "No Reformed Synod (at least on the Continent) could now pass the vigorous canons of Dort against Arminianism." "The five knotty points of Calvinism have lost their point, and have been smoothed off by God's own working in the history of the Church." We have merely quoted a few passages from Dr. Schaff's paper before the Edinburgh Presbyterian Council.

CONGRESSIONAL PAPERS. NO. I—THE HOUSE.

BY G. H. JENNESS.

At precicely 12 o'clock, noon, the spectator will observe a tall, genteel-looking gentleman, with a fine, open countenence, smoothly shaven smiling face, high forehead, firmly set chin, regular features, black curly hair and black eyes, enter the Speaker's desk. It is the Hon. Samuel J. Randall, and a sharp tap of his gavel upon the marble slab announces that the United States House of Representatives is "in session." The Chaplain offers a brief prayer and the House proceeds at once to business. Directly in front of the Speaker's desk, and a little below, is the Clerk's desk, containing seats for the Clerk of the House, the journal clerk, the two reading clerks and the tally clerk; and in front of this is a desk at which sit the official phonographic reporters of the House, and an agent of the "Associated Press." The Speaker presides, the Clerk signs all the documents that pass the House, the journal Clerk keeps a "minute" of all the bills and resolutions introduced, referred, amended, or passed, and a record of all motions made and votes taken upon each and every subject, His journal briefly epitomizes the proceedings from day to day, and is read from the desk every morning immediately after prayers. The reading clerks alternate with each other in reading in a loud voice the various bills, resolutions and amendments offered for consideration, and also the reports of committees, when called for, and such miscellaneous documents as the Hon. gentlemen "desire to submit as a part of their remarks." The "tally" clerk keeps a record of all the votes and checks off the name of each member as it is called by the reading clerk, during roll-call, or the taking of the yeas and nays. The official reporters take down in short-hand every word uttered, every paper read, every motion made, and their notes are all written out in full long-hand and the manuscript sent to the government printing office during the night, in order that the official paper of Congress, the "Congressional Record," of the next morning may contain a full and accurate report of the proceedings. The agent of the associated press condenses the same and sends it by telegraph all over the country to be read in the newspapers by millions of citizens, who little dream of the amount of work required to prepare this intellectual meal for the political breakfast table. Above and behind the Speaker's chair is the reporter's gallery, where the regular Washington corres-

pondents of the metropolitan newspapers and the agents of the various press associations have seats and desks assigned them, from whence they send their letters and despatches to their respective papers.

The hall of the House of Representatives is a very large and gorgeous room, —one hundred and thirty feet in length, ninety-three feet in width, and thirty feet in height—surrounded with galleries on every side capable of comfortably seating nearly two thousand people. The floor gradually rises from the front of the Clerk's desk to the cloak rooms in the rear, and the members' seats are arranged in semi-circular rows facing the Speaker's chair. The Sergeant-at-Arms sits on the right side of the Speaker's desk, but below it, exhibiting on his left the mace or symbol of his office, when the House is in session; and on the opposite side of the Speaker's desk sits the Doorkeeper. The House is seldom a dignified body when measured by the strict rule of parliamentary decorum. It is generally disorderly, frequently tumultuous. Only the best speakers obtain a recognition and a respectful hearing from their fellow members, while the lesser lights in the congressional galaxy are momentarily noticed, remanded to obscurity, or quietly extinguished by indifference. The routine of business commences with the reading of the previous day's journal, after which comes the "morning hour" which begins from the moment the Speaker announces that "reports from committees are in order." These committees from whom reports are "in order" are the Standing and Select Committees of the House, appointed by the Speaker at the beginning of each Congress. There are, in all, forty-three Standing and five Select committees, of which thirty-four Standing committees consist of eleven members each, one of nine members, and the remainder of five or six members each. Of the Select Committees one consists of eleven members, two of five and two of three members each. To these two groups of committees is assigned the stupendous task of so perfecting the vast legislative machinery of our country that it may evolve wise, just and impartial laws for the government of forty millions of people of varying views and conflicting interests. Each of the committees have large and commodious rooms assigned them, and libraries well stocked with law books, and books selected with special reference to the topics upon which said committees are expected to shape the legislation. These committees may be regarded as the mouth-pieces of the House upon the various measures brought before it for consideration. It is the only feasible method by which so many subjects could even receive respectful attention. The political party in control of the House is usually given the chairmanship of the committee, and one or two majority of its total membership. The several committees meet in their respective rooms at such times as suit their convenience when the House is not in session. The rules of the House debar them from setting during "session" hours, unless special permission is granted. The work on all the leading committees is very tedious and laborious, and oftentimes a severe test of Congressional patience and endurance. The work is facilitated by the employment of a clerk, and sometimes of stenographic reporters, when a large amount of testimony has to be taken. All petitions, papers and bills that are brought before the House are referred to these committees and by them considered. A petition praying for the reduction of the tax on tea, or an increase of the duty on indigo, is referred to the committee on Ways and Means. Everything relating to the tariff goes to the same committee. The committee on Foreign Affairs take cognizance of all international matters and our relations with foreign countries. The committee on Appropriations prepare all the large bills, twelve in number, necessary for the support of the different branches of the government, and the total amount of money thus appropriated aggregates not far from one hundred and fifty or sixty million dollars annually. To convey some idea of the amount of labor necessray to prepare these bills it may be stated that at the second session (the present) of the Forty-fifth Congress,

the twelve bills alluded to contain from thirty to eighty-five printed pages each. The preparation of these bills involves a vast amount of labor, and the greatest care, in order that no "steals" shall be inserted, and no legitimate appropriation left out. After being shaped in committee they are printed, and considered in "Committee of the Whole," as are all bills involving money appropriations of a public nature. When the House goes into the "Committee of the Whole" the Speaker vacates the chair and gives place to some regular member of the committee, who officiates as the presiding officer of the House for the time being. An appropriation bill is taken up, read line by line by the reading clerks, debated *pro* and *con*, amended, if a majority so decide, and finally put upon its passage. It is subject to many vicissitudes before it becomes a law. After its passage by the House it is "engrossed," or copied, on large sheets of paper, attested by the Clerk of the House, and by that officer carried to the Senate and delivered to that body while in open session, with an accompanying official announcement of the action of the House. The Senate receives it, refers it to its Appropriation committee, where it is considered very carefully, and quite likely amended. Half of the appropriation bills are liable to receive from thirty to a thousand amendments each. Especially is this true if the Senate and House happen to be of different political complexion. A House appropriation bill once amended by the Senate, immediately becomes a shuttlecock to be batted back and forth by the opposing bodies. The House originates all appropriation bills; the Senate, perhaps, amends: the bill is returned to the House; the latter may agree, or *disagree*. If the former, the bill is "enrolled" or copied, on parchment, and sent to the President for approval; if the latter, it is again sent to the Senate. Then the Senate may recede from its ammenments, or it may "insist" upon them. If the former, it passes the House bill as originally reported; if the latter, it is again sent back to the House, with a parliamentary intimation that the Senate thinks it knows its own business. Back in the House once more, that numerous, noisy body, may "recede" from its disagreement, and accept the Senate amendments, or it may "insisit" upon its *disagreement*. If the latter, back it goes to the Senate again, and the Senate may back down, or grow more contumacious and "still further insist" upon its amendments. At this point, however, each branch of Congress being convinced that *it* alone is right, and having manufactured the proper amount of buncombe to prove to an admiring country that it has got a *backbone*, and cannot be bullied or frightened, the matter begins to assume a business-like attitude, and the belligerent branches halt to take breath. The Senate virtually says: "My dear House, we know that our amendments are needed, and we have 'insisted' and 'still further insisted,' but rather than have any fuss about it we will talk the matter over with you." The Senate then asks a "committee of conference," and names three Srnators to act as the "conferrees" to represent its views. The House says: "My dear Senate, we knew you were only trying to 'bluff' us, and you can't do it; but we are willing to have a big talk, and see if we can agree." Then the *House* appoints three managers, and the six constitute the committee of "conference." They meet, and after a full and free discussion, report the result of their deliberations to their respective houses. If they have agreed, after mutual concessions, their report is usually adopted, and the original bill, more or less amended, finally gets through both Houses. But both houses may conclude to be "ugly," and vote to "adhere," in which case the bill falls dead between the two opposing legislative bodies, and things remain as if it had never been considered.

The "enrolling" of the bills, when they have been subject to numerous amendments, and amendments *to* amendments, and after being slashed and interlined by one or more "conference" committees, is a process requiring very great care and the utmost exactness. The misplacing or omission of a single word or letter, or punctuation mark, will sometimes change the character of

a section, or an entire bill. The putting of a comma on the wrong side of the word "fruits," in the tariff bill of a former Congress, deprived the government of two millions of revenue which it would have otherwise received but for the unfortunate location of the aforesaid comma. The addition of a "y" to the word "eight" would have made a certain Cabinet officer's salary, per annum, seventy-two thousand dollars too large, had not the error been discovered in season to correct it. Writing "accepted" for "excepted," would have spoiled a lengthy and important act but for the fortunate discovery of the blunder. These errors, apparently so trifling, and yet so momentous in their consequences, will occasionally creep in in spite of the watchfulness of the enrolling clerks; but the most of them are detected and eliminated when the printed text and the manuscript is compared. The sharpest "proof-reading" is required, and when time will permit, the heavy appropriation bills that involve so many millions of money, are very carefully read two or three times each after final enrollment. The clerks are required to "follow copy," and no discretion is allowed them in the correction of what is even *known* to be a blunder. An "engrossed" bill, that is, a manuscript copy of a bill that has passed the House, can only be corrected by that body by formal vote, and that, too, before it is sent to the Senate. An "enrolled" bill, that is, a manuscript copy on parchment of a bill that has passed the House and Senate, can only be corrected by a joint resolution of both houses. After receiving the President's approval, there is *no* authority to correct an error, if it has occurred. It is, then, a part of the statute law of the land, and must remain so until corrected by a subsequent enactment. The few errors that do occur generally happen during the hurry and confusion incident to a final adjournment, and the only wonder is that there are so few. During the closing session of the Forty-fourth Congress, when the ordinary business had been delayed beyond all precedent by the prolonged struggle over the electoral count, more than three-fifths of all the laws enacted—including all the great appropriation bills—were passed during the last three days of the session. The enrolling clerks never left their office for more than seventy hours; and to them, at least, the tap of the Speaker's gavel at noon on the fourth of March brought well-deserved and welcome relief.

The smaller bills, and the bills for private relief, resolutions and general enactments are not, usually, subject to "conferences," like the appropriation bills, but are subject to interminable delays and lingering death in the various committee-rooms. Not more than one out of ten bills introduced finally become laws, and it is fortunate for the good of the public and the size of the statute book that they do not. Members can ease their own consciences, and temporarily satisfy the importunities of their clamorous constituents, by *introducing* their several "little bills," after which it is an easy matter to have them referred to a committee who will never "report" them for passage. Suppose Mr. A. wants a pension. Let us observe the regular *routine* before he gets it. First, he sends a petition, praying that Congress will grant his desire. Congressman B., of Mr. A.'s district, receives it and puts it in a box in front of the Speaker's desk. A page takes it, with others, and carries it to the desk of the resolution and petition clerk. This official endorses on the back of the petition the date of introduction and the committee to whom it is referred—Congressman B. having already endorsed it with his own name, the name of the petitioner, and a synopsis of the contents. If the petitioner was a soldier in the recent war, it is referred to the committee on invalid pensions. The clerk enters the name of the petitioner and the congressman in a large book prepared and indexed for the purpose, and kept for reference. The distributing clerk takes the petition and carries it to the room occupied by the committee on invalid pensions, as aforesaid, and enters it upon the docket of the committee. An indispensable adjunct at this point is the "accompanying papers." These must be sufficient to prove the applicant's identi-

ty, the time of his enlistment, the name of his company and regiment, the duration of his term of service, the date of his discharge, a description of his physical disabilities, and such other information, plainly and concisely stated, as will enable a committee of strangers to form a correct opinion of the merits of the case. If favorably considered, the committee report a bill granting the pension, and direct their clerk to make a report embodying the facts in the case to accompany the same, which is reported to the House and referred to the "Committee of the Whole on the Private Calendar." After consideration in the Committee of the Whole it is reported to the House. At some future meeting of the Committee of the Whole, the bill is taken up in numerical order, put to vote in the House, and its fate decided. A favorable report of the committee is considered equivalent to a passage, and the bills that are thus endorsed are rushed through very rapidly, when no objections are offered. Mr. A.'s bill having passed, the reading clerk endorses it, "Engrossed, read three times and passed," and sends it to the enrolling room, where a manuscript copy of the bill is made upon paper specially prepared for the purpose. The clerk of the House signs it, takes it to the Senate when in session, announces its passage by the House, asks the concurrence of the Senate, and delivers it to the presiding officer of that body. It is then taken from the Vice President's table, referred to the Senate committee on invalid pensions, by them considered, and, let us suppose, favorably reported, placed on the Senate "calendar," and finally passed. The House "engrossed" copy is then taken to the Senate enrolling room and endorsed, "Resolved, That this bill pass." The secretary of the Senate signs it, and one of his clerks brings it back to the House again, when in session, and announces the concurrence of the Senate to the said bill. Then the House enrolling clerks take it once more and make the manuscript duplicate copy on parchment previously alluded to. Then it is carefully compared with the original copy, and the "engrossed" and "enrolled" copies compared by the clerk with one or more members of the House committee on enrolled bills. If found correct, the member certifies to that fact, carries the bill in to the Speaker's desk, and the Speaker makes public annoucement of its reception, and signs the bill in open House. It is then carried to the Senate, and reported, and the Vice President signs it in like manner, after which a member of the House Committee on Enrolled Bills takes it to the President for final approval. After being signed by the Paesident it is sent to the department of state and deposited among the permanent archives of the government. Mr. A.'s name is then placed upon the pension-roll, and he can draw his pension "under the provisions and limitations of the pension laws." This is the *routine* of a simple bill that nowhere encounters any obstacle to its passage, and may be regarded as the *least* that must be done before a bill becomes an act. Bills involving matters of a broader scope—those of great public and national importance—are fought or advocated at every turn, and pushed forward or held in check by every device known to the lobby, aided by the tactics of the masters of parliamentary strategy. They become laws only after the most thorough discussion, or are defeated after a debate in which every weakness is exposed. Those who imagine that bills are rushed through Congress without anybody knowing anything about them would have their fund of information somewhat enlarged by an attempt to "put through" a bill of some importance. It would be found, upon close acquaintance with our popular branch of Congress, that the "watch-dogs" of the Treasury are not all exterminated yet, but that a sufficient number are always on guard to prevent much dangerous legislation. The present House, as a whole, may be regarded as composed of men of average congressional ability, who endure hard work and good pay, and legislate as well for the country as can be expected, when we consider the vast and conflicting interests of our immense nation.

HILLSBOROUGH.

BY COL. FRANK H. PIERCE.

The town of Hillsborough, in the County of the same name, in New Hampshire, has a history of enviable repute. Its records are confined to the past one hundred and thirty-seven years, but its events and its men during that period have given the town special note at home and in the national annals. In 1741 the territory now incorporated as a town was a wild, unbroken forest, a home for bears, wolves, and other beasts of prey, and occasionally for the nomadic aboriginal, who was the greatest foe to every approach towards civilization. It is not a certified fact that "Number Seven"—as Hillsborough was named on the Provincial map—was the regular abode of any portion of the Pennacook tribe of red men; but frequently since the settlement of the town, evidences have been found of the visits of that people to the quiet waters of the Contoocook, and to the adjoining forests for fishing and hunting purposes. These relics consist of tomahawks, spears, and arrow-heads, pestles and mortars—all made of stone, and more generally found buried in the light soil on the margin of the ponds and Contoocook River.

In 1741, cotemporary with the running of the boundary line, which separated the province of New Hampshire from that of Massachusetts, a company was formed in Boston, who traveled thence through the forests to Hillsborough, and pitched their tents in its wilderness. This territory had been formerly granted to Col. John Hill. The little settlement was called Hillborough in honor of Col. Hill; the leading men were Samuel Gibson, James Lyon, Robert McClure and James McColley—the two latter being natives of the north of Ireland. There was in the little colony a commingling of Puritanism and Presbyterianism, concentrating in a strong religious feeling. In proof of this sentiment, among the earliest labors of the settlers was the erection of a meeting-house and a parsonage. Land was assigned for a grave-yard, in which several members of the colony were buried. There remains to-day no vestige of this solitary cemetery. The wife of McColley was the only female in the settlement, and remained exiled from her sisterhood for more than a year. Her husband built the first dwelling—a log hut—near the Bridge, where the first child born in the settlement saw the light.

Lieut. John McColley subsequently entered the Royal service and fought against the French and Indians. Afterwards he was in the war of the Revolution, in the militia corps which New Hampshire sent against Gen. Burgoyne. He was a man of exemplary character, and died in 1834, at the age of 92. Some five months after the birth of Lieut. McColley's child a daughter was born to Samuel Gibson, who was named Elizabeth.

In 1744 the Cape Breton war broke out between the English and French and North-western Indians. This war carried death and destruction wherever it was prosecuted. The Indian raids upon many of the early settlements, and the slaughter and destruction of the dwellers therein, are matters of tragic history, in which Hillborough shared.

In 1746 the menaces of the Indians were so threatening that the feeble colony of seven or eight families in Hillsborough, on hasty consultation, agreed to abandon their homes and seek safety in Massachusetts. They hid away their agricultural implements, loaded their cattle with what household property and provisions they could carry, buried the remainder of their portable property, and

set forth. It appears that the party made its way to Litchfield and there settled down.

ROMANTIC STORY.

A rather romantic event in the lives of the two children first born in Hillsborough is worthy of record. The close of the French war in 1760 caused the withdrawal of the predatory savages from the border towns and plantations, and in the interval between 1746 and that year, Col. Hill of Boston had become sole proprietor of Hillborough. In 1762 the second settlement of the town was inaugurated —Daniel McMurphy being the first of the new colony. Pending arrangements for this second occupation of the territory, Col. Hill had frequent occasion to pass through Litchfield toward his possessions, where he became acquainted with John McColley and Elizabeth Gibson, and proposed to them, should they marry, he would give them one hundred acres of land. They were married, took possession of their gift in Hillborough, and lived in the enjoyment of domestic happiness for three-score years. Their posterity have to this day a most reputable existence in the town.

It was some two years after Daniel McMurphy built his log hut on Bible Hill, as the spot is now called, before he began to have neighbors. Among those who joined him, up to 1767, were McColley and two Gibson's from Litchfield, sons of the earlier settlers, several from Derryfield, (now Manchester), in all, sixteen heads of families. A store, gristmill and tavern were soon built, and a militia company was organized. No church was built for fifteen years after the second settlement had been made; but religious services were regularly held in barns in the summer, and in dwelling-houses in winter. After Col. Hill had given ten acres of land for a meeting-house, near the centre of the town, and three hundred pounds as a gift to the first settled minister, Rev. Jonathan Barnes settled in Hillsborough, as the plantation was now called. The year following a meeting-house was erected.

The town was also incorporated in 1772, there being at that time twenty-two men, who were freeholders. The charter, which bears date Nov. 14, was issued in the name of George the Third of England, "by advice of our trusty and well beloved John Wentworth, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of our province of New Hampshire."

REVOLUTIONARY EFFORTS.

The population of Hillsborough slowly increased until 1775, when the settlement contained forty families. At this time the war with England broke out, and elicited a common feeling of resistance against the wrongs sought to be inflicted by the government of the mother country on her North American colonists. No locality manifested more patriotic ardor, or devotion to the interests of liberty than the people of this town. They armed and equipped themselves for local protection and national resistance. No patriotic sacrifice within their power was withheld—they offered their all that the rights of the people should be asserted. The town assessed itself in nine thousand seven hundred pounds to purchase provisions for the American Army, and more than thirty stalwart men from the forty families gave their personal service in the war that ensued, and fought in Stark's regiment at Bunker Hill, where their brave commander, Capt. Isaac Baldwin, fell mortally wounded. The record of bravery places the men of Hillsborough in a high niche in the temple of valor, and their fame enriches the glory of many a well-fought field.

EARLY EDUCATIONAL PROVISION.

It is a matter of special credit to the people of Hillsborough, that amid the excitement and the numerous calls made on their substance during the war of the Revolution, they forgot not the vital interests of education. There was no organized school system among them until the war had commenced, and the only male teacher in the town had joined the American Army, and was killed at the battle of White Plains in 1776. A lady had, however, given lessons in the initiatory branches of learning to a few of the younger people; but those of a more intricate character fell to the lot of the town minister. Before the war ended

the town had voted one hundred pounds for the support of schools, and soon thereafter added seventy-five pounds. No scholar then carried to school what would at that time be considered a whole library, such as our school boys are now obliged to study; and yet, with nothing but the "Horn-book," the Psalms, Watts' Hymns, and the simple rules of Arithmetic, it was wonderful what expert scholars were then made—what stores of knowledge of real practical use were imparted to the young. What they learned they THOROUGHLY understood. It was simple but substantial, and not made up of myriads of somethings, which beget the knowledge of almost nothing, as is said to be too often true with our more elaborate modern systems of tuition. Boys were then taught, when very young, such educational accomplishments as fitted them for the requirements of the age. They were brought to a high state of practical perfection, quite as early as our young people are now allowed to graduate from school. They were prepared to meet the obligations imposed upon them, and not too proud to commence at the bottom of any respectable industrial ladder.

REVOLUTIONARY NOTABILITIES.

The share which the men of Hillsborough had in the Revolutionary War, as has been stated, was one more than creditable to the patriotism of her people. The progress of the contest with the mother country brought into glorious light the bravery of many of her volunteer warriors. The previous French and Indian wars had taught some the art of war, among them Capt. Isaac Baldwin, who was the fifth in the list of the second settlers. As a ranger, he had fought in twenty battles: and when the news of the fight at Lexington reached his ear, which was at a barn raising in Deering, he instantly hastened home, collected a band of his fellow settlers, the very flower of the settlement, and set out for Boston, where they joined Col. John Stark's Regiment, and were engaged in the battle of Bunker Hill. In the early afternoon of that memorable day, Capt. Baldwin fell, shot through the breast, and died the same evening. Deep veneration for his memory exists to this day.

Ammi Andrews served through the war as a Lieutenant, first in Arnold's expedition to Quebec, and in many of the Revolutionary battle-fields. He carried to his grave, at the advanced age of 97, the scars of many honorable wounds. He was a man of singular valor, and anecdotes of his courage and intrepidity numerously survive. Among them was the feat of climbing the battlements of Quebec, stealthily approaching the sentinel on guard, seizing, gagging and bringing him alive to the American camp.

Lieut. John McNeil was not more than twenty years of age when he joined Capt. Baldwin's company as a private, was with him at Bunker Hill, and by his side when he fell mortally wounded. He also fought under Stark at Bennington, and did eminent service during the war. He lived in Hillsborough after the war, leading a quiet, rural life, and died in 1836. His memory is cherished with gratitude, and his descendants have largely inherited his patriotic and other noble virtues.

Samuel Bradford was another of Capt. Baldwin's volunteers. He was almost a boy when he enlisted, was engaged in every battle the Regiment fought—won his commission at Bennington, and died respected by all.

Robert B. Wilkins, also a Bunker Hill hero, ever bore the character of a brave soldier. He was quartermaster of Gen. Lafayette's brigade, and saw service till the end of the war. When Lafayette visited New Hampshire, in 1825, the interview between him and his old companion in arms was most affecting. Time had so changed Lieut. Wilkins that Lafayette did not, at first, recognize his old comrade, whom he tenderly loved. An allusion to a battle field incident, made by Wilkins, caused Gen. Lafayette to carefully scrutinize his features—and recognizing in the old battered warrior before him his brave and faithful comrade, he leaped from his horse, and, throwing his arms around Wilkins's neck, the two wept like children. Every head in the immense crowd that witnessed the scene was instantly uncovered, and the shouts

that followed, re-echoed back by the hills, showed how "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

Two days after the encounter between the patriots and the British soldiers at Lexington, Benjamin Pierce, then eighteen years old, was holding the plow in his uncle's field in Chelmsford when the news of that event arrived. He immediately left the plow, took his uncle's gun and equipments and started for Boston. There he enlisted; was present at the battle of Bunker Hill, remained in the service during the war, and was on the staff of George Washington until the final disbandment of the American Army at West Point in 1784. He returned to Hillsborough in 1786, and earnestly engaged in agricultural pursuits. He took great interest in military affairs, holding offices in the militia from Colonel to General of Brigade. He was also called upon to fill many political offices, such as Representative, Counsellor and Presidential Elector. He finally was chosen Governor of New Hampshire in 1827-9. His public services in one capacity and another extended over fifty years. At his death, which took place in April, 1839, and when in his 82d year, he was Vice President of the Society of the Cincinnati. He was patriotic, brave, noble-minded and charitable; a benefactor to his country, and a blessing to his State and society—and no one memory associated with the past history of Hillsborough, brings up higher feelings of respect and veneration than that of General Benjamin Pierce. Many anecdotes illustrative of his character and virtues survive him. There never was a spot on his patriotism or bravery. As showing the character of the latter, it is authenticated that, having been taken prisoner at Long Island, he was there put on parole, and one day attended a horse race conducted by English officers. Here he expressed an opinion concerning one of the racers which gave umbrage to an English officer, who slapped Lieut. Pierce with the flat of his sword. "Fettered by my parole, and unarmed," said Pierce, "I can not now resent this indignity, but the chances of war may yet bring us together!" And such proved to be the case. A chance occurred at the siege of New York, where the two fought, and the English officer fell pierced by the sword of his antagonist. His earnest patriotism was shown on the occasion of his inviting nineteen of his old Revolutionary compatriots (all residents of Hillsborough), to dinner on one of the anniversaries of a Continental triumph. This happened but a few years previous to his death. One of the veterans remarked the absence of one of their number who lived in the town, and mentioned the fact to the Governor, who said, "I invite no one to my table who is afraid of the *smell* of gunpowder."

When High Sheriff of Hillsborough County his duties called him at one time to Amherst, where he found, imprisoned in the jail, three Revolutionary soldiers. Interesting himself in their behalf he learned the prisoners had served their country well and faithfully—had honorable discharges, but at the close of the Revolution, like hundreds of their comrades, were penniless. They had, after long and weary days of travel, reached their homes, where a merciless creditor secured their arrest and imprisonment for debt. Ascertaining these facts, he instantly discharged their liability, and, taking the keys from the jailor, unlocked the prison doors, and leading the old veterans from confinement, pointing to the blue sky above them said: "Go, breathe the free air! There can be no true republican liberty when such men as you are consigned to prison for such a cause."

Many were prominent in revolutionary times, whose names and deeds survive in grateful remembrance. Among them were Calvin Stevens, Nathaniel Johnson, Samuel Murdough, Isaac Andrews, Samuel Symonds, John McColley, William Booth, William Jones, Joseph Taggart, Asa Wilkins, and Jacob Flint.

MORE RECENT WARS.

In the war of 1812, the men of Hillsborough bore a distinguished part. Gen. John McNeil and Col. Benjamin K. Pierce held commands, and fought in the battles of Lundy's Lane and Chippewa—Gen. McNeil receiving a bad wound in the first named engagement. Lieut. John W. S.

McNeil, a promising young officer, was slain during an attack on an Indian encampment in the Florida war of 1814.

The war of the Rebellion conjured up that feeling of patriotism left as a legacy by the fathers to the sons, and the first regiment recruited for the war was largely composed of Hillsborough County men. The town of Hillsborough contributed, under the presidential calls for troops its quota of 159 men, while its enrolled militia list was but 132. The town's share of the municipal war loan was $8,833.39. Recent and impartial history speaks most creditably of the bravery of her sons in many a bloody contest.

Among the pioneers of the town there were many men who rose to eminence in local statesmanship and in legal repute. Their immediate successors largely gained reputation for great skill in law, medicine and theological learning. Some of the most eminent men of all the professions have drawn their earlier inspirations in Hillsborough. Among those who have risen to high political distinction was Franklin Pierce, who was President of the United States from March 1853, to 1857, the fourth son of Gov. Benjamin Pierce. This is neither the time nor place, nor is the writer the person to present an elaborate or impartial sketch of Franklin Pierce. History can be consulted concerning his career, and his National Administration, as conducted to benefit *all* sections of the country, covering four years of unparalleled prosperity to the nation. His earlier and later days are, however, so intimately connected with the history of Hillsborough, that a sketch of the town would be very incomplete without brief personal mention. Here he passed his youth; here he commenced the practice of law; here he gained great success, and here laid the foundation of future legal celebrity. The building occupied by him as a law office no longer exists. The old Pierce homestead remains intact, as do many memorials of the love and esteem of his fellow townsmen,—among them, even, the immense oven, used at the great barbecue in 1852, wherein was roasted whole, the big ox, for the partial feeding of the thousands there assembled, a relic of a notable and happy occasion. The memories of his early years, and the friendships formed in youth at Hillsborough, were retained and cherished throughout his entire life. His native town was ever dear to him, and he always manifested the deepest interest in its welfare and the happiness of its people. No engagements or cares prevented his frequent visits to his old home. His welcome was always most cordial, and based on no empty forms, but was the expression of true and loving hearts. The people of Hillsborough proudly claimed him as their own. His visits to his brother were the occasions of the most respectful demonstration on the part of his old friends and former neighbors. He was, as I have said, beloved by old and young, and there was no partisan limit to their affection. He reciprocated their sentiments and their love. Happy were they in the consciousness that he ever remained the same faithful friend; while his presence sent a quicker thrill through their hearts and a warmer grasp into every hand. In a word, they *loved* him, and he gratefully cherished their affection.

POLITICAL MATTERS.

Democracy, as an heritage of the Fathers of the town, has been fondly, zealously and intelligently cherished by those of its people "to the manor born;" and it is but just to say of them that its principles are held and acted upon with devoted attachment to that purity which distinguished their noble and patriotic ancestry. It is equally fair to acknowledge that the opposition to Democracy is founded on what its opponents consider as enlightened conscientious reasons, and embraces an able and respectable minority. Men will always differ on matters of National, State and social policy; but the locality is ever safe where conflicting sentiments are based on intelligent ideas—safe, against inharmonious or corrupt consequences. It is due to the credit of both parties to state the undeniable fact, that their differences never wear a sinister or frowning aspect, either before or after political battles.

TOWN MATTERS TO-DAY.—CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE.

Hillsborough is mainly an agricultural town. Its soil is strong and well adapted to the growth of the usual crops, and its farmers have a high reputation for industry and skill. But there are no better locations, or more favoring facilities for manufacturing than the town presents. The Contoocook River furnishes ample water power, and railroad communication will be opened this summer, which will give ready connection with markets of supply and demand in all directions. Already the manufacturing products amount to nearly $400,000; and there are ready facilities, which if employed would double this sum; not to speak of the proceeds of agriculture, amounting to $180,000.

The condition of the people is what may be termed "comfortable and independent." There is an aristocracy of good citizenship only, and on that plane all meet, act and feel on an equality. Cliques and "sets" are comparatively unknown, and there is a Democracy of social sentiment prevalent which even the churches recognize and cherish. In a word, the people of Hillsborough are a happy people; and with their reputation for industry, honesty and intelligence, one of themselves may be justified in asserting, that few communities deserve greater credit and praise for their sense of moral and religious duty.

The people are a "hearty" people. Their straight forwardness is more remarkable than their polish. They do not talk of *legumes* when they mean beans. Their minds, like their physique, are well described by the word—robust. They inherit much of the honest bluntness of their Scotch-Irish ancestry—no little of their ponderous wit, and all of their geniality. Let us have a look at one of these rough wits: During the Presidential campaign of 1840—known as the "hard cider campaign"—Daniel Webster made a political speech at Francestown. A Hillsborough man—Smart by name—and an indurated and incorruptible Democrat, was invited by a Whig friend to go and hear the distinguished statesman. Smart declined on the ground that he was a Democrat and did not agree with the great "Expounder." In view, however, of a free ride and a gratuitous dinner, the invitation was accepted. Next day Smart and one Col. Lewis were drawing a load of cider pomace from Washington to Hillsborough. It was a beautiful day in the autumn, and as they turned an angle in the road, Webster drove up in a carriage, with some friends, on their way to enjoy the hospitalities of the town of Washington. "There's Webster!" shouted Smart. "Who's Webster?" asked Lewis. "Dan'l Webster," said Smart, "I was down to Francestown and heard him talk, yesterday." By this time the team and carriage were side by side, and Smart, jumping from his team, ran to the carriage and familiarly said, "How d'e do, Mr. Webster? I was down at Francestown yesterday and heard your talk, and though I am a Democrat, it was what I call a d—d good one!" "Your opinion flatters me," replied Webster. Smart then called up Col. Lewis and introduced him. Mr. Webster greeted the latter and asked him, what earthly use he made of cider pomace, with which the cart was laden. The Colonel, who was also a stalwart Democrat, bluntly answered: "Those infernal Whigs have drank up all the hard cider in this section, and I am going to sober 'em off on pomace this fall." The eminent statesman leaned back in his carriage, and the surrounding woods rang with his hearty shouts of laughter. Smart began to rebuke the Colonel for his bold reply to the "great man," but Webster said, "No, no; that's too good!" and throwing a half eagle to Smart, and instructing him to divide it with his Democratic friend, he drove away. Years after Mr. Webster related this story in the United States Senate, expressing appreciation of the blunt wit of Colonel Lewis.

The support of churches and schools in the town is very liberal, and signal ability characterizes alike preachers and teachers, in the four churches and nearly two score of schools. There are two Congregational churches and two Methodist. At the Bridge is the "Hillsborough Messenger," edited and published

by Holton & Ferry. It is, almost exclusively, devoted to local affairs. It fills its sphere of usefulness with much credit, and has a liberal popular support.

The town has grown wonderfully during the past third of a century, and the growth has not in any way been of the mushroom order. It has come gradually, by the rule of imperative demand, and not through any excitement. What has been gained has been substantially established. May the future prosperity of the town, which promises so well, be as solid at its foundation as has been that of the past, and may patriotism, intelligence, industry and the nobler virtues, correspondingly increase and dignify the character of its people!

TWO PICTURES.

BY WILL E. WALKER.

Stately mid the crowd she walks,
Quietly and well she talks,
Gives her greetings regally,
Surely manor-born is she.
Eyes of gray, whose passing glance
Wakens in you no romance,
Lips compressed which seem half stern,
Cheeks in which no blushes burn;
"She"—say some among the crowd—
"Is for common clay too proud.
Better be of warmer mold,
Than so passionless and cold."

"Passionless and cold," say they?
One who listens could say "Nay!"
Sees a picture all unseen
By the eyes which judge his queen;
Sees that fair and quiet face
Mantled by a tender grace;
Flushing cheeks, pervading eyes,
Which reveal what deeper lies
In the heart, whose sweet unrest
Pulses in the throbbing breast;
Not too proud to own the sway
Which Love makes in common clay.

A ROMANCE IN A RAG-BAG.

BY ANABEL C. ANDREWS.

A strange place in which to find romance, you say? Yes; so the story will possess the charm of novelty at least.

Do you wish me to "begin at the beginning," as the children say? The beginning was in the form of a young gentleman (you say, "Oh, yes, that's the way they always commence!" I beg you will keep quiet and hear my story) who boarded at Rosedale that summer. He was a young man who possessed more money than was good for him, in that he was living a life of idle ease and doing no good in his day and generation. Sauntering idly by the barn one day, he stopped to watch old Turner sort his rags. Was he the owner of Rosedale farm? No, he wasn't. He was a poor old rag-man, who owned a hut close by, and stored his rags in one of the barns at Rosedale. Now don't interrupt me again!

"What do you find new to-day, Turner?"

"Oh, not much of anything—leastways no money, ye may depend on that! However, many's the cur'us thing I've found in the rags in my day! Jewelry, laces, spoons, letters—everything, most."

"And do you always know where your rags come from?"

"E'na'most allus—sometimes I can't tell."

"It depends on the value of the article you find, I suppose, Turner?" this with a laugh.

There was no laugh on Turner's honest old face as he turned it toward the young man, saying solemnly:

"I'm poor, and old, and humble, but, thank God! I'm honest."

"No one doubts it, Turner. What have you found now?"

"A last year's diary—p'r'aps you'd like to look at it. My day of readin' the things I finds in the rags is past. Here, Mr. Somers, I'll make you a present of it," chuckled the old man, as he handed him a dainty diary, covered with red velvet, and gold-clasped.

Somers took it with a laughing "thank you," and stretched his lazy length on a pile of hay at the further end of the barn, where a big stream of golden sunshine poured in at the door. He opened the book and found it written full.

"Some silly school-girl's nonsense, I suppose. No doubt she mourns it's loss daily!"

He read the first page carelessly, the second earnestly, the third he called out:

"Do you know where you got this?"

"No sir—leastways, not the house; it came in the bag I picked up on the road to P——. Anyhow, it wouldn't make no difference if I did—you never see a gal that would own one of them books, even if her name was in't!"

"That so?" questioned Somers, very much interested in the "silly school-girl's nonsense."

Old Turner sorted his rags, packed them away, and left the barn; still young Somers sat there, absorbed in the little diary. At length, closing the book, he exclaimed:

"I could love that girl, if only her life fulfils her writings here! I'll see her to-morrow, if I live. If she is the pure-souled, generous girl this book indicates, I'll marry her if I can. Clarice Estabrooke! she has a dainty name."

Next day a hump-backed pedler, with a skin almost black, and large green goggles, stopped at every house on the P—— road, trying to sell the ladies a wonderful "lotion," and always enquiring the name of the family next on the road. Arrived at the Estabrooke place, he rapped feebly at the kitchen door, and sat down on the door-step to rest until his rap had been answered. In answe

to the tidy young girl who enquired his business, he asked for "Ze young ladies. I zell ze magnifique lotion for ze complexion."

"You see all there is," said a musical young voice, "but I don't think I care for a lotion of any kind. I find the open air the best there is."

"Eez, ze ladeez' complexion eez vare brilliante; but will she please buy for charity? I get no bread, I—" and with an expressive gesture he sank on the step in utter weariness.

"Indeed, my poor man, you shall have 'bread.' Come out here under this tree and rest, and I will get you something to eat."

Only a few moments elapsed before she returned with a tray containing a bountiful meal.

"There," she said cheerfully, "when you have eaten all you wish for, bring the tray to the house and I will see what can be done for you."

"May God bless you!" was the pedler's benediction when a generous alms was given him on returning the tray.

"Weighed and *not* found wanting," was our hero's comment. "What lovely eyes! and such a complexion—all natural, too. The next step is to get an introduction."

This was easily obtained through the heir of Rosedale, and then followed happy days for Somers.

On the anniversary of Clarice's birthday, a beautiful basket of flowers and a volume of Whittier's poems were sent to her, with Mr. Somers' card.

"I wonder how he learned my birthday? I'm sure I never told him," she murmured to the flowers, but they never told her of the little diary.

You wish I'd "hurry and tell the end, and how it came about," did you say? The end, of course, was a wedding, and it came about thus: While riding, one afternoon, with Clarice, Albert began to speak of pedlers, and Clarice told him of the lotion pedler.

"How I did pity him!" she said.

"Yes, I know you did, for I could see it shining from your eyes."

"You knew I did! you saw—what *do* you mean?"

"I mean that I was the pedler, and that I loved you, and came to see if you were as worthy as I deemed you, and now I ask you, darling, to be my wife."

"I don't—don't understand," stammered poor Clarice.

Taking the little diary from his pocket he said:

"Did you ever see this before?"

"Oh, my diary that I lost! Where did you get it?"

He told her, and added:

"I loved the girl I saw reflected in that little book, and I determined to see her; so I became the—lotion pedler. Now will you answer my question, little one?"

"I—yes—if you will come and live with father and mother. I can't leave them in their old age," she murmured.

"Certainly, dearest—anywhere with you."

And so it came to pass that he was idle no longer; and the Estabrooke place became Elmwood, the country seat of Mr. and Mrs. Somers.

SEVERAL SUNDAYS IN EUROPE.

BY ASA MC FARLAND.

The author of this article spent a portion of the summer and autumn of the year 1850 in England, Scotland and upon the continent, during which, however industrious he may have been on the secular days of the week, in visiting objects of interest, Sunday was as uniformly embraced to make observation of the people and their churches on the day set apart for the public worship of the Most High. We witnessed religious services in houses of every degree of cost, from the very ancient stone church on the Isle of Wight—an edifice gray with the moss of centuries—up to cathedrals which are the wonder of the ages, and herewith write of the Sundays thus spent.

A SUNDAY IN LANCASTER, ENGLAND.

The ancient and very quiet city of Lancaster contains an establishment of the Church of England, known as St. Mary's, and on the 4th of August I sat, a patient spectator, of the assembled congregation. Presently there was a stir near the door, as if something was about to happen. And it was so. The court was in session in that shire town of the County of Lancaster, and the excitement in the vestibule of St. Mary's was caused by a procession of novel character to an inhabitant of the United States. It consisted of judges and officers of the court, the mayor of Lancaster and his under officers, with the sheriff of the county and the constables of Lancaster, all walking two and two—the sheriff and the beadle at the head of the column. The judges were in garments set off with ermine. The mayor wore an ample blue robe, buff under garments and three-cornered hat. The badge of the sheriff was a staff, or pole, of rake-handle length, with a gilded ball, which emblem of authority was elevated at his side and carried there until he had escorted the judges and the corporation of Lancaster to their proper positions in the church. Then he took his own place, depositing his staff in a socket in the pew, and this affair of state having been carried out in due order, the services commenced.

In St. Mary's church the distinctions so obvious in monarchical governments between the rich and the poor was quite obvious; but while the wealthy classes were in pews elaborately furnished, ample provision was also made for those without the means to own or to hire sittings. There seemed to be three orders of people in St. Mary's: the nobility and gentry, the middle classes and the poor, some of the last named being charity children. It may thus be easily imagined that this assembly lacked the homogenous appearance of congregations this side the water. The judges, the mayor and the corporation, the sheriff, the beadle and the police, several of these functionaries displaying much gold lace; the janitor of the edifice in a flowing black surplice, the well-to-do people in high-back pews, the shop-keepers and other middling interest people in a secondary division of the house, and several laboring men in shirt sleeves, constituted an assembly of novel character. Just before the services commenced, a crippled woman, seated in a hand-carriage, was drawn into one of the aisles, and remained in the vehicle to the close.

The church stood upon the margin of a very ancient cemetery, and a sun-dial was fixed upon a pillar, three to five feet high, near the entrance to the house. The church, the cemetery, the sun-dial, the arrangement of people in the house, it may be supposed made up a spectacle of novel description to a person who attended public worship in a Concord church edifice the last Sunday before

sailing for England. From St. Mary's Church a beautiful view is obtained of mountains in the Lake District of England, celebrated as the abode of Wordsworth, Southey, Wilson, and other eminent men.

A SABBATH IN GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.

Arriving in the great and thriving city of Glasgow on Saturday, the 10th of August, and seeing a notice that in the forenoon of the following day the Rev. John Angell James of Birmingham would occupy the desk of Rev. Dr. Wardlaw, the opportunity was embraced to hear that celebrated preacher and author. The spacious house, floor and galleries, was filled with people trained to religious services in the regular and devotional manner for which the people of Scotland are justly distinguished. Many of those in the house had Bibles in their hands, and turned to different places as the preacher progressed in his discourse. The music was led by a precentor, standing in front of the preacher's desk. In person, Mr. James differed from the conception I had formed of him, as is often the experience of all our conjectures of men we have not yet seen. He was then sixty-six years of age, about six feet high, of full figure, dressed in black, a white cravat around his neck, and his general appearance—had his cravat been black, and the wearer been met on State Street, Boston—such as to indicate a bank president, or a highly prosperous merchant, with ships on so many seas that every wind would be fair for some of them. His voice was clear and full, his manner solemn, and although sedate, he carried the appearance of a cheerful man, who appreciated the importance of divesting religion of the gloom in which too many preachers are apt to shroud it. After the invocation, his next utterance was as follows: "Let us read for our morning lesson the thirteenth chapter of St Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians." He then made a slight pause, that the great congregation might turn to their Bibles, and proceeded: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal; and though I have the gift of prophesy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and although I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing." The chapter concluded, the preacher read the first hymn of the morning, and it was sung apparently by nearly or quite all the congregation. The precentor, or leader (for there was no choir, as such), looked over a parcel of slips of tin lying upon his desk, and selecting the one with the tune upon it by which the hymn was to be sung, placed it in front of his desk, so that it was visible to all in the church. It was "Old Hundred," and was sung by a concourse of not less than twelve hundred people.

A SABBATH ON THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

On Saturday, the 24th of August, I left London for the Isle of Wight—one of the most picturesque pieces of territory to be found in England. It is eighty miles from London, in a south-west direction, and six miles from Portsmouth, the great naval station in the realm. The island is all that it has been described to be, abounding in scenery of loveliness and beauty, and attained some of its attractions because of having been at one time the residence of Rev. Legh Richmond, author of those tracts of world-wide celebrity, the Dairyman's Daughter, the Young Cottager, and the African Servant, translated into several languages and printed by the million. Newport is the chief town on the island, and Brading and Yaverland the hamlets to which Mr. Richmond ministered. Brading is a village of a single street, is near the shore of the English Channel, and within sight of the place in the harbor of Portsmouth, where the Royal George, an immense war vessel, with "twice four hundred men," went down, and all perished in the water. This occurrence was commemorated by the poet Cowper in lines commencing:

> "Toll for the brave,
> The brave who are no more."

The little church in Brading, where Mr. Richmond preached during the early portion of his ministry, is of stone, and gray with the age of centuries; looks

"as ancient as the hills," and is as rustic as the people who gather within its walls. It is said to have been built more than five hundred years ago. It had, I was informed, undergone no changes other than those wrought by the finger of time since Legh Richmond stood in its desk fifty-three years before. The damask trimmings which hung from the desk, originally of crimson color, faded into a dingy brown, were the same, and no change had been made amongst the square, high-backed pews and the coarse benches upon which sat several husbandmen in their shirt sleeves, and the children of the poor. It is undoubtedly so to this day.

Sunday, August 25, was pleasant for one in England, and there was delightful harmony between objects around me and the voices of nature. At the hour for forenoon service, a small bell in the tower of the above mentioned stone church announced that the time had nearly arrived for the commencement of religious services. Going thither, I found around the door a primitive looking people, addicted to the custom of gathering together to learn the news of the village. The rector soon issued through a gate on the parsonage ground, just across the cemetery in which "the forefathers of the hamlet sleep," came to and entered the church door, and soon the Church of England service was commenced and carried through very much as on this side the Atlantic, except those changes in the prayers required for rulers—the Queen, instead of the President of the United States—and some other variances not now remembered.

A portion of the short time the writer of this article was upon the Isle of Wight was spent in looking upon objects so felicitously described by Mr. Richmond a long time ago. We saw the dwelling in which the Dairyman's Daughter died; also that in which the Young Cottager ended her days; walked to Bembridge, where lived the "godly John Wheeler;" looked in upon Yaverland, where Richmond preached his first discourse, near the close of the last century; read the inscription upon the headstone at the grave of the Dairyman's Daughter in Arreton and that at the grave of Little Jane, the Young Cottager, in the churchyard at Brading; and then left for London, fully paid for the time and expense incurred in a visit to that gem of an island, lying between the English Channel and the south coast of England.

THE WEIGH HOUSE CHAPEL AND ST. MAGNUS, THE MARTYR.

There are, or once were, in London, thirty-five church edifices, erected under the superintendance of Sir Christopher Wren. Most of these were in that portion of the Great Metropolis which was devastated by the sweeping fire of 1665, and most of those which remain are in that portion of the city now given up, like the older portions of Boston, to the uses of commerce. Thirty-two of these bore the names of saints, and are known as St. Mary, St. George, St. Magnus the Martyr, St. Matthew, St. Anthony, and many others. We visited two of these on a Sunday, both in the old part of London, taking, first, the Weigh House Chapel, to hear Rev. Joseph Binney, not now among the living, but then the most distinguished clergyman among the Dissenters of London. At the burial of the body of Dickens, Mr. Binney walked arm-in-arm with Mr. Gladstone. After hearing him from his own desk, we proceeded to the church of St. Magnus the Martyr—a very ancient church, at the water-side, and near London Bridge—in season to witness the distribution of from forty to fifty loaves of bread to such necessitous people as were within the vestibule at the close of service. This distribution perhaps goes on to the present day, as it may have been the usage of a hundred years, through the provision of a will. The number in attendance at some of these old ecclesiastical establishments is very small, sometimes no more than ten to fifteen persons, exclusive of the rector and clerk, and public worship would be given up, except for trust funds, or other resources of the Established Church.

THE MADELEINE CHURCH IN PARIS.

The transition was great from the rustic church and rural people of Brading—a congregation of perhaps fifty to seven-

ty-five men, women and children—to the gorgeous Madeleine in Paris, and the gay people of the metropolis of France. The Madeleine is not the cathedral of Paris, but far surpasses Notre Dame in the beauty of its exterior and the dazzling splendor of its interior adornments. It was in course of erection before the first Revolution (1789), but work was then suspended. Napoleon the First contemplated its completion and dedication as a temple of glory, but his purpose was defeated by his own downfall in 1815. Louis XVIII. restored it to its original destination, and decreed that it should contain monuments to his brother, Louis XVI., and his wife Josephine, and the sister of the two kings, Mademoiselle Elizabeth. It was finished during the reign of Louis Philippe, and consecrated to Religion. It is a splendid specimen of architecture, of Grecian style; is surrounded by fifty-two Corinthian columns, and the interior is abundantly supplied with colossal statues of saints, and paintings and frescoes of surpassing beauty. The cost of this sumptuous edifice was 13,079,000 francs; about $2,615,800, at a time when a dollar would purchase three times as much labor as now. The Madeleine is 378 feet in length, and in breadth is 138. I had seen and admired its exterior on several days preceding Sunday, October 6, and then went within it. The day was clear and mild, and vast numbers of people were abroad in gay apparel. In such a place, on that day of the week, witnessing the services of the Catholic Church, the mind naturally turns to Fenelon, the St. John of his day and nation; to Bourdaloue, whose discourses were so searching as to cause the sensual Louis XIV. to remark, "When I hear other good preachers I am pleased with *them;* when I hear Bourdaloue, I am displeased with *myself;*" to Bossuet, the ardent ecclesiastic, whose controversy with Fenelon left him the victor through the decision of the Pope, but caused the world to regard Fenelon as the better man; and to Massillon, whose name comes down the centuries as one of the great lights in the Papal Church.

The interior of this beautiful temple is really bewildering, until the eye has become accustomed to its adornments. Frescoes of surpassing beauty are spread upon the immense ceiling, and paintings and sculpture abound on every hand; figures of Christ and the apostles, and men and women who were canonized by the Papal Church, with a firmament of the utmost splendor represented in the arched roof, high above the heads of the great concourse below, are the adornments of an edifice transferred from its original design as a temple of glory, commemorating the victories of Napoleon in Germany, into a house of worship, dedicated to the rites of a gorgeously appointed praise. On that forenoon there may have been no more than five thousand people in the Madeleine, and there may have been ten thousand. Multitudes went only so far within as to dip their fingers in water with which several stone vessels were filled, and touch the fingers to forehead and breast—then passing out to mingle with crowds in the streets. High Mass was performed that day. A great company of nuns, in the white cap and other simple apparel of that sisterhood, occupied large space in front of the high altar. This company and their singular dress, contrasted with the exceeding splendor of objects by which they were surrounded, constituted a spectacle "more easily imagined than described." The tall, lighted candles, placed on massive altars; priests, some in the simple garb of Franciscan monks, others in scarlet and gold vestments, so plenteously displayed in the altar service; censers, emitting agreeable odors; exhilarating music by many voices, with the pealing of a visible and the responses of an invisible organ; the elevation of the Host and the administration of the Sacrament, could not fail of making an abiding impression upon minds susceptible to the outer splendors of Christian worship.

A SUNDAY AMONG THE ALPS.

It was with surrounding objects of unspeakable grandeur that the writer spent Sunday, September 22, 1850, in the Vale of Chamouny, beneath the shadow of Mont Blanc. This valley is a narrow

gorge about fourteen miles long, and extends far up among the Alps, with a small village and several hotels at the farther end. The valley was inhabited by a rude peasantry several years before those English explorers, Windham and Pocoke, went thither in 1749. Until then even the people of Geneva did not know of the valley and its pastoral and hunting inhabitants. Upon the narrow fields of the Chamouny husbandmen the sun sheds few direct rays. Winter "lingers in the lap of May," and autumn is soon succeeded by the rigors of winter. Many of the men, trained from youth to the ascent of adjacent summits, so soon as they reach adult years become guides, and ever after, until too old for such laborious and hazardous service, are conductors of travellers to the precipitous and awful heights amongst which these children of Chamouny are born, live and die. The nest of the eagle is never built so high that they cannot reach it; the wild chamois (goat) scales no cliff which they dare not attempt to reach. Many of these guides have made fifty and more excursions to the summit of Mont Blanc. Others of the male inhabitants devote their summers to agriculture, and in the grazing season inhabit chalets—rough cottages far up the mountain sides—wherever a sufficient plateau of grass and other herbage can be found upon which cattle and goats may subsist. These chalets are inhabited only in the warm season, and then only by those who ascend to see to the cows and goats. How the dismal winters of the men, women and children of these mountain gorges are survived, is best known to Him "who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," and "without whose knowledge not even a sparrow falleth to the ground."

The sun was obscured by no cloud during the Saturday and Sunday we spent in the Vale of Chamouny; and the weather, although September was more than half gone, was agreeable, so that the ascent of myself and another upon mules, to Mont Anvert—a spur of the Alps — afforded extreme satisfaction. From the windows and piazzas of the Union Hotel—for even this inhospitable valley, like our White Mountain region, has ample accommodations for summer excursionists—a complete view was obtained of the snow-capped summit of Mont Blanc, and from several standpoints in the hamlet prospects of overwhelming grandeur are ever before the eye.

The Arve, a furious mountain stream, passes down the Vale of Chamouny, and moves, an impetuous, bubbling and tumbling current, to join, a little below Geneva, the beautiful Rhone, and thence move together for the distant Mediterranean. Not far from the hotels of Chamouny is the terminus of the immense glacier known as the Mer de Glace (Sea of Ice), beneath which issue the head waters of the Arve. The dwellings of the native inhabitants are rude, unpainted, weather-stained cottages, and the roof-boards of the barns were, in 1850, confined by stones of from ten to twenty pounds weight. Behind the hamlet, with a broad avenue in front, were the Church and Priory—connected buildings, the latter the abode of the ecclesiastic who is the guide of these rustic mountaineers. Near the valley are seen the lesser Alpine peaks, and beyond them, in regular gradations of increasing altitude, other mountains, until the eye rests upon granite shafts called "needles," rising several thousand feet into the air; and high above all this congregation of mountains is discerned in the south-west the "awful mount." It was through impressions received here that Coleridge wrote that enduring production known as the "Hymn before sunrise in the Vale of Chamouny."

A tinkling bell upon the little stone church sent forth at frequent intervals its invitation to worshippers, and villagers and strangers were constantly passing to and from its portals. The ever-present wax candles were burning all day upon the altar of the little edifice, just as they may always be seen in the most obscure as well as the most sumptuous Catholic churches. Rude paintings were suspended back of the altar and at the sides of the church, and other figures upon canvass of Christ, the Holy Mother, the apostles, and others who

have been canonized by the Papal church. The service was in French—the language of the Savoyards—and the congregation consisted of guides, rustic husbandmen, mountaineers from their chalets, the women and children of the hamlet, and some European and American travellers from the three inns of Chamouny.

To the overwhelming sublimity of that mountain valley we bade adieu on the morning of Monday, September 23, and proceeded by the vehicle known as the char-a-banc, to Sallanches, and thence by coach, known as "the diligence," to Geneva, reaching that beautifully located city at 3 P. M. It was really a relief to pass from the awful grandeur around Chamouny, and be once more within the "Hotel of the Mountains," facing the blue, dancing, transparent river Rhone.

PER NOCTEM AD LUCEM.

[ISAIAH, L: X.]

The night is dismal, dreary;
There shines no star nor moon.
I watch and wait, alone,
And hear the wind's sad moan,
With heavy heart and weary—
O light, O rest, come soon!

All cheerless came the morning,
'Mid cold, dark clouds, and rain,
Each dripping, shivering tree
Seems comfortless like me,
Who hoped that with the dawning
My peace would come again.

Beneath a sky all glowing
With golden sunset light,
I sit in quiet, blest
With God's own love and rest;
Believing now, yea knowing,
He leads to light through night.

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